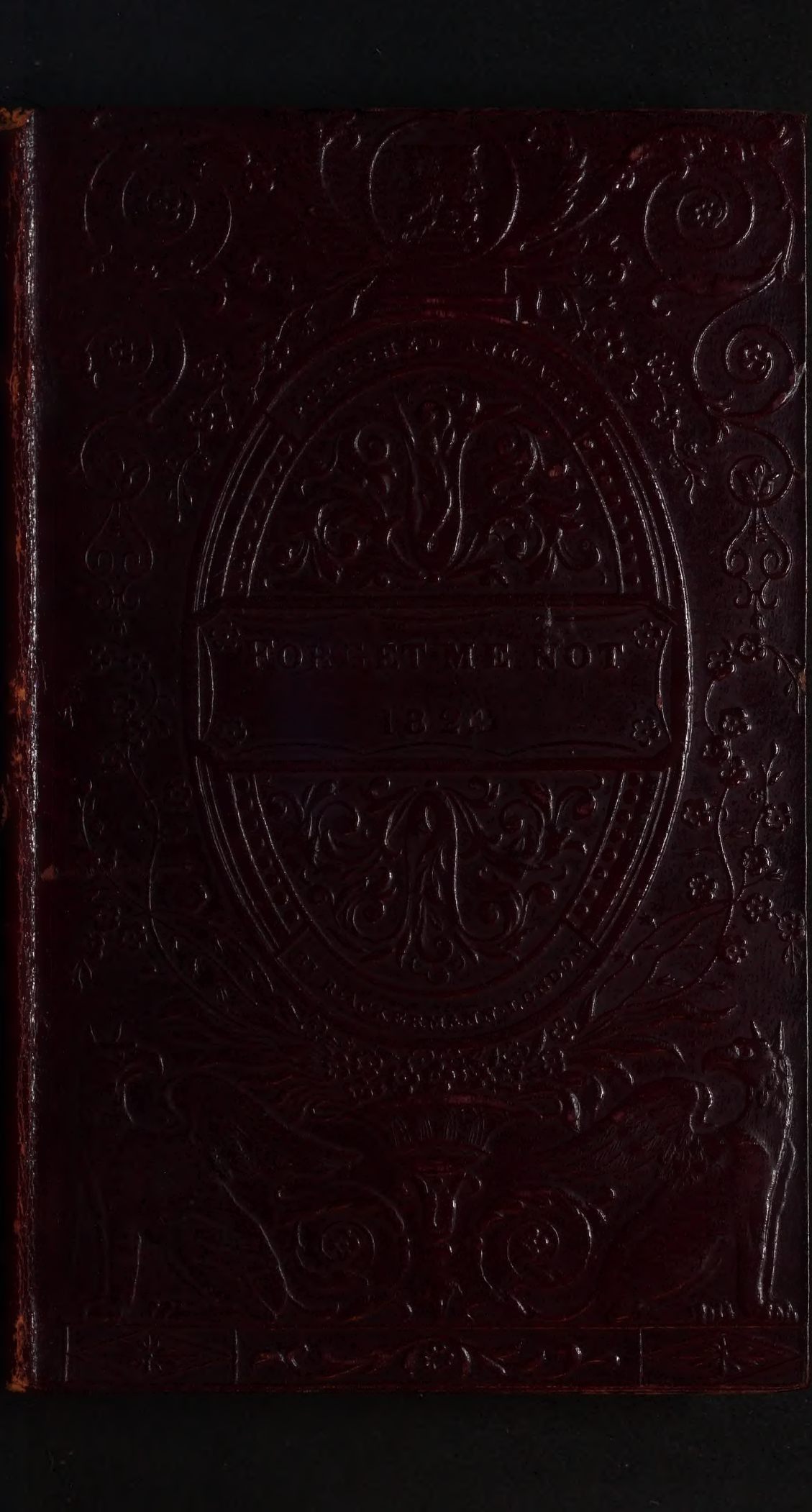
FORGET ME NOT
1824

FORGET
ME NOT
1824

FORGET ME NOT.

1824.

FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT

for

1824.

London: Published by R. Ackermann.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very extensive demand for the first volume of this Miscellany has not only convinced the Publisher of the accuracy of the views which induced him to bring it forward, but also stimulated him to increased exertions to render the work, in its progress, more worthy of the public patronage, and more suitable to the particular object of its destination. How far he has succeeded in these efforts, it would ill become him to decide; but he trusts, that a comparison of the present with the preceding volume, will show that he was not too sanguine in the anticipation of future improvements, which he there ventured to express.

The graphic illustrations for this year, twelve in number, designed and engraved by some of our first artists, aspire by their execution to the highest character to which works of that kind can lay claim; while

the variety and novelty which have been studied in the literary department, will, it is presumed, confer superior interest and stronger recommendations to the favour of every class of readers.

To those obliging contributors, in particular, who have avowed their respective productions, as also to those whose names the Publisher is not permitted to mention, he takes this opportunity of presenting his most grateful acknowledgments for their kind assistance; and he confidently trusts, that, as the plan of the FORGET ME NOT becomes better known, many more of our eminent and popular writers will be induced to lend the powerful aid of their talents and influence to his strenuous endeavours to furnish, according to his original proposal, an elegant annual token of remembrance, friendship, and affection.

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THE HEART'S MOTTO,

" Forget me not,"

BY BERNARD BARTON.

APPEALING language! unto me
How much thy words impart!
They seem as if designed to be
The Motto of the Heart;
Whose fondest feelings, still the same,
Whate'er its earthly lot,
Prefer alike this touching claim,
And say — " FORGET ME NOT!"

The soldier, who for glory dies,
However bright may seem
The fame he wins in others' eyes,
Would own that fame a dream,
Did he not hope its better part
Would keep him unforgot.
The chosen motto of his heart
Is still — " FORGET ME NOT!"

The sailor, tost on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam,
Still hears a voice in every breeze
That wakens thoughts of home.
He thinks upon his distant friends,
His wife, his humble cot;
And from his inmost heart ascends
The prayer — "FORGET ME NOT!"

The sculptor, painter, while they trace
On canvas, or in stone,
Another's figure, form, or face,
Our motto's spirit own;
Each thus would like to leave behind
His semblance — and for what?
But that the thought which fills his mind
Is this — "FORGET ME NOT!"

The poet too, who, borne along
In thought to distant time,
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,
Holds fast this hope sublime!
He would a glorious name bequeath,
Oblivion shall not blot,
And round that name his thoughts enwreath
The words — "FORGET ME NOT!"

Our motto is, in truth, the voice
Of nature in the heart;
For who from mortal life, by choice,
Forgotten would depart?

Nor is the wish by grace abhorr'd,
Or counted as a spot;
Even the language of OUR LORD
Is still — "FORGET ME NOT!"

Within the heart HIS SPIRIT speaks
The words of truth divine,
And by its heavenly teaching seeks
To make that heart His shrine.
This is "the still small voice," which all,
In city, or in grot,
May *hear* and *live*: its gentle call
Is — "MAN, FORGET ME NOT!"

THE EVENING WALK.

" Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
" First leaves the young heart lone and desolate."

It was one of those beautiful evenings which so often conclude the day, ere the refreshing coolness of spring has yielded to the fervent heats of summer, that two females, habited in the deepest mourning, left their home, and slowly proceeded down a shadowy lane, which led from their dwelling. The scene around them seemed incapable of imparting one feeling of gladness, and yet how sweetly was the landscape smiling! Nature had been refreshed by a soft vernal shower, and the birds which fluttered from tree to tree were tuning their notes to songs of grateful gladness. As they emerged from the shade of the surrounding foliage, they advanced towards a river, whose torrent was considerably swollen by the late rain; struck by the surpassing loveliness of the scene, they were induced to sit down on a fragment of rock which had fallen from the overhanging cliffs.

Twilight was fast advancing, and all around

was still. The stream at their feet rolled on in its placid course; no sound disturbed the air, save the cawing of some neighbouring rooks, who, having been in search of their evening repast, were now seen in flights of eight or ten returning to their nests; every now and then there came a single straggler, until at last all the inhabitants of that little world seemed to be collected at their homes. Their melancholy noise by degrees was hushed, and silence reigned unbroken. "Do you ever remember a quieter or more lovely evening?" said the younger of the ladies. She that spoke was scarcely past the age of childhood—innocent and beautiful; and though the traces of recent sorrow rendered her cheek somewhat pale, yet the beam of her eye and the smile which dimpled round her mouth showed that for her there might be years of happiness yet in store. Not so her companion: in her countenance, so calm and so composed, might be read a grief of no transient nature. In the rayless eye you might discern that the heart was crushed, and that though spring and summer might return to bring gladness to the earth, yet it would bloom no more: life was become to it one cheerless waste. If there was a slight expression of despair in the face, it was blended with so much resignation as almost to render it holy.

"Calm as is all around us, dearest Fanny,"

she at last replied, "this spot, now so peaceful, has been disturbed by screams of horror, echoed to the groans of departing life, and been marred by scenes of violence and death." Her sister looked towards her, as if inquiring the meaning of these words. She thus continued: "Amongst yonder clump of trees to the left, you may discern the low white chimneys of a cottage, in which dwelt a farmer of the name of Vernon, and his wife. For many years his farm flourished around him, and the earth seemed to yield him tenfold increase for his labours; in the midst of this prosperity he died, leaving a widow, still young, and two orphan children, to deplore his loss. Caroline and Henry grew up by the side of their mother, like two fair plants. If the sometimes ungoverned spirit of Henry shot a pang through her anxious breast, it never failed to find consolation in the milder virtues of her daughter; yet, on the whole, she was a happy mother. Years rolled on, and Caroline was beyond dispute the fairest of the village maidens, and Henry one of the bravest of its youths; it was impossible for two beings to be more attached to each other than were this brother and sister. About this time, a sea-captain, of the name of Hardy, who had formerly been an inhabitant of the place, returned to settle in his native village, bringing with him an only son, a youth of about twenty. The

mother of Edward Hardy had died while he was yet an infant: thus he had been deprived of the tender guardian of his youth — of her who would have trained him in the paths of virtue, and instilled into his mind principles of rectitude and honour. While yet a boy he had accompanied his father in his voyages, and the lawless habits and profane conversation of the sailors had produced the worst effects on his mind. Youth is seldom depraved; at first he turned with disgust from their low jests and scenes of riot and debauchery. Habit renders all things familiar; the first fine edge of shame was soon worn off, and ere long he became a partaker of what he so lately abhorred. Yet Edward was not one of those to whom vice becomes all at once familiar, and there were many redeeming points in his character. He was brave, generous, and an affectionate son. How long it might have been ere the constant contagion of bad example would have become altogether fatal to him is uncertain; his bravery might have degenerated into brutal courage; his generosity into profusion. The above-mentioned resolution of his father saved him from a fate so dreadful. There was something in the better parts of Edward's character which assimilated with that of Henry, and they soon became inseparable friends. Often at the farm, Edward had frequent opportunities

of seeing Caroline, nor was his heart long untouched by her mild beauties. He loved, and told her so. Whatever impression the handsome face and good mien of the young sailor had made upon Caroline, she was far too wise and good to think of trusting her happiness to one who almost mocked all she had been taught to revere as holy; and when Edward applied to her mother to intercede for him, all he could obtain was a promise, that at some future period, if the protestations of amendment which he made were fulfilled, she would consent to become his wife. It is the easiest thing in the world to resolve to be good; the most difficult to become so.

" For some time Edward was all that the heart of Caroline could desire; then came not unfrequent falls from virtue, and she had often to mourn the delinquency of both lover and brother. Things were in this state, when Edward, who still remembered his former way of life, with the help of Henry, constructed a slight boat, and they not unfrequently made short fishing excursions down the river. They had one evening been absent longer than usual — it might have been such an evening as this — when the widow, taking the arm of her daughter, walked down to the river to watch for their return; they had not waited long, when they saw the boat making towards them; it rested

opposite to where they stood, and Henry called loudly to his sister, " to throw aside her fears, and take a sail with them." His foot was on the edge of the boat; as he spoke it slipped, and the rapid stream closed over him. In less than an instant Edward plunged into the water; for a moment he disappeared, then rose again, and, with one arm round his insensible friend, was seen making strongly towards the shore. The mother rent the air with frantic screams, while Caroline, venturing into the waves, stood with out-stretched arms to afford him all the assistance in her power as soon as he should come within her reach. It was a moment of fearful suspense — every stroke was becoming more feeble; yet now he was so near, he thought he could avail himself of the extended hand. Alas! the distance deceived him — exhausted nature could do no more — one mighty sob, the last effort of expiring life, was heard; and then, with his hapless burthen, he sunk to rise no more.

" The following Sunday, Caroline, attended by all the youths and maidens of the village, followed the remains of her lover and brother to their graves. Her mother was not there; she was stretched on the bed of sickness, from which she never arose. It was not until the last of her earthly friends was laid in her narrow house, that the overcharged heart of Caroline

found relief in tears; there was one passionate burst of sorrow, and then life became one uninteresting void. Here she still lives, and may, the shadow of her former self, be seen at times gliding amongst the scenes of her past happiness. She asks not for consolation; hers is a grief that admits not of it."

As the lady finished this melancholy recital, taking the arm of her companion, she rose to depart. Sad as had been the story she had related, she could have told a sadder.

FLORA.

E.F. Burney, del.t

W.T. Fry, Sculp.t

ELLEN

ELLEN;

A FRAGMENT.

Is she not beautiful, although so pale?
The first May flowers are not more colourless
Than her white cheek; yet I recal the time
When she was called the rosebud of our village.
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,
Upon her cheek, fresh as the summer morn
With which she rose. A cloud of chesnut curls,
Like twilight, darkened o'er her blue-veined brow;
And through their hazel curtains, eyes, whose light
Was like the violet's, when April skies
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,
Shone sweet and silent, as the twilight star.
And she was happy—innocence and hope
Make the young heart a paradise for love.
And she loved, and was loved. The youth was one
That dwelled on the waters. He had been
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic, a wide world—
Had seen the sun light up the flowers, like gems,

In the bright Indian isles—had breathed the air
When sweet with cinnamon, and gum, and spice.
But he said that no air brought health, or balm,
Like that on his own hills, when it had swept
O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where
Blossomed the hawthorn and the honeysuckle;
That, but one voyage more, and he would come
To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—
Dwell there in love and peace. And then he kissed
Her tears away, talked of the pleasant years
Which they should pass together—of the pride
He would take in his constancy. Oh, hope
Is very eloquent! and as the hours
Pass'd by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,
Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time
Of parting came; 'twas the first month of Spring.
Like a green fan spread the horse-chesnut's leaves,
A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
Were covered with their blossoms, and the sky
Was like an augury of hope, so clear,
So beautifully blue. Love! oh young love!
Why hast thou not security? Thou art
Like a bright river, on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy; briers are on its banks,

And jagged stones and rocks are mid its waves.
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley, as its quiet home.
Alas! either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,
But prisoned still; or, winding languidly,
Becomes dark, like oblivion, or else wastes
Itself away. — This is love's history.

They parted one spring evening; the green sea
Had scarce a curl upon its wave; the ship
Rode like a queen of ocean. Ellen wept,
But not disconsolate, for she had hope.
She knew not then the bitterness of tears.
But night closed in, and with the night there came
Tempest upon the wind; the beacon light
Glared like a funeral pile; all else was black
And terrible as death. We heard a sound
Come from the ocean — one lone signal gun,
Asking for help in vain — followed by shrieks,
Mocked by the ravening gale; then deepest silence.
Some gallant souls had perished. With the first
Dim light of morn, they sought the beach; and there
Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes,
Ghastly and gashed. But the worst sight of all—

The sight of living misery, met their gaze.
Seated upon a rock, drenched by the rain,
Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,
Pale, motionless. How could love guide her there?
A corpse lay by her; in her arms its head
Found a fond pillow, and o'er it she watched,
As the young mother watches her first child.
It was her lover —

L. E. L.

THE

LAST FUNEREAL RITES

AT

ST. COLUMBA.

To make the following narrative duly intelligible to readers who have paid little attention to the early character of Britons, it will be necessary to give some account of the gambols conducted by a very popular personage, known in England by the designation of the Lord of Misrule, and in Scotland called the Abbot of Unreason. The irregularities and outrages perpetrated under that disguise became so flagrant, that, by an act of the Scottish parliament, during the reign of Queen Mary, in 1555, the Abbot of Unreason and his sports incurred a heavy censure and rigid prohibition. Under James the Fifth, the sons of noblemen often assumed the lead in those revels; and it is said the king did not disdain to personate the gamesome Abbot, who was always selected according to the advantages of commanding stature, inventive fancy, frolic, and enterprise; but his

real quality was a secret confided only to his guards. The *guizars*, as they are named, who go at Christmas from house to house, in all the towns of Scotland, are supposed to be a slight remainder of the custom we are describing. The body-guards of the Abbot of Unreason were all arrayed in gaudy colours, bedecked with gold or silver lace; with embroidery and silken scarfs, the fringed ends of which floated in the winds. They wore chains of gold, or baser metal gilded, and glittering with mock jewels. Their legs were adorned and rendered voluble by links of shining metal, hung with many bells of the same material, twining from the ancle of their buskins to their silken garters; and each flourished in his hand a rich silk handkerchief brocaded over with flowers. This was the garb of fifty or more youths who encircled the person of the leader. They were surrounded by ranks, six or more in depth, consisting of tall, brawny, fierce-visaged men, covered with crimson or purple velvet bonnets, and nodding plumes of the eagle, the hawk, or branches of pine, yew, oak, fern, boxwood, or flowering heath. Their jerkins were always of a hue that might attract the eye of ladies in the bower, or serving-damsels at the washing-green; they had breeches of immense capacity, so padded or stuffed as to make each man occupy the space of five, in their natural propor-

tions; and in this seeming soft raiment they concealed weapons of defence or offence, with which to arm themselves and the body-guard, if occasion called for resistance. To appearance, they had no object but careless sport and glee; some playing on the Scottish harp, others blowing the bagpipes, or beating targets for drums, and jingling bells. Whenever the procession halted, they danced, flourishing about the banners of their leader. The exterior bands perhaps represented, in dumb show, or pantomime, the actions of warriors, or the wildest buffoonery; and those were followed by crowds, who, with all the grimaces and phrases of waggery, solicited money or garniture from the nobles and gentry that came to gaze upon them. Wherever they appeared, multitudes joined them; some for the sake of jollity, and not a few to have their fate predicted by *spae-wives*, warlocks, and interpreters of dreams, who invariably were found in the train of the Abbot of Unreason.

A family, once illustrious among the heroes and legislators of Scotia, but now fallen into decay, have preserved a remarkable tradition concerning the troublous times of the Reformation in that country. About the end of May, in 1569, the Abbot of Unreason, accoutred as already depicted, and accompanied by a retinue in the usual style, appeared on the outer verge

of a moat which encompassed a baronial castle in the southwest of Scotland. During twelve years this isolated fortress had denied access to every stranger. If travellers by land, or shipwrecked mariners, sought refuge in the hospitality of the chief, they were remanded to a tower, erected on a rocky peninsula, within view of the frowning battlements of the castle, where the Baron had twenty aged, yet robust men, waiting to administer relief; and the applicants were awfully premonished, that if they transgressed a certain boundary, summary execution must be their doom. The Abbot of Unreason could not have obtained an approach so near, unless the lord of the castle had been at St. Columba, paying the last duties to his mother. The inmates had heard much of the Abbot of Unreason, and were delighted at this opportunity of seeing him, and sharing in the diversions created by his blithesome retainers. Above all, they were eager to penetrate the veil of dim futurity, to be drawn aside by the seers of both sexes, who, invested with peculiar insignia, of solemn grandeur, composed the outskirts of this itinerant exhibition. As the Baron could not return from St. Columba in less than seven days, though wind and weather should be propitious, the waiting maidens of the young lady, his daughter, did not despair of eluding the vigilance of seven aged women, and

thrice seven aged men, on whom devolved the government of the keep, in absence of the rightful lord. About sunset, the Abbot and his gorgeous court arranged themselves in view of the balcony. The lady Dulsibella, in ecstasy, called upon her favourite damsel.

"Alice! good Alice! I have heard and read about visions of angels, and now, in living forms, they greet my admiring eyes."

"My lady," responded Alice, "these are no angels, but mortal, and it may be, sinful, though truly very handsome young men."

"Never tell me so, Alice," said the lady; "nothing human could be so beautiful. Oh, how unlike the blear-eyed, grey-bearded, wrinkled men that serve my father! Even he is not so handsome as these."

"Dear lady, my lord the Baron is not young, and his serving-men are old and withered, yea, almost decrepid," replied Alice. "Remember, I humbly beg, my lady, that I have been at Edinburgh, where the creatures you are pleased to call angels are as common as leaves on the trees of yonder wood, and often as mischievous as the wasps that hinder us from walking under the green shade."

"That may be," said Dulsibella, sighing. "I know little, and have seen less of the world than you, Alice. My dear, my honoured,

lamented grandmother! to her I owed all the information I possess."

"But I warrant you, my lady," thought Alice, "the old Baroness did not tell you half of what I could say about the rogues that have caught your eye."

Her flippant soliloquy was interrupted by observing the lady Dulsibella dissolved in tears. She would have offered the best consolation she could think of, but Dulsibella hastily retired to her bower, beckoning Alice to follow. She heard the old men and women ascending to the balcony, and wished to shun them. These domestics sincerely loved their young lady, yet they repined that she was not of the other sex, and her father's behaviour emboldened them to consider her as their prisoner, or rather as a child committed to their watchful control. With mild dignity she avoided coming into contact so wounding to her self-respect, and with feminine delicacy, yet firm resolution, taught them to bend before her just claim to superiority. As they reached the balcony, they murmured aloud their grievances. "You gave us a comfortable dinner, Mrs. Housekeeper," said the steward; "and if my lord had not taken a stingy fit and carried off the keys, I should have crowned the feast with flowing cups of his best wine."

"The saints forefend that I should say my

lord has ta'en a stingy fit!" said a demure, upright, skinny-lipped spinster, foster-sister to the Baron. "But I cannot take it well that he seemed to fear we might not take due care of his daughter, unless he deprives us of the drop of liquor allowed to all the servants in *braid Scotland*.

"I would not wonder though the lady Dulsibella should, poor dear! try to get out of this dismal prison," said the housekeeper. "For my share, I believe no natural spirits can hold out against the foggy sky and chilly sea air, if a cordial from the cellar did not help to throw off the vapours."

"Bless my two eyes, and grant they don't deceive me!" interrupted the master cook. "Sure as flame flies upward, there comes a hearty fellow, leading a shelty along the narrow path that goes across the moat, and his beast carries panniers, like those we get with pitchers of brandy."

All bustled down stairs to meet the messenger, who presented several pitchers of brandy, in the name of the Abbot of Unreason, craving leave to cut oak branches to adorn the bonnets of his train. The steward readily accorded the boon, but insisted that the messenger should try whether the venison, moor-game, and hill beef, of the lower hall in the castle, were not fit companions for his brandy. The shelty was led

to the stable to regale on hay and oats, and the worthies of the inferior hall were again seated to do the honours of convivial hospitality to their very welcome visitant. Each was desirous to be entertaining; and after a few glasses of brandy, all were abundantly communicative. The brandy-ambassador gleaned information, that the lady Dulsibella was the youngest, and now the only child of the Baron. His deceased lady had brought him many sons and daughters; but the small-pox, with many other maladies and casualties, sent them to early graves, except the young lady, their charge, and the eldest son, a brave warrior in early youth, who, at Solway Moss, adhered to his sovereign, and defended the royal banner, when men grown grey under arms preferred party-spirit to loyalty and patriotism. The Baron was severely wounded in the first onset; but his gallant son covered his body, until some followers removed him to a place of safety. The young hero was slain, and his father never after held up his head, until the Baroness gave another child to his affections. No sublunary blessing comes without its alloy. The Baron discovered that his lady was a convert to the tenets of Luther, and, instigated by a bigoted confessor, treated her with a severity that shortened her life: she survived the birth of her daughter only a few months. The Baron's mother, a high-descended

lady, of uncommon strength of mind and unconquerable spirit, came to superintend the physicians and sick-nurses employed for her daughter-in-law, whom she found more dutiful than the Baron, her own offspring. She also had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation; but, protected by her grandnephew, the Earl of Murray, and possessing more wealth than any dowager in the kingdom, the displeasure or good graces of her son gave her no concern, while duty and policy enjoined him to conciliate her favour. When his lady was no more, the Baron, alike vehement in resenting her irreclaimable apostacy, and anxious to atone for the unkindness that sent her prematurely to the tomb, consumed his days and nights in penances or in prayers for her soul, and in beseeching the Blessed Virgin to avert from Scotland that philosophic temerity, which menaced a total extinction of the pious ardour, that through ages had exalted and enriched the Holy Mother Church. He grew weary of the world, and withdrew to the sequestered castle, where Dulsibella blossomed and bloomed into matchless beauty and attainments, under the fostering tenderness and assiduity of her grandmother. The priest who recommended this seclusion, flattered himself that a few years would terminate the mortal pilgrimage of the old Baroness, and that Dulsibella should fall to the

disposal of her popish relatives; but Providence mercifully prolonged the years of this illustrious female, until Dulsibella reached the age of seventeen. The dying Baroness had committed her child, as a sacred trust, to her grandmother; and she saw no material objection to a retreat from the vicinity of a court, where she perceived with horror the prevalence of dissimulation and frenchified manners, that would perhaps undermine the principles of religion and morals she was anxious to implant, cherish, and establish, in the heart of her charge. She had, besides, a young relation to whom she wished to intrust the present and future happiness of Dulsibella. Lord Glenonan had volunteered his aid to the Hollanders against the superstitious tyranny of Spain. His command of money and his valorous services had essentially promoted the triumph of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. He had returned to Scotland, crowned with unfading laurels, about the time that the aged Baroness was seized with her last illness. By her own express desire she was interred at St. Columba — a strange appointment by a Protestant, but not without a right motive, as will soon appear in relating its consequences.

Having given a summary of the particulars collected from her jovial domestics, we shall follow the lady Dulsibella to her bower. Alice

had views of her own to accomplish, and she asked leave to go for a draught of fresh water. The length of her absence was unnoticed by Dulsibella, while melancholy thoughts of her own situation engrossed her attention. She knew that she was regarded as a heretic by her father and all around him; yet she felt a firm conviction, that to surrender life itself in defence of her religious opinions was a bounden duty. During the existence of her grandmother none dared to question her; there seemed to be a tacit compact on both sides not to agitate inquiries that could end only in discord; but the restraining spirit had ascended to happier regions, and she dreaded some terrible concussion when her father returned. Her grandmother indeed had assured her she had taken effectual measures to save her from persecution.

"By what means?" asked the weeping, yet determined martyr.

The Baroness was too much debilitated to make explanations. Dulsibella brushed away her tears, as a hasty step broke off her reverie. Alice appeared. "My lady! my dear lady!" she said; "I have just met the brandy messenger on the stairs going away. He has made the old folks blind drunk; and if they attempt to move before they take a nap with their muddled heads on the table, they must fall on the floor.

They never observed me when I crept into the servants' hall, and took the key of the wicket off the porter's hook behind the side-door. I got out from the old folks, and have them fast locked under this other key. Now, dear lady, if you would condescend to disguise yourself like one such as I, we might all go to the Abbot of Unreason, and get our fortunes read over and over, before the old tipsy fools awake from their heavy sleep, side by side where they sit."

"Poor souls," said Dulsibella, "want of employment or proper amusement has led them to kill time over their cups. Surely, living in society has at least one advantage: people need not be tempted to the abuse or oblivion of their rational faculties on account of a deficiency in the means that should exercise them."

"But, dear my lady, should we not be going? One of your own long-lawn morning-dresses and your own beautiful ringlets will answer charmingly to make you pass for a girl such as I."

Dulsibella languidly smiled at a comparison with her waiting-damsel, and after a pause said with a graver aspect and voice, "I will gratify you, my good Alice, so far as to admit some of the fortune-tellers by the wicket. I have no objection to see them as a simple country maid — more simple than you, Alice,

who, till of late years, lived at Edinburgh; but I will not disobey my father by going out of the castle."

"Then, my lady," returned Alice joyfully, "I shall run to overtake the brandy messenger, and desire him to hurry the seers to your presence."

Alice ran, though she well knew that the messenger, an old acquaintance, waited her instructions. The *spae-wives*, *warlocks*, and interpreters of dreams, soon assembled in the armoury, a large apartment detached from the servants' hall. The seers of futurity were led by a figure of stately port, clad in a long mantle of black velvet, richly embroidered. He accosted Dulsibella as a rustic maid, professing himself to be a lineal descendant of the far-famed sage of Ercildoun, and in that quality must converse with the lady of the castle. Whilst all the damsels were engaged in listening to predictions flattering to their wishes, the sage drew her a little aside, and mentioned the secret history of her parents, of the recently deceased Baroness, and herself, so explicitly, that she fully believed in his pretensions to superhuman intelligence. He then laid hold of her arm, to draw her to a recess at a great distance from her attendants. Dulsibella gently yet steadily reproved this freedom. He said, "Lady Dulsibella!—Nay, start not. I am no

betrayer of confidence; and may not these silvered hairs, this grisly beard, flowing even to the magic girdle bequeathed by the sage of Ercildoun — may they not dispel thy fears? Compose thy astonished mind, and know, that though in visible form I never beheld thy countenance, each beauteous feature is familiar to my admiration. I must speak with thee in private. Thy own safety urges the interview."

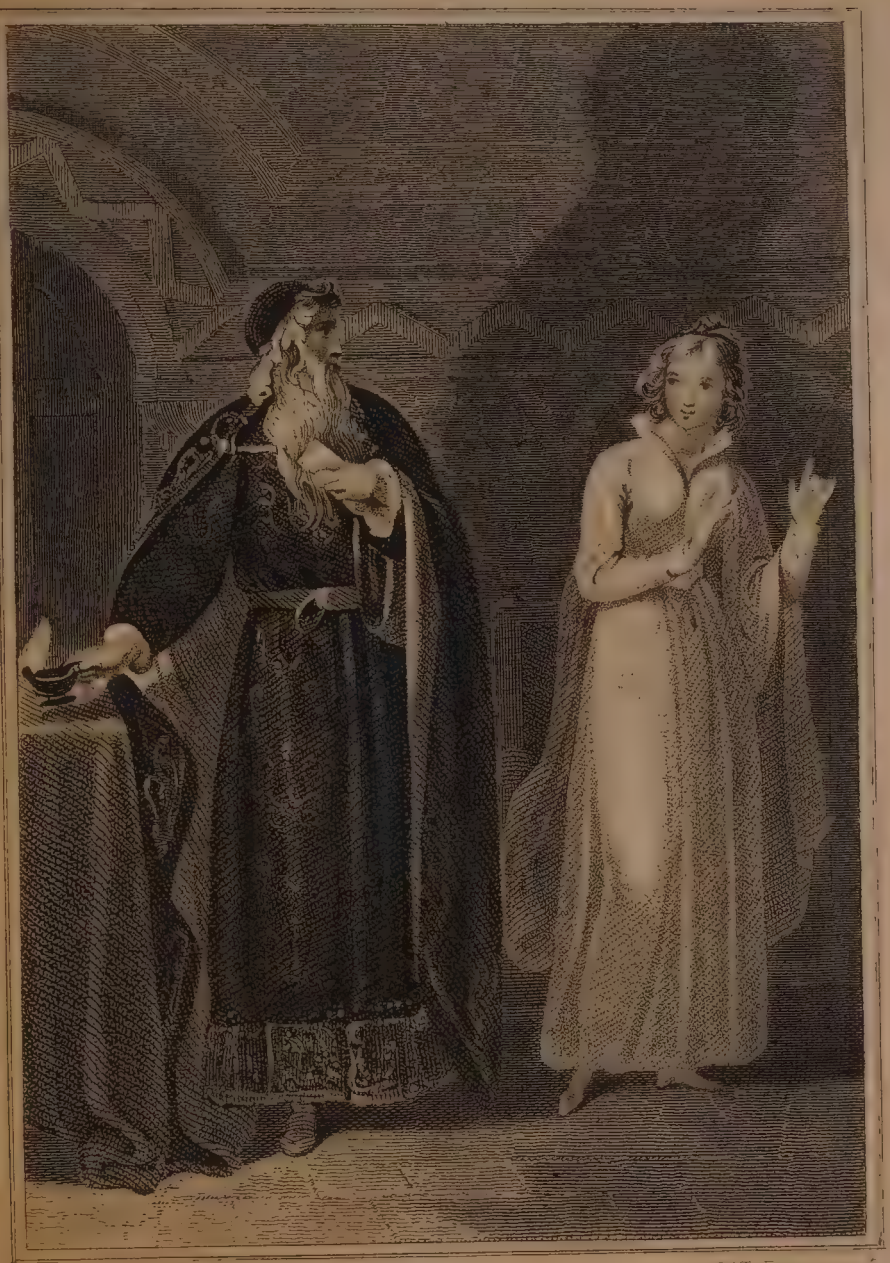
He took a lamp. Dulsibella opened an anti-room. Having both entered, the majestic seer closed the door, saying, "Are we overheard? You have attempted one imposition, lady. It was harmless. But now to deceive me must injure yourself."

Dulsibella assured him they had no auditor. He took a packet from his bosom, and while, with every varying shade of complexion, answering to her perplexing state of mind, the lady watched his motions, he untied several silken strings and produced a letter.

"Lady," he resumed, "know you the hand-writing of the Earl of Murray?"

"I know it well. His Lordship's correspondence with my grandmother, the late Baroness, was by her often placed in my hands."

"My mission further authorizes me to inquire — do you prize liberty of conscience? Would you desire to avoid the sacred vows of marriage to a Roman Catholic? Pardon my



E. Corbould del.t

W.T. Fry sculp.t

THE WEREWOLF.

Pub.d by W.J. Jarman, London, 1814.

abrupt and brief interrogatories, Lady Dulsibella, since time presses and is teeming with dangers."

"My answer shall be concise and peremptory. Death, in the most terrific form, would be more welcome than the fate you denounce. Speak, sir, explicitly and without ceremony. Be assured I have foresight to perceive and dread the worst, yet shall not want courage to act as duty and prudence may require."

"Spoken in the living spirit of the defunct magnanimous Baroness! Then, lady, invoke her spirit while you peruse this epistle."

The packet came from the Earl of Murray. He counselled and exhorted Dulsibella to accept the guardian protection of the venerable descendant of Ercildoun, who was pledged to conduct her in safety. The Earl told her, a small but potent fleet awaited to waft her to his domains. Three ladies of honour and several female attendants were on board of the ship fitted up for her reception; and his Lordship admonished her to remember, that flight would not only save herself from disastrous nuptials, but likewise extricate her father from the consequences of a detected correspondence with the enemies of Scotland. The cheeks of Dulsibella grew pale as her snowy neck and arms, and tears trembled on her long eyelashes.

In a voice that vibrated on all her nerves,

the sage implored her speedily to decide whether she would remain the slave of superstition, or avert evil from herself and her father, by yielding to the monitions of her truest friend, the Earl of Murray. Dulsibella, starting as from a dream of anguish, looked up; a glowing crimson chased the lily hue from her face, when she saw the brilliant dark eyes of the sage fixed on her countenance, as if his very soul hung on her decision. — "Lady! pardon my importunity, but not a moment should be lost!"

"Alas! to cast myself upon a world unknown is appalling; yet to remain is obviously more perilous. Lead, sir! I follow, in the name of God!"

"And God so deal with me and with the far-famed race of Ercildoun, as I prove my fidelity and uprightness in this precious trust!"

Dulsibella was surprised yet secretly charmed by those expressions, uttered in a tone ardent as tender. She directed the sage to a concealed outlet, made known to her by the late Baroness; and by that subterranean passage her hoary guide proceeded with her to the narrow bridge of the moat, where a splendid retinue of armed men in the Earl of Murray's livery received them. The sage raised her in his arms and seated her on a velvet cushion; and he walked by her side till the footmen bore her where a white palfrey, richly caparisoned, was

honoured in becoming her mode of conveyance to the shore. With the agile grace of early manhood the sage vaulted upon a war-horse; a sword glittered in his hand, and his followers marched on all sides with their weapons unsheathed. They soon overtook Alice, mounted on a pad behind the messenger who first approached the castle. They journeyed all the night, and about daybreak hailed the maritime power of the Earl of Murray. On board of the largest ship the Lady Dulsibella was introduced to three noble matrons, the near relatives of her mother. Ten days of light winds and sunny weather brought the vessel to anchor in sight of Lord Murray's castle. During the voyage no gentleman was privileged to enter the cabin occupied by the ladies, except the sage. Dulsibella found in him an active and sympathizing assistant, while attending those suffering from sea-sickness. Even the waiting-damsels were in want of kind offices, in place of being helpful to the noble ladies; and our heroine, with her venerable companion, insensibly slided into close intimacy, as they ministered to their shipmates. The state of feverish excitement which prevailed in Dulsibella's feelings, repelled every uneasy physical sensation; and while by soothing converse he drew the sting from her afflictive impressions, it seemed to her as if his presence supplied to her every

tie, every happiness. She imparted to him, with perfect confidence, every thought of her artless bosom; she related to him all the passages of her life that dwelt on her memory, and with unaffected goodness lamented, that in a sudden departure she made no provision for her poor pensioners. Her father! — dear though mistaken parent! — he would take care of her dependants, and regard with peculiar interest every object of her favour. Floods of tears accompanied any allusion to her father. The sage evidently shared her griefs, and consoled her by pleading, that in leaving the Baron she rescued him from attainder and disgrace; and through her influence he might be safe and happy. He gently stole her attention from past or anticipated sorrows, by engaging her to talk on subjects fraught with the rich and select intelligence of his own mind, improved by study and by travel in foreign lands.

Late in the evening her sage guardian resigned Dulsibella to the protection of the Earl of Murray. His Lordship received the fair voyager with paternal cordiality; and after a sumptuous repast she and her noble kinswomen retired to rest. Next morning the Earl introduced Dulsibella to the young Lord Glenonan, the favourite hero of Holland, and a correspondent of her grandmother, the late Baroness. Dulsibella had often mentioned him to the

sage; and though he acknowledged having a great affection for the soldier of the Netherlands, he said so little in his praise, that the lady was quite unprepared to meet an object so conspicuous in every fascination of person and manners. The inflections of his heart-appealing voice reminded her of the sage; his eyes had the same animated tenderness when he addressed her; but all the attractions of youth sat on his brow, fair and polished as her own, and like her own half shaded by chesnut ringlets.

Many days passed. The sage did not reappear. Dulsibella had risen early, and pacing the great hall tried to divert her pensive meditations from the sage and his rival, Lord Glenonan, by admiring the cumbrous magnificence of the furniture, when the young hero joined her. This interview produced the usual effect upon two ingenuous overflowing hearts, and Dulsibella had tacitly assented to her lover's intense solicitation for leave to make a formal application to her father and to Lord Murray, when his Lordship accosted them with significant hints of the predicament in which they respectively stood. In that era of broad facetiousness, courtly language or demeanour had not reached the perfection of modern refinement by many degrees. Dulsibella's complexion had oft been indebted to the Earl of Murray's unspar-

ing jests for a brighter roseate; and now her blushes outglowed the scarlet vestments of her admirer, when Lord Murray said, "I hope, Lady Dulsibella, you have prevailed with Lord Glenonan to recal the sage, or perhaps his Lordship may do as a substitute."

Lady Dulsibella's spirit was roused by this gross allusion to sentiments she had not dared to scan in her utmost privacy. She hastily said, "I have never beheld lord or gentleman worthy to become a substitute for the descendant of Ercildoun — none who could equal him as an instructive and engaging companion."

"It is, I see, Lord Glenonan's turn to blush," exclaimed the Earl of Murray, with an unmerciful laugh. "Is not he a very reverend preceptor for a fair novice? You look incredulous, Lady Dulsibella; but, on my sacred honour, I affirm that your peerless sage and Lord Glenonan are identically the same; and for this reason the ladies and I eluded your inquiries about the venerable companion of your voyage."

Lady Dulsibella, with the consent of her father, was in a few weeks the bride of Lord Glenonan. The romantic delights of their first acquaintance gilded the subsequent conjugal union through a long and prosperous life. The portrait of his Dulsibella, which the old Baroness had sent to Lord Glenonan's mother, was still his bosom treasure, though the lovely ori-

ginal held there a pre-eminent station. This miniature had seconded the Earl of Murray's request to the young hero for an attempt to rescue Dulsibella, while her father left the castle in which he had long immured her. The Baroness appointed Iona as her place of interment, as the only inducement that could lead to her son's absence and procure a release to her granddaughter. The Earl of Murray's protection, granted to her dying entreaties, completed the enterprise, and saved the Baron from being called to a severe account for practices against the state. He made over his lands to Lord Glenonan in trust for the heirs of Dulsibella, and retired to a monastery in France.

B. G.

LINES

ON THE

MAUSOLEUM

OF THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

AT

CLAREMONT.

Alas! how many storm-clouds hang
O'er every sunny day below!
How many flowers die as they bloom!
How many more before they blow!

But fall the blight, or lour the blast,
O'er every other pleasure here,
If they would leave untouched that one
Of all earth's joys most pure and dear!

Young Love, how well thy smile can cheer
All other ills that wring the heart!
All other sorrows may we bear
But those in which thyself hast part.

And is not this thy worst of griefs —
  Thine uttermost despair — to see
The grave close over the fond heart
  Just wakened into life by thee?

To watch the blight steal o'er the rose —
  Yews spring where myrtles wont to be —
And for the bridal wreath, to wear
  One gathered from the cypress-tree?

Look on yon grove, where a white fane
  Grows whiter as the moonbeams fall;
There is a bust upon its shrine,
  Wearing a white rose coronal.

It is the monument where Hope
  And youthful Love sleep side by side,
Raised by the mourner to the name
  Of her — his lost but worshipp'd bride.

L. E. L.

MIMILI.

THE capital of the world, as the French term their noisy Paris, lay behind me. I had grown heartily tired of it. My soul longed for repose—nothing but repose. I was worn out with the fatigues of the glorious campaign. After passing a year amid the turmoil of a military life, I was in quest of a spot where I could enjoy rest—a peaceful, tranquil spot, where I could belong exclusively to myself. With this view I hastened by way of Fontainebleau and Dijon to Switzerland.

I shall reserve for another occasion an account of all that I saw on the road thither, and in the friendly Neufchatel, and beyond it on the right and on the left, and shall for the present confine myself to the Valley of Lauterbrunn.

Leaving my companion, who was not well, at Unterseen, I pursued my route on the day of our arrival there. My guide was a stout, active fellow. We ascended, with rapid step, along the bank of the foaming Lutschine, which winds between rocks of immense height, first to Mat-

ten, past the ruins of Unspunnen and Wilderswyl; then continuing our course along the impetuous torrent which ran on our left, whilst on the right we had almost perpendicular rocks, some bare, others covered with wood. The ravine gradually became darker and narrower, and the country assumed a wilder appearance. My guide walked on in silence; on coming to a mass of rock as large as a house he crossed himself. "What is the matter?" cried I inquisitively, and beheld with surprise a stream of black water running past the block, over a stony bed, into the Lutschine.—"That, sir, is the *bad stone*, and this is the *bad stream*," answered my guide. "Here the Baron of Rothenflüh killed his brother for the sake of his property, and then fled, and wandered about without house or home, till he died miserably and left nobody behind him; so that his name became extinct with him for ever." I beheld in imagination the fratricide washing his brother's blood from his hands in the white foam of the rapid Lutschine, and then, smarting under the lash of conscience, hurrying away, and leaving his peace of mind for the rest of his life behind him in the awfully wild valley. I shuddered at the picture, and hastened from the murderous scene.

From Zweilutschinen a bold bridge conducts to the Iselten Alp. Here the Black Lutschine, from Grindelwald, and the White Lutschine,

from Lauterbrunn, meet; and after uniting their streams pursue their headlong course to the Aar.

At certain points of this route the traveller is surprised by the most striking and magnificent views of the dazzling white summit of the Jungfrau to the south, and of the beautiful glacier of the Wetterhorn on the east.

Before I reached Lauterbrunn, I was met by a number of poor boys, who solicited charity in so persuasive a manner that it was impossible to refuse them. "I am a very poor boy," was the usual cry of these urchins, while extending their little hands; and as soon as they had received a trifle, they gratefully offered themselves for all sorts of services; but they particularly vied with each other in offers to show me the finest places in their valley.

In the French towns you are beset in every street by boys who importune strangers with offers to conduct them to the haunts of vice. Here the innocent children of the herdsmen were desirous to show me the magnificence of their peaceful valleys. Each of these boys had his favourite place: one would have shown me this, another that; and had I accepted all their invitations, I should not have done with them at this day.

At Lauterbrunn I observed several clever carvers in wood, seated at the doors of their cottages, and making the neatest articles of maple,

which are sold far and wide; particularly milk-bowls, milk-ladles, and butter-knives.

We pursued our way, and soon heard at a distance the roar of the Staubbach. This torrent falls eight hundred feet down a perpendicular precipice of the Pletschberg. The eye of the spectator may feast itself for hours together on the extraordinary accidents of this fall. Pouring over the ledge of the abrupt precipice, the water of the stream is broken in its descent into thousands of millions of particles resembling dust, or waves in the air like a light riband of silver, and reaches the bottom in the form of a gentle dew. At times it assumes the appearance of a curtain of gauze, nearly three hundred yards in length, hanging down from the top of the cliff. Such a magnificent work of nature no pen can adequately describe—no pencil represent. The water-works of Versailles are a mere bauble to this cascade.

Opposite to the fall, at the extremity of a simple orchard, stands the parsonage. The pastor's wife, a blooming young woman, a native of Berne, came out with a chubby child in her arms; and after we had chatted some time, pressed me to walk in and partake of such cheer as the house afforded: but I was obliged to decline the courteous invitation, as I had still a great way to go.

A narrow footpath led us farther up the valley, on either side of which, as we advanced, the descending torrents formed waterfalls. My aim was to approach this evening so near to the Jungfrau as to obtain a good view of that majestic mountain. My guide promised, if I was a good climber, to take me to a herdsman's hut, from which I should have the best view of the Jungfrau in all the country round. We accordingly quitted the valley, and ascended a noble Alp. Here and there we met herdsmen with milk-vessels at their backs, going down to the lower grounds to milk their cows. We continued to ascend, but the labour was richly rewarded; for at every step the prospect became more extensive and more magnificent. At length we reached the hut. Its situation was so delightful, and the herdsman so kind and obliging, that I immediately resolved to pass the night there, and to send back my guide to Unterseen; my host promising that his boy should accompany me next morning to Grindelwald.

The herdsman was poor, like all the rest of his class. He offered me clean hay for a bed and milk and cheese for supper. I thanked him, and hastened out of the hut, that I might not lose for a moment, while it was daylight, the exquisite enjoyment which Nature here presented. I sat down on the flowery turf, and revelled in the

delightful contemplation of the wonderful works of the Almighty Hand.

The Jungfrau stood in all its magnificence before me. Beside and beyond it rose the Mittaghorn, the Tchingelhorn, the Ebenflue, and other gigantic mountains; but the Jungfrau towered high above all these colossal neighbours, and reared its silver head aloft into the azure firmament.

At the time when this globe yet floated in the midst of the great deep, these stupendous masses of granite probably peered in the form of small verdant islands above the surface of that immeasurable expanse. Thousands of years have since elapsed. Seas, oceans, have since dried up; but these mountains still stand firm. Their venerable heads are covered with everlasting ice, and their topmost peaks no human foot has ever yet trodden. They silently, but effectually, perform the important and beneficial object for which they were destined: they feed the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the North Sea and the Adriatic; and from their inexhaustible reservoirs they send forth a thousand streams to fertilize the countries of Europe.

The summit of the Alp on which I lay engaged in these meditations was yet covered with snow. All around was as still as if everlasting Peace had here erected her altars. Far below me appeared the lovely valley of Lauter-

brunn and the awfully romantic Ammerten-thal: in the distance roared the torrents which, for thousands of years, have poured their never-failing tribute into the valleys; still farther down glistened the flames of the smelting-houses. From the hills round about me resounded the solitary tinkling of the bells of the dispersed cattle, now and then intermingled with the bleating of a young kid, or the hum of a droning beetle.

The evening was mild and serene; a slight breeze blew refreshingly from the glaciers, and millions of flowers of all hues perfumed the pure mountain air with their aromatic fragrance. It was one of the most delicious moments of my life. From my couch, enamelled with clover blossom, I contemplated with increasing rapture the wonders of the unexplored regions of snow above me. An indefinable sensation of delight pervaded me: I could have given utterance to my joy aloud, had not a certain feeling of humility or melancholy chained my tongue. I cannot describe it; but it seemed to me as if I had never felt so devout. The colossal mountains of granite and the sparkling seas of ice before me—what were they but a speck to the myriads of worlds that bespangle the nocturnal sky!

I folded my hands and prayed; never was I so sensible of the presence of God. All at once I heard the sound of distant footsteps. "Some

E.F. Finney del.ª W.T.Fry sculp.ª

MIMILI.

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one is coming," said I to the herdsman, who just then stepped out of the hut; "does any body else live here besides you?"

"Nobody," replied he; "but Miss comes sometimes in the evening, and sleeps here."

"Who is Miss?"

"My master's daughter."

I rose, while the herdsman went to meet her. She was not yet in sight, for the path led up in the rear of the hut, when I heard her call to him, with a sweet voice, "Good evening, Rütli. I am come to stop with you to-night; the weather is so beautiful, and it bids fair for a fine morning."

The herdsman must have acquainted her that I was there, for I heard him say something about the *stranger*. She paused, as if hesitating whether to proceed or not; at least, I heard no more footsteps. I therefore walked round the hut to pay my respects to the mistress of my Alp.

Whoever has been in Switzerland must be acquainted with the theatrical costume of the damsels of the Alps. When I first entered the canton of Berne, and beheld the fanciful dresses of the Swiss girls, I was ready to imagine that some friend had played me a trick, and sent the most beautiful of their sex, arrayed after the elegant fashion of some tender idyl, to make me believe that I had found the Arcadian scenes of my youthful reveries. By degrees I became

accustomed to the pleasing reality; but at the sight of *this* maiden I could not help reverting to the notion, and regarding her as one of the lovely beings of the poetic world in that happy age when Innocence still dwelt in human form upon the earth. Her head, covered with dark curly locks, was shaded by a large Leghorn hat, adorned by a bunch of wild flowers; and two light blue ribands floated loosely from the broad brim down to her hips. Her large blue eye bespoke the sweetest disposition, childlike simplicity, and innocent love. These silent mirrors of the heart and soul were overarched by the dark bows of the eyebrows, and long silken lashes tempered the fire of their ardent glances. Youth and health revelled in her dimpled cheeks, in her coral lips, and in the plumpness of her whole beauteous figure.

The corset was of black velvet, laced with gold chains, and richly and tastefully wrought with gold and silk of various colours. The wide sleeves, of the finest cambric, reached to the small delicate hand; and the habit-shirt, of the same material, modestly concealed the neck and bosom. The petticoat, of black silk, with its hundred plaits, was, according to our notions, extremely short. Fine white cotton stockings displayed the shape of the leg and elegantly turned ancle. A pretty basket dangled carelessly from her arm. In her whole exterior were

combined the freshness and vigour of the most unsophisticated native of the Alps, with the dignity and grace of the most accomplished of our leaders of fashion. Such was the female who intended to pass the night here!

I approached her respectfully, and accosted her in polite terms as the mistress of the place; she, with true Swiss cordiality, gave me her soft little hand and bade me welcome. After the first salutations, I expressed my joy at spending so lovely an evening in such society, sent me, as it were, by Providence itself. "It is lucky for us, indeed," replied she, "that I have come up, else you would certainly have passed an uncomfortable night on our Alp; for you would have had nothing but hay to lie on. As it is, I shall give up to you my closet, where you will sleep more commodiously."

With these words she led me into the hut, and ushered me into the closet just mentioned. I had been at Trianon, Versailles, St. Cloud, and many other mansions of the great of that gaudy world which lay spread out at my feet. More superb chambers I had certainly beheld, but none that was neater, or wore an air of superior comfort. The furniture, of maple or black poplar wood, was extremely tasteful; and the walls were hung with Swiss landscapes by the most eminent native artists, many of them of very great value. The queen of my Alp threw up the

window of the fairy cabinet, and my ravished looks rested on the immense glaciers before me. It was as though the whole wide circle had approached nearer to heaven—as though it had become more holy since the maiden had appeared within it. I felt that I had become better in these elevated regions; still my nature was not wholly purified from its dross: for when my fascinating hostess drew back the snow-white curtains that veiled her virgin couch, and I perceived the most elegant of all nightcaps on the pillow, my fancy began to picture the dark ringlets of the enchanting maiden covered with the cap, and her lovely self — — — From this reverie she recalled me by the assurance, that I should here sleep very comfortably. I replied, that I had never beheld so inviting a chamber, but that I could not possibly accept it, as she had intimated to the herdsman her intention of passing the night on the Alp; adding, that I should be quite satisfied with the accommodation offered me by her servant, and had no doubt, that with her so near me I should sleep more soundly on my hay than many a prince on his bed of down.

"God forbid!" exclaimed she with a smile; "what would you think of me if I were to stay, now you are here! I must be a strange girl, indeed! No! I will stay a little while with you, if you allow me, and then I will go home and

send you up some supper; for the man has nothing but a crust of bread, butter-milk, and some dried fruit."

She talked a great deal, sometimes as simply and familiarly as a child, at others expressing herself with all the elegance and intelligence of the best-bred lady. Her Swiss German sounded inexpressibly sweet from her rosy lips. It was only when she came to any of the expressions of common life that she employed her native provincialisms, but from my previous travels in Switzerland I was at no loss for their meaning.

We were soon as familiar as if we had been brought up together on this Alp. "What is your name, enchanting girl?" asked I.

"Father calls me Mimili," replied she, with a tone that made every fibre of my heart vibrate. "Come," continued she, "I will lead you higher: you shall see something still finer. I will show you a valley and two glaciers that are not to be matched in the whole country."

I gave her my arm, and we ascended. She climbed the steepest places with the greatest agility. Her cheeks were suffused with a higher glow, and her bosom heaved quicker. It became cooler as we advanced, for we had not much higher to mount to the snow, which still covered the summit of the Alp. What the sun had melted in the middle of the day trickled down in a hundred little rills, and the most delicate

verdure began to clothe the sides of the mountain lower down, from which the snow had but recently disappeared.

Here grazed Mimili's cattle. She had a name for every cow, and they would all turn round and look at her when she called them, and stand still to be patted. Their coats were as smooth as glass, and the animals were in high condition. The kids came bleating to her from the distant crags, licked her hands, and nibbled the biscuits and slices of bread and butter which she reached to them from the basket. She stooped down, played with and fondled them; so that I fairly envied the creatures, and would fain have implored Jupiter to transform me on the spot into a kid.

"Auli! Auli! Auli!" she then cried, and a curly-woolled lamb, having a little bell fastened round its neck with a yellow riband, came, bounding like a roe, and frisked about her. "This poor thing lost its mother," said Mimili, scratching the poll of the little brute orphan, and putting its red nose into the hollow of her white hand, "and so I took care of the creature, and brought it up; and now it loves me, as if I were its mother." With this pretty favourite she spoke pure Swiss. Observing a little blood on its left fore-foot, probably occasioned by the scratch of a thorn, she held it up, wiped off the blood with her handkerchief, and said, with

inimitable tenderness, "Has something hurt thee, my poor Auli? Observe," she proceeded, rising, and pointing to the cows, which never stopped to graze on one spot, but moved from place to place, cropping the freshest and tenderest herbage—"observe how cunning the cattle are: they know the different herbs as well as our Haller and Gessner, and your Wildenow."

I looked at her in astonishment. "What," I asked, "do you know about Haller and Gessner and Wildenow?"

"I know something about them," replied she, with a smile. "Look you," she continued, with an artlessness that might be termed the shadow to the light which she now unconsciously placed upon the bushel, and picking, as she spoke, a handful of flowers—"look you, if I did not know that this is *Anemone alpina*, this *Dryas octopetala*, and this *Ranunculus nivalis*, should I not have reason to be ashamed of my ignorance? Why should we not be as well acquainted with the plants and grasses of our pastures, as the girls of your country with those which grow in your fields? No sooner is the snow gone than they all shoot up here vigorously. —But come along a little higher. You have not there the blue-bell of the Alps, *Soldanella Alpina*, which flowers even upon the snow, and the *Crocus vernus* beneath it. These are fond of a cool situation; for when the snow melts, they

fade and go off too. Both always appear to me like infants who die at the mother's breast. The air of the earth is too heavy for them; they aspire to a more ethereal atmosphere.—But I must show you our gold-mines; for if you could naturalize the Alpine clover, and the milk-vetch, and the Alpine plantain, and the *Phillandrium mutellina*, and the *Apargia aurea*, and the *Pimpinella alba*, you would not want our cheeses; for you might make the same sorts yourselves. What is your country, sir?"

"The same as your friend Wildenow's?"

"What! and this, then, I suppose," pointing to my breast, "is the iron ——" She could not finish for surprise. "O, welcome — doubly welcome, Knight of the Iron Cross! No, indeed! Now you must come along to my father! He would never forgive me if I left you to sleep up here. Do me the favour to accompany me home: all that our house affords shall be at your service. My father is a warm admirer of your king and your nation, and tells me about them every Sunday, when he returns from church, where the sexton reads the newspaper to them all under the great walnut-tree."

Who could refuse such a girl any thing? I cheerfully complied with her wish, and away we went. We walked arm in arm. She no longer regarded me as a stranger; I seemed to her to be an old acquaintance of her father's. She

talked to me about her mother, who had been dead eight years—about the good sister Crescentia in the nunnery at Zug, and about every thing that concerned herself, with the same artlessness as if I had been one of the family. "The Alp on which we are," continued she, "is my mother's portion, and father gives it me for pocket-money; but I don't know what to do with it all. Oh, I am rich! Only think, I have six-and-thirty cows; each cow produces yearly two hundred weight of cheese, which sells for at least ten crowns the hundred weight. My Alp always supplies my cows with fresh grass in summer, and more hay than they want in winter; and this is all that I need care about. Have you any mountains in your country?"

Lest I should only embarrass her by the mention of such as are less known, I named the Giant Mountains of Silesia.

"Giant Mountains, forsooth!" said she, smiling. "Why, their greatest height is but five thousand feet. Our Finster-Aarhorn is above thirteen thousand. There's a mountain for you!"

I could not conceal my surprise at her knowledge.

"You must not banter me, sir," said she bashfully, "or I shall hold my tongue."

"Ah Mimili! speak on," cried I, kissing her hand, which lay within my arm. "I could lis-

ten to you for a day together, while you are talking of your Alps."

"Don't you think our mountains beautiful?" she again began, in her former friendly tone. "You should stay here always. I fancy I should not like any spot in the whole world as I do our own. It must be very disagreeable to live in a flat country. Now look, sir, at the Jungfrau: such a sight as evening now presents may perhaps be afforded by the Lebanon in Syria, the Ophyr in Sumatra, and the Chimborasso and Nerona Roa, but certainly not by your Silesian hills: we call it the *glow* of the Alps. Come, let us sit down under yon spreading beech; that is a favourite place of mine in the evening, and so our old herdsman has put up a soft mossy seat for me in the shade."

We sat down. The turf around us was variegated with the red willow-herb (*Epilobium alpinum angustifolium*), thyme, red fescue-grass (*Festuca rubra*), *Androsace villosa*, gentian, ironwort, and a thousand other beautiful flowers.

All at once there was a tremendous peal of thunder, which slowly resounded in the immense mountains, and rolled far—far away, through the tranquil atmosphere, to the most remote valleys and ravines. A silvery stream poured from an opposite Alp, and fell, surrounded by a light sparkling arch of snow, deeper and deeper

with the roaring of the most terrific tempest, to the bottom of the abyss.

I sprung up, affrighted, from the mossy seat, raising my hands instinctively above my head. I imagined that the everlasting Alps were toppling about our ears. The ground shook under us: the snow, like a cloud of brilliants sparkling in the radiance of evening, flew far around, and even fell in a light shower at our feet.

"What was that? For Heaven's sake, what was that, Mimili?" cried I, seeking, with impatient look, the shortest way by which we might escape into the valleys.

"I am glad — heartily glad you have seen that," rejoined my companion, with emotion, but yet with a smile. "Such circumstances happen around us almost every day; but we do not always see them so near or so distinctly as we saw this. Was it not a grand — a magnificent spectacle? That was an avalanche."

"That an avalanche! But are they not said to be very dangerous?"

"The summer avalanches are not; they happen only in our highest mountains, which are not visited by man: but those which fall towards the end of winter, frequently do a great deal of mischief. When the snow begins to thaw, then it is very dangerous travelling in our valleys. Owing to the slightest concussion of the air, frequently to the mere tinkling of the bells of the

pack-horses, one of these tremendous masses is detached, carries away all before it, buries houses and villages, dashes rocks in pieces, overthrows the strongest walls, and squeezes up woods of the most ancient larch-trees, like a handful of toothpicks. Do you hear it still rumbling at a distance?" I listened, and faint echoes were yet distinctly audible.

The sun meanwhile sunk lower behind the western mountains; the sky was without a cloud, and now commenced what is properly called the *glow* of the Alps. The whole firmament resembled an ocean of fire. Its radiance was magnificently reflected by the glistening ice-capped peaks of the Jungfrau, and the sea-green pyramids and obelisks of the neighbouring glaciers. In the glowing ether the vast masses of snow appeared nearly transparent; it seemed as though the everlasting ice had imbibed the fire of the contiguous sky, as if heaven and earth were blended together in those unattainable elevations.

Mimili contemplated this enchanting scene with silent awe, and folding her hands over her breast, she prayed to its Almighty Author. "This is a heavenly evening!" she ejaculated, while the warm glow of the sky and the white summit of the Jungfrau were reflected in her dark-blue eyes, and her bosom heaved beneath the velvet corset.

There was no longer any thing earthly in me; I felt so supremely happy, that I could have died in Mimili's arms, and flown with her on the purple pinions of eve into the regions of roseate light that dawned before us.

"Let us go!" said she at length, after a pause of such bliss as I had never yet experienced. I awoke as from a trance, gave her my arm, and we descended into the silent valleys. Neither of us could speak for some time. We had understood each other without words—love needs no interpreter.

When we had nearly reached the house, Mimili ran on before, to acquaint her father with my coming: the old man, a genuine cabinet-picture by Denner, came out to meet me, extended his nervous right hand, and squeezed mine so cordially, that I could have roared with agony. "Welcome to my house, sir," said he, in a kind but solemn tone. "I have never yet had the happiness of entertaining one of your nation. You are the first to afford me that gratification. Share with us such as we have. We shall make no stranger of you; but while you stay here, we shall consider you as one of the family. Mimili, let us have the best that the kitchen and cellar can furnish: I will enjoy myself to-night with you, and talk, over a glass of wine, about the important events in which, as that cross shows, you have borne a part.

I have longed much for an opportunity of conversing with some one who has made the last campaign."

Mimili bustled about. Presently she came to the door with a maple rod, having a small net fastened to the end of it, across her shoulder. "Will you come along with me to the trout-stream?" And away I tripped with her to the brook, which ran past the house, at the distance of eighty or a hundred paces. A small square open cistern, hewn out of the rock, and furnished with a close grate, for the passage of the water, contained many score of the liveliest fish. The water was as transparent as crystal, so that one might see the bottom. Here Mimili was again quite the playful girl. Had you seen her cowering on the margin of the cistern, crumbling bread into the water, whistling and talking to the trout, which darted like lightning to the surface, you could not have supposed her to be more than thirteen at the utmost. Dipping the net into the water, she took up at once as many fish as were sufficient for supper. In this operation, in spite of all her care, she wetted her fingers a little, and rompingly shook off the drops in my face. As soon as I could open my eyes after this unexpected salute, I took up as much water as I could hold in my hand, for the purpose of returning it with interest, when she bounded with her net, and the fish floundering in it,

across the brook, over stock and stone, like a young chamois; and when she had got to some distance, she turned round, and pelted me with turnips, till she made me spill every drop of the water with which I was pursuing her.

It was not till I had given her a solemn promise not to resent the trick she had played me, that peace was restored between us. I carried her net, and we returned, laughing and joking, to the old man, who was amused by our frolics, and seemed to survey with peculiar complacency the lovely figure of the blooming girl.

Mimili hastened into the house to prepare supper. "How much you are to be envied the possession of such a daughter!" said I, observing the silent rapture with which his eyes hung upon her.

"Indeed, sir," replied he, "a man who has such a child may well be envied. She is my only joy and my only pride. The years she passed at Zug were like ages to me: and yet I am glad I sent her thither, for she learned something there, perhaps more than she will ever have occasion for. My neighbour, Mr. * * * *, is very fond of her"—(these words struck me breathless)—"he reads the ancient poets with her, and supplies her with new books and music. She draws and paints very prettily; and when she sings to me, and accompanies herself on the

guitar, I feel as if nothing were wanting to my happiness in this world."

The mention of the confounded neighbour had thrown such a weight upon my heart, that I scarcely attended to all that followed. Ten times was I on the point of asking who this neighbour was—his age—whether he was married, &c. &c.; but was checked by the reflection, that my host would not fail to discover, at the very first word, the drift of my inquiries.

Of this I was not myself thoroughly sensible till now. The mention of this neighbour occasioned the first pang that I had felt in Switzerland.

Mimili came, and brought the old Ryf wine, which her father had expressly ordered. We seated ourselves under a venerable walnut-tree, which three men could not have encompassed, and which overshadowed the whole house with its spreading branches.

I was quite uneasy — my cheerfulness was gone. Mimili could not be mine — that was clear enough: this unlucky neighbour stood in the way, with his new books and his ancient poets. The thought oppressed me, as though I was buried beneath an avalanche. At length I found a clue to conduct me out of the dark labyrinth of my gloomy forebodings.

"At the inn at Unterseen," said I, trumping

up a lie, with front of brass, "I met to-day with a genteel young man, who seemed to be well acquainted with this part of the country, well-informed and sociable, lively and polite. Could this have been the neighbour whom you mean?

I chuckled like a child at having hit upon such a happy idea; for it was impossible for either of them to discover, from this question, what I was driving at.

"No," replied Mimili, with a smile; "that must have been a stranger. Neighbour * * * * is a man of sixty: father and he were boys together, and his wife was the bosom-friend of my late mother. It is a pity that they happen to be from home. They are people that you ought to see: indeed they are too good for this world."

This explanation removed from my heart the intolerable weight by which it had been oppressed. I could once more breathe freely, and now I truly enjoyed the generous Ryf. Mimili placed herself opposite to me, and her father took his seat by my side. We chatted about the campaign, and I had to tell them about our loyal nation—how it boldly and unanimously rose to shake off a foreign yoke; how gallantly our unfledged youths combated the bearded and whiskered guards of our enemy; how our *landwehr*, though never in action before, stood like rocks amid the fire of the artillery; how our troops, frequently without firing a gun, advanced

to the charge with fixed bayonets; how young heroines of unimpeachable character fought courageously under our banners; how tenderly our matrons and damsels nursed the sick and the wounded; how all classes of the nation voluntarily contributed whatever they possessed most valuable to promote the good cause; how the silver hair of our Marshal *Forward* was everywhere the banner of our victorious army; how our gallant king undauntedly faced death in every battle for the deliverance of his people, and three times in the course of that sanguinary campaign, at Culm, at Leipzig, and at Bar-sur-Aube, secured victory by his presence of mind, his intelligence, and his personal valour.

During my relation the tears stole from between the silken lashes of the susceptible girl; and when I had finished, her father rose, and drank prosperity to my king, my nation, and our victorious arms. He again replenished the glasses, and proposed my health; but Mimili declared she would not drink it till I had promised to stay at least a week with them. "You are the man for my father," added she; "I have not seen him for a long time so happy as he is to-night."

"Don't talk of a week, Mimili," said the old man: "if this gentleman should like to stay longer than that with us, surely you would not forbid him. When people are happy in each

other's company, they ought never to talk about parting.

My intimation that I should set out early next morning was rejected as wholly inadmissible.

We now went into the house to supper. I no longer felt myself a stranger, but like one of the family, and as if I had lived here from my infancy. Mimili had prepared a supper fit for a lord: the Côte wine, with which the father plied me with friendly hospitality, and the strong Vaux, which he brought after the cloth was removed, infused such a heat into my veins, that I seemed to be all on fire.

"Now," said the old man to Mimili, as we rose from table, "you two shall take a walk to the little cascade: the dark basin into which the stream precipitates itself in foam has a singular appearance at night. I am tired, and shall go to bed; but don't stay long, children, for it is already late."

I observed, half in jest and half in earnest, that it was rather venturous to trust the girl with me alone.

He smiled. "That man, sir," said he, with emphasis, "whose breast his king has adorned with this cross, a virtuous father may certainly trust with his virtuous daughter either by day or by night."

The old man might indeed well talk thus coolly: he was past sixty, and he had only sip-

ped at the wines, of which I had been led by thirst and hilarity to make copious libations. We wished him a good night, and away we went.

The evening was warm and delicious. All nature was hushed in solemn repose. The dew rested upon the herbage, from which balmy odours were wafted to us by gentle breezes, and the roaring of the cascade was heard in the distance. Before us, the head of the everlasting Jungfrau, magnificently tinged with a roseate hue, reared itself aloft in the dark concave of heaven. No pencil ever yet attempted a representation of this magical effect; how then can my feeble pen be so presumptuous? The radiant glow of evening had subsided: a faint light only glimmered in the west, and was wonderfully reflected by the topmost icy peaks of the stupendous Jungfrau, which seemed to have imbibed the fires of the departed sun, and to be pouring them forth again in a flood of pale rose-coloured effulgence.

I stood lost in the contemplation of this to me novel scene, and Mimili, with her eyes fixed on the brilliant Jungfrau, hung on my arm. "We will not go down into the basin," said she softly; "it is cold, and dark, and gloomy there. Come with me to the seat where there is so much clover; there it is more cheerful and agreeable."

We seated ourselves, and began to chat. She

was so kind, so familiar, so confiding, that I was often tempted to imagine that I had an angel by my side.

She made me promise her—"merely for her father's sake," said the sly hussy—not to leave them in the morning, and then she became once more the lively romp, all fun and frolic. I suppose I had ventured a step beyond the line, for I cannot recollect exactly what I had done, owing to the powerful effect of the wine I had taken, when she caught hold of both my hands, pressed them to her bosom, and said, in a tone that might have melted the everlasting mountains which towered above us, "Don't behave so; I am but a weak girl, and you are a strong man, with whom my father has trusted his maiden." Throwing her left arm round me, she pressed the Iron Cross to her lips with the right, as the superstitious, when in imminent danger, would an amulet. It would be impossible to express how much the self-denial cost me: I sat upon the granite seat like St. Laurence on his gridiron.

It was not till this moment that I was aware what an insurmountable bar the old man had placed before me with his cross.

In this manner we chatted for about a couple of hours, enveloped in the mantle of night, and then returned home. Mimili conducted me to my chamber, but I felt not the least inclination to sleep. Taking the candle in my hand, I

examined the valuable drawings, engravings, and pictures, with which the walls, like those of Mimili's cabinet on the Alp, were hung. I turned to the book-case, which was filled from top to bottom with select and costly works; among the rest, all the ancient classics, and the most eminent modern publications in botany and natural history. On the pianoforte lay a guitar, and the latest productions of the first composers of the present day. All this, however, had but little effect on me; and it was nearly morning before I was sufficiently composed to betake myself to my solitary bed.

Next morning, when I rose, Mimili was up. She bade me good morning, and called me a sluggard. She had already dispatched a messenger to my fellow-traveller, with a letter, in which, without having said a word to me about the matter, she intimated that I intended to meet him in a week at Schwytz.

After breakfast, which we took with the father under the walnut-tree, two horses were led out. Mimili mounted one, and I the other; and away we rode, to enjoy the delightful morning. She wished to make me acquainted with the whole country round her native place; and she assured me, that if I were to live there for ten years together, she could every day show me fresh scenes, every one of which I should think more beautiful than all the preceding.

On horseback a new charm was diffused over this extraordinary girl. On the brink of the most frightful precipices, along which the animal, accustomed to these romantic tracks, cautiously proceeded with his lovely burden, Mimili sat with perfect negligence and ease, as though flying over abysses of such tremendous depth that the eye could not discover the bottom. If the beast were to make but one false step, the angelic girl must inevitably perish. I durst not look down into the dark ravines, where the loftiest pines appeared no taller than a gooseberry bush, and the cottages of the inhabitants no bigger than children's card-houses. I turned giddy with looking down into the immeasurable depth, where an impetuous torrent roared along its rocky channel, and fixed my eyes in silent confidence on my adventurous guide, who paused at intervals, to admire the glory of the morning and the rich and diversified scenery of nature.

About nine o'clock we dismounted. Mimili had brought with her a sandwich and a bottle of red Corteillod in the pocket of her saddle. We sat down on the turf, beside a limpid stream, in the shade of a grove of walnut-trees. She poured out the sparkling beverage into a silver goblet, and, with a thousand jokes and gambols, we emptied the bottle, and rested ourselves on the sweet grass. Not a creature in the wide

world could enjoy a repast more than I did this. The whole atmosphere was an ocean of perfumes, wafted from innumerable flowers of all colours around us; the crystal stream murmured at our feet; there was not a human eye in the whole valley to overlook us; and the umbrageous roof formed over our heads by the overarching boughs of the venerable walnut-tree was so thick, that the sun himself could not peep through it.

Sportive zephyrs, born in the cups of the flowers that enamelled the pastures, and wafted to us by a gentle western breeze, played with her locks, her ribands, and the handkerchief that covered her bosom, and most distinctly whispered me to do the same. Mimili, however, aware that I was not a sportive zephyr, rapped my knuckles for me, and poutingly mounted her horse.

The heavenly moments were fled, and I had enough to do to appease the offended fair-one. "I never felt such kindness for any body as for you," said she, giving me at the same time a most angry look; "but then you must behave accordingly, otherwise I shall never trust myself alone with you again. I shall cry, to be sure, when I am in my valleys without you; but if you mean to go on as you have done last night and this morning, the sooner the mountains are between us the better."

I rode along behind her as still as a mouse, like Sancho after the sound dressing which he deservedly received from his master; and it was a long — long while before she held her hand behind her, saying, in a kind tone, but without turning round, "You are not angry, I hope." I sprang from my horse, seized her hand, and pressed it fervently to my lips: her good humour returned, and she patted my cheeks with playful innocence.

We were just then on the summit of a hill. As I walked along by her side, another of those frolicsome zephyrs overtook us, and, more audacious than his brethren in the valley, he seemed determined to play his wanton pranks with Mimili's plaited petticoat. "Come up to me," said she, "for I shall sit better"—a mere pretext to prevent me from seeing any more of the freaks of the amorous wind. I accordingly sprang up behind her, and we proceeded merrily home. I laid all the blame of my offence on the fiery Corteillod. "Oh," replied she, laughing, "there is a remedy for that! Drink water! We have the finest in the world, and plenty of it; so that you need never be at a loss."

If we had a lordly dinner the preceding day, we had a princely entertainment on this. The old man, with genuine Swiss hospitality, produced his best wine, and we chatted away one

of the most delicious hours over an abundant and elegant dessert. There were the finest southern fruits, various sorts of confectionery, the rarest dessert wines, and pine-apple ice—in short, nothing was wanting to gratify the palate even of a professed epicure.

We took coffee under the walnut-tree in front of the house. Mimili's numerous subjects assembled at her feet—turkeys, ducks, geese, hens, doves, of all sorts and colours. All eyes were fixed upon their queen; and in a hundred different languages, the variegated favourites gabbled, cackled, quacked, crowed, and cooed their delight on beholding their lovely mistress, who, with bountiful hand, distributed the golden grain among the innocent courtiers.

I had seen poultry fed a hundred—nay, a thousand times; but whoever had seen Mimili in this animated circle could not but have been enchanted with her humour, her sprightliness, her happy knack of extracting pleasure from the simplest office and occupation. She talked the Swiss *Patois* with the faithful companions of her calm domestic life, and unluckily I did not understand a tenth part of what she said. She made herself, however, perfectly intelligible to the animals: the chickens, attracted by the melody of her voice, came close to her, and pecked out of her hand; the loquacious ducks waddled

up, and related to her all that had passed in the poultry-yard during the last four and twenty hours; and the pigeons fluttered about her head. Mimili said something kind to each of them, called many by their names, scolded such as were greedy, and caressed those which waited with patience till it came to their turn to be served.

Mimili then sat down, after some persuasion, to the pianoforte. I threw myself into a corner of the sofa, and silently admired her fluency and the delicacy of her touch. She first played a very difficult sonata, and then digressing from the theme of the sonata to a fantasia of her own, she lost herself in the boundless spaces of harmony. Now the instrument poured forth a powerful volume of wild sounds; presently the strain changed to a simple pastoral song; and again the soul of the lovely performer poured itself forth in a tender adagio. She ceased, and, still seated before the instrument, she hung her head, and played with the gold chains of her corset. With a heart full of the melancholy of her concluding adagio, I rose and went to her. Her large blue eyes were filled with tears. "What is the matter?" I softly asked, and kissed the hand which had produced tones so sweet from the rigid strings. "Why do you weep, Mimili?"

She shook her head, and smiled through her

tears, with a look of mingled kindness and sorrow.

"Why these tears, my Mimili? Speak! May I not know the cause?"

"You would not understand me," answered she, after a considerable pause, with downcast look. Her full heart now overflowed, and she sobbed aloud.

"Dearest Mimili! what ails you? Tell me, I beseech you."

"You would not understand me," repeated she, "and I have nobody to whom I can tell it. This," pointing to the pianoforte, "knows my sorrows, and has answered me."

"Don't laugh at me, sir," she proceeded, after a short pause; "I am a girl — a silly girl, that have my dreams. Now I have had my cry out, I shall be easier."

I partly understood her, for I was not vain enough to comprehend her whole meaning. She went up to her room, to wash her eyes with fresh spring-water, lest her father might observe that she had been weeping; while I, overpowered with rapture, began to have a glimpse of the bliss that awaited me.

"Mimili mine!" These two words comprised the sum and substance of my earthly felicity. No sooner were these two words associated together in the recesses of my soul — for as yet they had not escaped my lips—than I made up

my mind to offer my hand to no other female in the wide world than to this angelic creature.

Mimili was fond of me! I had abundant assurance of that. For so holy a love as dwelt in Mimili's virgin bosom no word in our poor language was sufficiently expressive. Could I not speak that very moment? Such were my meditations as I paced the floor. I still heard in imagination the soft tones of her adagio.

"But——" Alas! how this provoking *but* poisons every enjoyment during our pilgrimage through this world! But will Mimili be willing to quit the paradise of her home to accompany me? Will she, who has grown up here, among the flowers of her pastures, be able to live in those sandy plains where the stunted heath can scarcely gain nourishment? Will she there find any thing to compensate for the loss of the thousand natural beauties which attach her to this spot? Will this heart—this poor heart alone—indemnify her for her separation from all she loves? Will her father assent to the removal of this girl, the joy of his old age, into our deserts? Will not Mimili be obliged to exchange her corset, her plaited petticoat, and all her native paraphernalia, for the French costumes which fashion has forced upon us? Will she not, with her Swiss apparel, throw off also her Swiss simplicity? Will the free maiden of the Alps be able to accommodate herself to the

restraints of our way of life? Will she not wish herself back out of our still and formal circles, which are frequently held together only by the red and black pips on fifty-two cards, with her frolicsome kids and lambkins, her gabbling ducks and geese, and her cooing doves? Will she——"

I should have stumbled upon a hundred more such "*Will she's?*" had not a servant just then entered to inform me that supper was on the table.

Mimili too must have been meanwhile holding a soliloquy, which probably began with "*Will he?*" for she was serious and reserved.

It was not till her father inquired if any thing ailed her, that she made an effort to resume her accustomed cheerfulness, and to joke with him and me: but I was more sharp-sighted than the old man; I could see to the very bottom of her pure soul, and I cast into it the anchor of my hopes.

"To the seat where there is so much clover," I softly whispered to her after supper. She nodded assent with a smile, and fetched her guitar. "Father," said she, "the gentleman is fond of the bench where we sat last night; I will sing him to sleep there, and then I'll chain him, and make him stay with us till the clover has done blossoming."

The old man laughed, and we walked arm in arm to the seat. Mimili touched, unsolicited,

the strings of her guitar, and sang the sweetest of her native songs. It was as though not a leaf stirred—as if the flowers raised their dewy heads to listen to the enchanting tones of her melodious voice. I was thrilled with transport; I moved nearer to her, and when quite close, she still seemed to be too far from me.

"This morning," said she, "long before you were up, I was abroad. I taught all the rocks round about your name, that they may be able to repeat it to me when you are gone; then I shall have something to talk to me about you when I am alone. I will tell you now why I wept, and why I was so low-spirited at the beginning of supper. When you are gone—but perhaps it is wrong for me to tell you, and yet there is no harm in it, and it seems to me as if you ought to know all I think and feel—when you are gone, I shall have nothing worth living for. I dare not tell father so; he will say, 'Have you not your cattle and your *aulis*, your kids and your doves, your Alps and your flowers?'—Very true; but I have not any one to call me his little Mimili, to chat and toy with me, and to tell me, a hundred times a day, that he is fond of me.—You will be far—far away, and not a creature in the whole world will think of poor little Mimili in her solitary mountains. My spirit will fly over them after you, and they will bury me under the cold rocks. It was this

that came into my mind yesterday, at dusk, when I played to you, and my heart overflowed, so that I could not help weeping. Now I am easier; and I have been able to tell you that which, I know not why, I could not then, on any account, have brought across my lips. But now you know this, if you really love me as dearly as you say, and as I would fain believe you do, you will stay here a week longer than you have promised —won't you? I will do all that lies in my power to please you, but then you must stay another week; indeed you must. Recollect, when that is gone, we shall never—never see each other again—and what is one short week to a whole life!"

"Mimili!" said I, "my own dear Mimili! how, if we were to remain together for good?"

"How for good?" asked she, in a mild but serious tone, as if she were alarmed, and suspected the drift of the question which her wishes had suggested.

"Mimili, pronounce my sentence," said I, with feelings more serious and solemn than I had ever before experienced. "If you could read my heart as plainly as I can yours, you would then know what I hope you now believe, that my views with respect to you are honourable; that I love you above every thing in the world; that I cannot live without you; and that I swear, by the Almighty God, to be faith-

ful to you till death. Be mine, Mimili; be my beloved wife!"

Mimili looked stedfastly at me, and laughed. "Surely you must have lost your wits, sir," cried she. "What could you do with a silly girl from the Alps in your fine city? What would your generous maids and matrons say, if you were to carry home one who has done nothing—nothing at all, for your king and country—one who is not acquainted with your ways and manners—one who knows nothing but her love to you. Here you like me because you see no others: but wait till you get home; when they come out to meet you with the ringing of bells and the merry dance, and the maidens bring you their thanks with tears in their eyes, myrtle garlands in their hands, and loving hearts in their bosoms, oh, then you will cease to think of me! Reserve yourself, sir, for those for whom your heart's blood has flowed—for the daughters of your country; not for the shepherd-girl of foreign Switzerland. And then, do you suppose my father would let me go? Why, his heart would break if I were to cross the mountains, and not to come back again. Could I be easy in your crowded streets, when I knew that the old man was pining all alone at home? or could you part for ever from your illustrious king, whom you have sworn to serve, and your great nation, for whose welfare you have braved death, to dwell

here, in a country where you would never feel at home? Would my love, infinite as it is, always suffice to fill up your solitary existence here? No, sir," concluded she, while tears started into her eyes; "no: this flattering dream I have abandoned; for I may now confess that I have dreamt it too. I had built upon it the fondest wishes of my heart; but all—all have sunk into an unfathomable abyss, to perish for ever! For ever! My friend, my dear friend, that thought is terrible!"

"To-morrow," replied I, moved to the bottom of my soul by this address, "I will speak to your father."

Now that I had the confession of her love, no power on earth could have parted me from this angel. We formed a hundred plans, and relinquished them all. We sat till late on the bench, happier than many a monarch on his throne. As we went home, she repeated my name to the mountains, that, as she said, they might not forget it. I called her name, which the rocks beyond the clover-pastures re-echoed four, five, and even six times; at first distinctly, *Mimili*, then *mili* and *ili*, till at last *li*, *li*, *li*, alone faintly resounded in the distance.

"You have no mountains," said she, with a sorrowful smile: "when you call my name in your country, the wind that sweeps your plains will blow it away; nothing will repeat my name

to you, and you will forget me: while the confidants of my secret, the friends of my youth, my mountains, which you have seen, which know you, which have witnessed the happy hours we have spent together, will sympathize in my sorrows, and answer me, when, in the anguish of my solitude, I ask them your name." Once more, in silver tones, she called my name to the rocks that towered to the skies; she listened for the sound, which they returned as melodiously as they had received it. It was as though a being from another sphere was speaking to us from above; so widely and so sweetly rung the accents pronounced by Mimili to her native mountains.

On reaching the house, we sat for above an hour. I had complained by the way of thirst; she went herself, and fetched ice-cold water from the spring, squeezed lemon-juice into it, cut slices of pine-apple into the glass, sweetened it with sugar, added a little wine, and thus prepared an exquisite beverage, which we drank together.

When I rose in the morning, Mimili was already gone; whether to her mountains, her cows, her fish, her doves, or her flowers, I cannot tell. I was glad of it, for I was in a very serious mood, and she would only have disturbed me with her playful pranks. I was ar-

ranging in my mind the harangue which I should address to the old man to solicit the hand of his daughter. It was impossible he could refuse it, for I attacked him in his weakest points. I anticipated his objections, and answered them all so triumphantly, that he could resist no longer, and at length went and fetched his enchanting Mimili, and resigned her to my arms. I stood with my face towards the window, and was rehearsing, in an under-tone, the speech by which this effect was to be produced, when a loud laugh behind me all at once snapped the thread of my oration. It was Mimili, who had slipped softly into the room without shoes, and overheard great part of my harangue, though not understood its purport.

The morning air had heightened the bloom of her colour; her blue eyes glistened like two morning-stars, and a nosegay of the sweetest wild flowers adorned her bosom. She presented me a handful of the finest strawberries, which she had just picked, and asked what I had been preaching about so pathetically? I clasped the enchanting creature in my arms, and silently implored the blessing of Heaven on my purpose, concerning which I said not a syllable to her; for, confident as I had felt of success but a moment before, now in her presence, I began to conceive it possible that fate might not have

destined such a prize for me, and that her father, on hearing my overtures, might reply to them with an overwhelming "No."

The old man listened to what I had to say, half-smilingly and half-seriously. He then took me cordially by the hand. "I feel exceedingly obliged to you, sir," said he, "for the honour you do the girl and me. That you are fond of her is no news to me. I could perceive it the very first night. I know, too, that Mimili has no dislike to you. With your person, sir, I have no fault to find; and from what you have said respecting your circumstances, I infer that you can support a wife, even though she brought you nothing, which, thank God! is not the case here. At the same time, sir, your love for the girl is two days old; I have loved her these sixteen years. You must be aware that it would be painful to me to part from my only darling, to see her cross the mountains to your country, and to stay here alone with my herds till God shall please to take me. He has blessed my Alps, so that, were even Mimili to give me a son-in-law without a shilling, there would still be sufficient here to maintain both. I have always clung with peculiar fondness to the idea that Mimili would abide with me in my declining years, and close my eyes: you overthrow my plan; for the wife ought to follow the husband, and I cannot expect you to remain

here, for you belong to your country and your king. Still I am ready to sacrifice the dearest wishes of my heart; when I am satisfied that God hath chosen you for my girl, I will not stand in the way of your happiness. In your country there are excellent people, whom I love and respect, and who will no doubt be kind to Mimili. I will visit you there; you shall come hither, and bring my grandchildren along with you; and thus our parting will not be so painful as it would otherwise prove. And when I am no more, and you are grown older, and your strength declines, so that you can no longer be useful to your country, then you and Mimili may settle here with your family, and calmly await your last hour, because I should not like my Alps to be transferred to strangers; and it is much better, I should think, to die in one of our peaceful dales than in a great city. This, sir, is what I have already been thinking; only I am not sure that you are the man whom God has destined for my girl. Mimili has never seen any one but you. Perhaps it is on this account that she loves you. Go, therefore, in peace. There are in our canton and in those adjoining to it many young men of respectable families, to one or the other of whom I could have no objection as a suitor for the maiden. I will consult my old neighbour on the matter; Mimili shall have opportunities of seeing

and becoming acquainted with them; and if at the expiration of a year her affection for you remains unchanged, and you return to demand her, I will with pleasure give my blessing to your union. But now, sir, your hand and your word of honour, that you will neither acquaint Mimili with the subject of this conversation, nor seek to obtain any promise from her, that she may not consider herself engaged to you, but remain free, as a Swiss maiden ought, who has not plighted her troth to any man. Meanwhile I shall throw no obstacles in your way, but leave every thing to God, whose dispensations are always for the best."

I wish I had had a mirror in my hand, that I might have seen the face I made at this declaration. I am certain it must have been an immensely long one.

In prescribing a year of probation, was the father in real earnest, or was it a mere stratagem to get me quietly to the other side of the mountains, and then to chaffer away Mimili's hand to some Swiss bumpkin, whom he had already *in petto*, and who could throw into the scale as many Alps and cows as the old fellow possessed?

That opposition would be of no avail, I was thoroughly convinced by his firmness. My own feelings moreover told me, that in this case importunity was not to be resorted to; that a

father was by no means to blame for not giving a daughter, like Mimili, in marriage to the first stroller that presented himself — to one with whom he had been acquainted scarcely twice twenty-four hours, and of whom he knew nothing but that his proposed son-in-law had an excellent appetite and a good income. The old man had dealings with commercial houses at Berne, and these corresponded with others in my country: it was therefore possible that he wished to make farther inquiries concerning me; and knowing, as I did, that the result would not be to my disadvantage, I could not blame him for this precaution.

"It is hard," replied I, frankly and honestly, after a short struggle with myself; "it is hard to quit Mimili till I have received her plighted troth; but such is your pleasure. A good son ought always to obey a good father. Let a hundred suitors solicit the maiden's hand,—if Mimili loves me as dearly — no, that she never can — if she loves me but half as dearly as I love her, I need not be afraid of the result. Here are my hand and my word, that I will not seek to obtain any formal promise from her behind your back; but you must assure me, on your part, that you will not give her to another till I have seen her again. If God grants me life, I will be with you again in a year; then Mimili may decide in your presence and your

good neighbour's, as befits a free Swiss girl. Will you promise this?"

The old man silently nodded assent, and gave me his hand.

"Now," continued I, "it is impossible for me to conceal from her how matters stand between us: a man ought not to have any secrets with the female to whom he purposes to consign his happiness, his children, and himself. You must therefore allow me to inform her of your intentions, and how you mean to act in regard to her during the ensuing year, and to request her not to dispose of herself till my return, at the expiration of the period which you have fixed. This is no engagement. Do you agree to this?"

After some consideration, he replied: "Be it so then! and I protest to you, that I know of none whom I should like so well for a son-in-law as you; though I must own that I cannot exactly reconcile myself to the idea of your taking my only child away from me and my native valleys."

The few days that I afterwards spent in those to me ever-memorable valleys, were days of the purest bliss. No seraphs can live more joyously, more innocently, more happily, than I and Mimili. The old man—I must do him the justice to say—manifested the same unbounded confidence as before. He let us stroll out alone

together when and where we pleased, and do in every respect just as we thought proper.

Mimili laughed heartily, and clapped her little hands, when I told her about the probationary year, and the troops of Swiss lads who would flock to her from all the neighbouring cantons.

"That will be quite a treat for me," replied she. "I shall need a little change; for solitude, I think, will be oppressive to me when you are gone. I must be civil to all, as hospitality requires, and this is a point that father particularly insists on; but, in the character that you mean, not one of them shall come near me. Be not gloomy and melancholy before the time, my dear friend; in the hour of parting we will weep together, but till then let us be merry. This year is, after all, but a year: the sixteen that I have lived have seemed, even without you, like so many days: when I have you in my heart the time will appear still shorter; for now I have a deal — a great deal, to think about and to arrange. All that vexes me is, that in the mean time I shall grow a whole year older; and when you come back I may perhaps not be so handsome as you now think me. Look you, sir; if that were the case, I could cry my eyes out: for to suppose you could forget me in a year, 'tis impossible — is it not, my first, my dear, my only friend, impos-

sible? You declared that you would love me faithfully; and when you said so, you laid your hand upon your heart. I am sure you cannot deceive me. No, no; he who has risked his life for all that is most sacred to men — for truth and justice — he cannot stoop to a lie — cannot prove false to an innocent maiden — no, he cannot. It would certainly break my heart, and I should pine myself away till God called me to my poor mother, who loved truly and was truly loved in return, and who now sleeps in the peaceful grave. Don't serve me so; that would bring you no blessing!"

"No," added she, after a pause, smiling through her tears, "no, I will not doubt. I have been a silly girl. I shall sorrow after you, like my *aulis* after their mothers, when they are kept in the pens, while the mothers are gone to pasture. But you will return like them — you will certainly return; and that you will return in the same sentiments you now profess — O sir! if you wish me to be quite easy, assure me of that with an oath. Place the three middle fingers of your right hand on my left breast, beneath which the heart of your maiden beats and will ever beat for you alone, and swear love and constancy to me, and I will put my trust in you, as in my God." Upon that pure altar of innocence, I swore love and constancy till death, and a long

fervent embrace sealed the solemn oath. From that moment Mimili became in reality my bride.

At length the dreaded morning arrived. When I took leave of the father, "God be with you!" said he, pressing my hand with deep emotion, "and return at the appointed time as my son, unless meanwhile my girl change her mind; of which I should, of course, inform you. Let us hear from you frequently, and keep a pure heart in your bosom; for such alone is pleasing to the Almighty. May he conduct you safely to your own country, and bless you, and your king, and your nation, for ever and ever!"

Mimili accompanied me almost as far as Lauterbrunn. She had, during the last days, striven with all her might to appear calm and cheerful; but now her fortitude was at an end. I perceived at breakfast that her eyes were red with weeping; and when we were taking a parting glass, she turned pale. Before she could raise her glass to her lips, she was obliged to set it down again, and burst into tears. Now she hung in silence on my arm; the pearly drops glistened on her silken lashes, as she listened to the best consolations I had to offer. We sent forward the man who carried my things, with directions to wait for me at Lauterbrunn, and seated ourselves on a mossy mass of rock in the shade of a venerable beech. She promised to

have her portrait painted, and to send it to me. She begged me not to make the parting scene long, otherwise she was afraid she should be too much affected to be able to return. "My limbs will scarcely support me," said she, in broken accents, "and my heart is ready to burst. I cannot weep now; but when you are gone God will give me tears, so that I shall not be quite alone." I was myself so overpowered with the pain of parting and the grief of my beloved Mimili, that I could not find words to give vent to the feelings of my oppressed heart.

Mimili drew from the sweet recess of her chaste bosom a simple blue flower. "Take this," said she, "and let it remind you of me. We call it *man's-truth.** I picked it this morning at the foot of the seat where there is so much clover. And now farewell, my only love till death. God above be witness that I never will forget you! I love you more than my own life. Ah! now I can weep again. I am happy — inexpressibly happy. My eye overlooks the short space of a year, and my heart anticipates the exquisite delight of our reunion. Here the faithful maiden will await her own true lover. Now farewell, farewell!"

She sunk exhausted in my arms; she clasped

* *Eryngeum Alpinum;* consequently a different flower from the Forget-me-not.

me in her embrace. A long — long kiss succeeded: it was the last. I descended into the valley, and Mimili retraced her steps up the hills covered with wood, which concealed her from my view, towards her native mountains. On an open spot I beheld her once more waving her white handkerchief, kissing her hand, and extending her arms towards the valley, in allusion to our meeting again.

Thus far the story of my happy friend, in which I have no farther share than the pleasure of relating it, and vexation at not having to relate it of myself. Mimili has sent him her portrait; and since I have seen it, I forgive him for the neglect of all his old acquaintance since his return from Switzerland, and for being able to think and talk of nothing but his Mimili.

The letters with which she gratifies him every week are always very long; some passages, which he has read me as a mark of especial favour, confirm what he had previously told me of her childlike simplicity, her excellent understanding, her delicate sensibility, and her literary and scientific attainments, to which, between ourselves, I was rather loath to give credit. Thus what he said, for example, concerning her botanical knowledge, and her acquaintance with the ancient classics, seemed to me to be gra-

tuitous embellishment; but I have seen with my own eyes, in her letters, specimens of flowers, which she transmitted to my friend, that her doubts relative to their names might be solved by our botanists. I have also seen in them highly appropriate quotations from Homer and Virgil, and particularly from Ovid, with reference to the pain occasioned by their separation; so that I can no longer question the veracity of his statement.

The probationary year is nearly over. Many suitors have presented themselves from far and near. Mimili's descriptions of these wooers are unique in their kind; a vein of the keenest satire, mingled with the greatest good-nature, runs through every line. Their overtures, as might be foreseen, were all rejected; and there was now no obstacle to the accomplishment of the mutual wishes of the lovers. I had received a formal invitation to the nuptials, when the fiend broke loose from the Isle of Elba, and duty once more called my friend to the field.

Whoever feels interested in the fate of Mimili, pray for her; and whoever meanwhile visits the valley of Lauterbrunn — it is impossible to miss the lonely and scarcely beaten path which leads up on the left to her flowery Alp — and sees the lovely maiden before I do, salute her cordially from me.

Thus far I had written in May 1815.

My friend, as mentioned above, had again joined the banners of his king. Before his departure he wrote to Mimili. For the greater security, he arranged that all letters should pass through my hands. Those which I received from Mimili I had opportunities of sending to him, every week, by the couriers dispatched to his corps; and by the same channel his reached me, to be forwarded to Mimili. The route which this correspondence had to travel was indeed very circuitous; but the direct communication between the canton of Berne and the Netherlands, where my friend William was quartered, was cut off; and thus I had the gratification of receiving many a line myself from the lovely girl. This pleasure, however, was not of long duration. Nearly at the same time letters ceased to arrive from either.

William's silence was soon accounted for in the way I had feared. The covenant of love, which chance had concluded on the mountains of Switzerland, was destined to be dissolved in the plains of Waterloo. The whole Prussian army, with our gallant old marshal at their head, had marched to meet the foe, as though death had no terrors for them. Thousands upon thousands had fallen, and among them William. Two of his friends saw him sink from his horse, his head and breast streaming with blood. The

animal, also mortally wounded, reared, and in falling covered his master.

The regiment, being commanded to charge, had rushed impetuously on the guards of the Corsican. It had already broken their ranks, and our brave fellows were cutting them down without mercy. They had no time to think of what was behind them. Prodigious masses of cavalry and horse-artillery followed to support the regiment, and such of the fallen as had not been killed outright were now trodden and trampled to death.

For days and weeks I delayed the communication of this melancholy intelligence to the unfortunate Mimili; and yet it was a duty that must be performed some time or other. At length I sat down, with a heavy heart, to write to her old neighbour, with a view that he might break the matter to her by degrees, when a letter from him was put into my hands.

Mimili was ill. Anxiety for the safety of William, from whom she had not heard so long, and grief together, had broken her heart. It was very doubtful, so the old man wrote, whether my answer would find her among the living; but yet he entreated me to communicate such information as I possessed, be it ever so unfavourable; it would serve to smooth her passage to the grave, and, of course, be a real benefit conferred on her.

That faculty of the soul which we call presentiment was demonstrated in this case with astonishing clearness. Mimili knew for certain, according to the old man's letter, that William was dead. "From the moment that hostilities commenced," he proceeded, "she ordered all the German and French newspapers that are to be procured at Berne. The best maps of France, Germany, and the Netherlands, were hung in her chamber. She followed the movements of the armies with increasing anxiety, for she perceived that they were daily approaching nearer to each other. Whenever the weather permitted, she ascended her Alp as high as she could for the snow, and turning towards the quarter where her lover then was, she poured forth the prayers of her agonized heart to that God who dwelleth high above the mountains. Here I once saw her unobserved: she loudly pronounced the name of her William, but no friendly echo returned the silver tones of her voice. 'He hears me not!' said she sorrowfully; and suppressing the tears that started into her eyes, returned to her father's lonely habitation; saluting, by the way, those spots which had witnessed the happy hours she had spent with her beloved.

"My wife, deeply grieved to see the sorrowing maiden thus pining away, found fault with William for sacrificing the angelic creature.

'He had already done his duty,' she once began, 'and now he might have staid at home, and let others take their turn. In a few weeks the year will be at an end; every thing is prepared and arranged; the maiden is waiting for him with throbbing heart, and instead of hastening into the arms of love, he marches away against the French banditti: no, Mimili — to be quite plain with you, I don't approve his conduct.'

"'Do you suppose, Mrs. Trini,' replied she, eyeing my wife with evident displeasure, that William could have acted otherwise than he did? When the whole nation again rose with one accord; when the high and the mighty girt on their swords, to chastise the rebel crew with whom God himself is wroth; when the colours again waved, upon which my William swore to devote his blood and his life to his illustrious king; when the ends of their fluttering ribands pointed the way to where the brooks should be turned to pitch and the earth to brimstone; when old Blucher, under whom William had before fought and bled, again briskly mounted his charger, and all the maidens and matrons loudly wept the departure of those they love; — do you imagine that William could have staid behind? and if he had, do you suppose I should have loved and respected him as I now do? "The wife should follow the husband," says the Scripture. My home is no longer here. With

those to whom William will take me, I will share joy and grief, honour and shame, prosperity and adversity. Good Mrs. Trini, yonder sit many a faithful wife, and many a virtuous maiden, with anxious hearts and wet eyes, fixed on that point to which mine are directed. I will pray to God, that when the angel of death spreads his wings over the field of battle, my William may not perish. No, he will not perish. The Almighty will hear my prayer, for I have never offended him.'

"After this reproof, my wife durst never utter another syllable in disparagement of William.

"When, however, accounts arrived of the three bloody days near Waterloo, and no letters reached her from William, the anchor of her faith was broken. Inexpressible anguish drove her to the topmost crags of the rocks, and into the most gloomy abysses: she would not confess that she had lost her confidence in God; and yet her pallid face, her look of settled melancholy, and her predilection for the profoundest solitude, announced that her fortitude was gone. The entreaties of her father, and the consolations which my wife and I offered, were of no avail.

"'Let me alone,' said she, with cutting coldness. 'I shall not be long in your way. That which has life perishes; that which has not, en-

dures for ever. Such is the pleasure of Him whom short-sighted mortals name the Father of Love. You cold glaciers have beheld for thousands of years the omnipotence of the Eternal, and will subsist for thousands of years to come in their awful magnificence; but the faithful heart of my noble William beats no more. Tell me not, I beseech you, of the rewards of the righteous. God hath seen my ways, and remembered all my steps. There was nothing impure within me, and yet the anger of the Unsearchable presses me down to the dust, as though I were the most heinous of offenders. I weep not; for I am strong, and will bid defiance to the tempest that is bursting over me. I will be greater than my misery — William too was great. He fell for his king and country, and his name will live in the annals of his nation for ever and ever. — My breath is feeble, and my days are few. What have I here to tarry for? I am hastening to that bourn whence no traveller returns.'

"In this state of mind she bore up for about a week, when she was seized with a violent fever, and we are now in hourly expectation of her dissolution.

"She has become tranquil and resigned. This morning she beckoned me to come to her bedside. 'Though,' said she, 'I have arraigned the dispensations of the Almighty, he hath not

forsaken me: he hath inclined his ear, and listened to my prayers. My eyes grow dim — my days are numbered — the last will speedily arrive — the God of mercy will support me in my final hour. I feel perfectly easy; the night of death has for me no terrors. The Alps will soon glow, and the sun, the moon, and the stars, shine far — far beneath me; and I shall rejoin my dear mother and my William, and on his bosom enjoy the transports of love to all eternity. Amen! amen!' added she faintly, folding her hands, and dissolving in tears."

"Amen! amen!" I repeated, not with dry eyes, after the lovely sufferer, and dispatched my letter, with the melancholy intelligence of the death of my gallant friend to Mimili's worthy neighbour. In about a month I received one, the direction of which was in his handwriting. I had not the heart to break the seal. I knew perfectly well the purport of its contents — Mimili's last hours, the anguish of her agonized father, and the affliction of their old friend and his wife.

Angry with fate for summoning away such a being as Mimili in the flower of life, and dooming so amiable a creature as my friend William, in the prime of manhood, to the most deplorable

death, I at length opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You will take it for granted that I am by this time among the angels in heaven; but I am still in my lovely Switzerland, and happier than any of the angels, for William lives in my arms."

I know not how it happened, but my eyes were brimful when I took up the letter and broke the seal; the writing seemed to swim before me, so that I could not believe my senses when I beheld these lines, and at the end of the long epistle the name of Mimili plainly subscribed.

Trembling with joy, I wiped the tears from my eyes, and ran hastily over the letter; — it was actually so — Mimili and William were both alive and well.

William's story was very brief. He knew not what had befallen him immediately after his wound, excepting that he had lain bleeding profusely, and quite insensible, under his horse. It was the middle of the night before he came to himself. His first question to a wounded comrade who lay next to him was, whether the enemy were beaten? and when this was answered by a cheering "Yes," he inquired which way they had fled? "Towards Paris," answered an unfortunate fellow-sufferer, whose legs

had been shot off. It was not till then that he became sensible, with gratitude to the Almighty, that he had still both his legs: his right hand was lamed by the fall; he had a sabre wound in his head, a ball in his breast, and Mimili in his heart.

As soon as he was able to rise, he turned off to the left, with the intention of making the best of his way to Switzerland, that he might be nursed by Mimili. He proceeded twelve miles that night, and in the morning sunk down exhausted near a small town. A miller passed with his team. William mustered his last remains of strength and self-possession to offer the man all the money he had about him, if he would convey him to Unterseen, in the canton of Berne, intending to be forwarded on horseback from that place to Mimili's Alp. The miller, after some demur and calculation, assented, and William's senses again forsook him.

"From this time," continues Mimili, in her letter, "William knew nothing, but that he was carried a long, infinitely long way, in a waggon, the bottom of which was covered with straw; that he was pitied by strange faces; and that his wounds were dressed by unfeeling surgeons. Whether his insensibility was owing to fever, or to excessive loss of blood, or to the particular effect of the wound in the head, he cannot tell: in short, he has no distinct idea of what hap-

pened to him; he only knows thus much, that when he came a little to himself, he found that he was not in the arms of his Mimili, but in a bed at Freiburg, in Breisgau, belonging to a humane man, in whose care the miller had left him, because he could not be conveyed farther without the greatest danger. The Freiburger and his wife and family treated the stranger like the compassionate Samaritan. William, after a long struggle, recovered, and proceeded to Thun; whence he crossed the lake, and hastened to the abode of his faithful Mimili.

"The same day that our good neighbour last wrote to you," continued she, "I lay in tranquil expectation of my release from this world. It grew dusk — the gloom of the grave encompassed me — I had taken leave of my father, and closed my eyes — the chill of death pervaded my whole frame — my soul longed to wing its flight to happier regions, and in a sort of trance I beheld the dawn of everlasting glory, when I heard his voice. He called me softly by my name. I imagined that I had already quitted a world which had no charms for me, and that an angel had brought my William to meet and welcome me at the gates of celestial bliss.

"But again he pronounced my name; his voice was of earthly tone, and I felt the soft kisses of his warm lips on my cold hand. My

eyes opened — I awoke from my swoon — William was kneeling by my bed, and big tears trickled down his pale cheeks. Ah, sir! no language can describe what I felt at this sight. 'She lives!' he exclaimed, clasping me in his arms; and I raised myself up, but could not speak for astonishment and joy. All I could do was to strain him to my heart, the suspended pulsations of which began to be renewed, and tears, the most delicious I ever shed, trickled from my eyes. But the excess of my felicity was too great — my feelings were too overpowering — joy threw me into — I know not what else to call it, than a heavenly trance. With his image in my mind, I slumbered, as it were, in a state between life and death; and on awaking from it, my senses returned — the crisis of my disorder was past — God had cured me by means of William.

"William, when he arrived, was yet ill and weak; but I shall soon make him well again. He has obtained leave of absence till his complete recovery. Peace is concluded, and I shall not suffer him to leave our mountains till I accompany him.

"He would write to you himself, only he cannot yet hold a pen in his right hand. The ball, which entered between two ribs and lodged in the chest, was extracted at Freiburg; the wound in the head was the more dangerous of the two,

but it is healing from day to day, and the scar will not disfigure him. His very paleness becomes him well; he is grown mild and gentle; and as a husband, I shall not like him the worse for that, for he was formerly sometimes rather too wild and unmanageable.

"He desires me to send you a kiss for him; but I shall reserve that till I can give it to you in person.

"You must absolutely come to the wedding, which is fixed for next Ascension-day. William tells me that you are an excellent companion and his oldest friend; be sure then to come, or you will exceedingly disappoint William and

"MIMILI."

On Ascension-day my friend accordingly received, at the altar, the hand of his Mimili; but the gratification which I had promised myself of attending the nuptials was prevented by my official duties. At this moment (October 1816), the young couple still reside on Mimili's native Alp; and the father — but this between ourselves — has requested me to provide, through the medium of one of my female friends, who understands such matters better than I do, an assortment of the most elegant baby-linen that can possibly be procured.

H. CLAUREN.

A POET'S STUDY;

BY

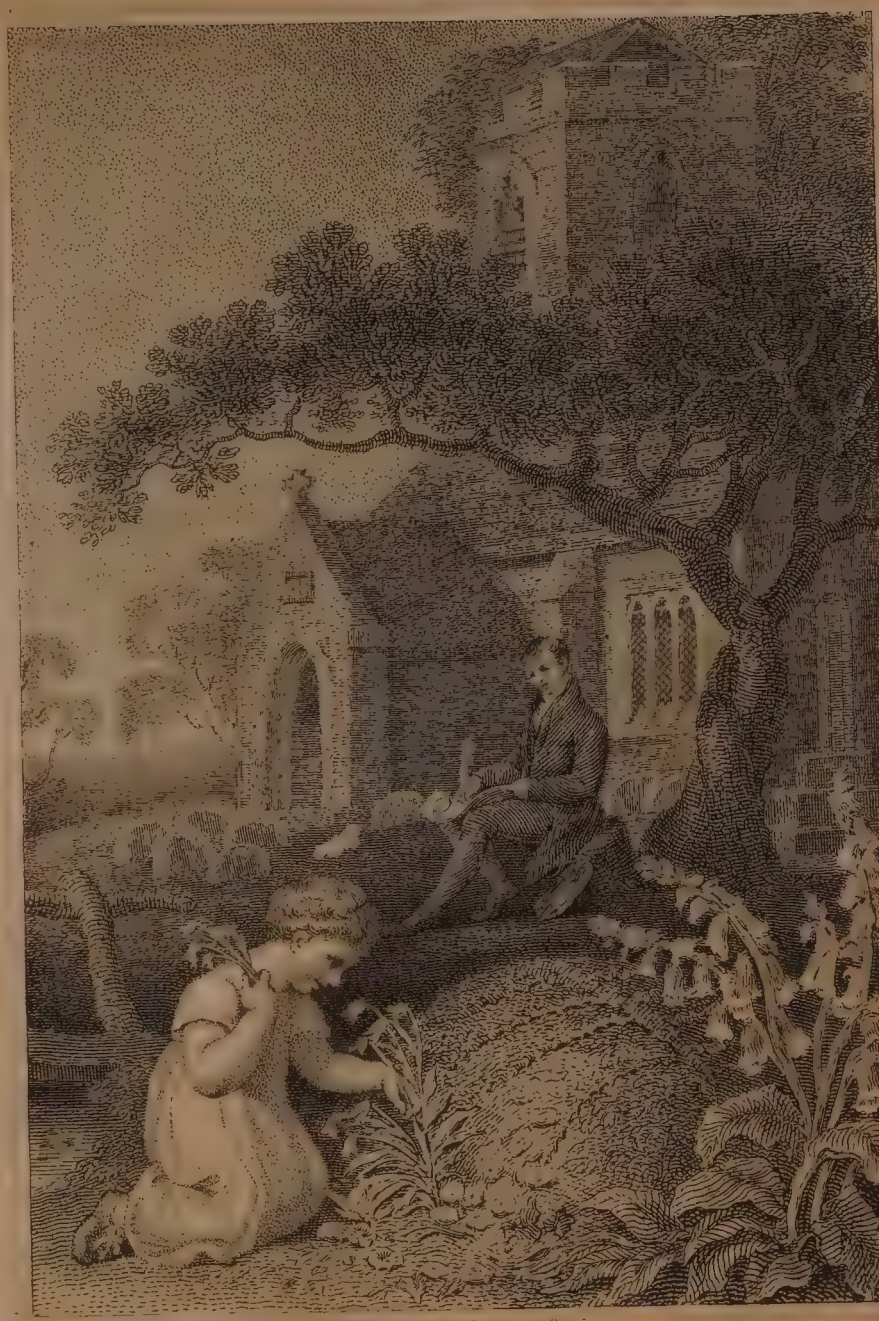
BERNARD BARTON.

Oh! not in ceiled rooms of state,
Cumber'd with books the while,
Would I the Muse's influence wait,
Or there expect her smile.

A nook in some lone churchyard green,
Fann'd by the summer breeze—
The living and the dead between,
Would more my fancy please.

Nor unto Fancy's power alone
Should such a scene appeal;
Its sober and its chasten'd tone
My inmost heart would feel.

The moss'd trunk of a scathed tree
Should be my only seat;
And more than moral tomes to me
That relique should repeat.



There too, in living, leafy pride,
Another tree should grow,
Whose writhed branches far and wide
Their welcome shade should throw.

Those boughs, by whisp'ring breezes stirr'd,
My canopy should be;
And every gentle whisper heard
Should tell a tale to me.

A crystal brook should babble by,
And to its bord'ring flowers
Impart fresh loveliness of dye,
And yet more fragrant powers.

Behind me, half conceal'd from sight,
As shunning public view,
The ivied church-tow'r's humble height
Should greet Heaven's vaulted blue.

A few low grassy mounds should tell
Where slept the silent dead;
And there the modest heather-bell
Should bend its graceful head.

A guileless infant too should stray
Where those blue flowers might wave,
And cull, perchance, a posy gay
From off a parent's grave.

While o'er her head a butterfly,
That type, with beauty crown'd,
Of future immortality,
Should lightly flutter round.

My task is done:—who scorns my taste
May paint me, if he can,
A scene with gentler beauties grac'd
For poet or for man.

THE RING;

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

"Look, who comes yonder, towards our house, in an open sledge with three horses?" cried the major's lady, as she happened to look through the window.

Her husband, Major Sundukow, to whom this question was addressed, rose slowly from the oaken sofa supported by eagles' claws with a ball in each, and stepped to the window.

"There are two persons in the sledge," continued his wife. "One of them has a white feather in his hat. Dear me! who can it be?"

"Why, who else but our neighbour, Chabarow, and his son," replied the major. "I quite forgot to tell you that while I was out a-hunting yesterday, I met the steward, who told me that his young master was come home on leave of absence. Go and see about some breakfast — tell Glafira to make herself a little

smart, and do you be sure to put on your best."

The lady retired to comply with these directions, while the major called a servant, and ordered him to fetch his uniform surtout, the carefully preserved memorial of his military career. Sundukow had served under the Empress Elizabeth, and had retired from the army about fifteen years before the time of which I am speaking.

While they are dressing, and the servants are opening the door, which at that period was always kept locked night and day even in the towns, I gain time to inform my readers, that Sundukow was a gentleman residing in the government of Wladimir, and that he had a beautiful daughter. The lily and the rose were blended in her lovely face; her figure was majestic as a queen's, and her parents, be it observed, were wealthy. Many suitors solicited the hand of Glafira; but would it have been prudent to give her to a man who perhaps possessed no more than about fifty peasants? Her parents had unfortunately the weakness to seek an opulent bridegroom for their daughter. We shall only observe, by the way, that young Chabarow, after his father's death, would become the master of five hundred peasants, and then the reader may easily guess the reason why the major wished his wife and daughter to appear

to the best advantage on this occasion. It is true indeed that the lady, as a tender mother, had no need of this advice.

The visitors were introduced. After the first salutations, old Sundukow complimented the officer, called him a gallant youth, praised his dragoon uniform, inquired the particulars of the action on the Kagul, asked after field-marshal Rumjanzow, and was overjoyed to hear that hopes were entertained of peace, as he had been exceedingly apprehensive of a new recruiting. The young man never ceased boasting of his exploits, and answered all the questions put to him with the greatest accuracy; but when the lady entered with her daughter, he became manifestly confused—his stories were no longer intelligible — he confounded the names of the generals. Baur he called Bruce, and Plemjannikow, Potemkin; and all this was owing to nothing more or less than the appearance of Glafira.

During dinner he conversed with her on the subject of their rural occupations, and in so doing betrayed his levity. The modest damsel blushed, though not at every word; for she had been several times at parties at Wladimir, and had passed a whole month of the preceding winter in Moskwa.

On taking leave, Chabarow invited Sundukow and his family to dine with him the following day.

"That would be a capital match for our Glafira," said the major to his wife, after he had attended his visitors to the door: "though he is rather an unlicked cub, according to the vulgar saying, still he is young and rich."

"I perfectly agree with you, my dear," replied Mrs. Sundukow; "but still I feel much for poor Kudrin. He is attached with his whole soul to our girl; and if he is not rich, he is so affectionate, so modest, and so pious."

"Well, but have we not flatly rejected his suit, and forbidden him the house? How silly you are to harbour such ideas!"

"One can't speak, but you fly into a passion immediately. I merely said what I thought; but it rests with you to act as you please. I shall be heartily glad myself for Glafira to cut a figure as the wife of an opulent man."

Kudrin — likewise a neighbour of Sundukow's — who had early been left an orphan, was now, at the age of twenty-five years, master of the like number of peasants, and was just what Mrs. Sundukow described him. He had acquired a little polish in the house of a Russian grandee, and was a particular favourite with the major's lady, because he could give a tolerably connected account of the lives of the saints from the legends of the church, and never missed the morning service on holidays.

Kudrin had cherished for above a year an

ardent passion for Miss Sundukow, and when he ventured to offer her his hand, it was without any reference to her fortune. It was her beauty and amiable disposition that captivated him. As to Glafira, she seemed to have no aversion to the young man; nay, she was pleased with his company and conversation, and she loved to hear him play old tunes on the recumbent harp; but she felt no particular inclination for him, and therefore took the rejection of his overtures by her father very quietly.

This mortification, however, had not wholly broken off Kudrin's intercourse with Sundukow's family. The nurse of the fair Glafira was wholly devoted to him, partly out of pity, and partly because he was as liberal in his presents to her as his circumstances permitted. She frequently gave him accounts of her mistress, and sometimes too contrived to remind the latter of her discarded lover.

A fortnight after the arrival of young Chabarow, Kudrin was informed by the nurse that Glafira was betrothed. Though the hapless lover had long been deprived of all hopes, still this intelligence afflicted him exceedingly. He wept, pined, and became quite melancholy.

Thus began and terminated the successful suit of Chabarow. At the very first interview he took a fancy to Glafira; after he had seen her a few times, he fell in love with her, and

communicated his sentiments to his father, who immediately drove off to Sundukow's. The old folks, after some conversation on the subject, gave each other their hands, and the affair was settled. They concerned themselves but little about the consent of Glafira; for in those happy days the will of the parents alone decided the fate of their daughters.

Glafira felt, as a bride, some kindness for Chabarow, but it was not that tender and yet mighty passion which is denominated love.

The two months' leave of absence obtained by Chabarow had expired, and he was obliged to return to the army. He seemed heartily sorry for it, and Glafira herself often sighed, to the great dissatisfaction of her nurse. The betrothal was celebrated before his departure; but the nuptials were deferred till the return of the bridegroom the following spring.

It was the middle of December when Sundukow's family, in their joy, resolved to take a jaunt to Moskwa, for the purpose of spending the Christmas holidays and the Carnival in that city, and likewise to show the bride to their friends, and to make the necessary purchases against the wedding. They accordingly set out, and agreeably to the custom of those times took a number of their serfs along with them; and the nurse, from whom the young lady had never yet been separated, was not forgotten.

Kudrin also repaired to Moskwa, as he himself declared, merely to amuse himself; but on the very first Sunday he attended mass, and that at the church of St. Wassilij, which the major's lady preferred to all the rest. There he had the happiness to see Glafira, accompanied by her nurse, without being observed by either of them.

The good creature still continued to be faithfully devoted to him. Kudrin received many a useful hint from her, and occasionally found opportunities of speaking to her. Though Glafira was already affianced, and the last spark of hope was extinguished in Kudrin's heart, still she urged many reasons why he ought not to despair. The young man cheerfully placed himself under the guidance of the nurse, and listened with pleasure to her consolations — consolations which seldom fail to soothe the unhappy. The Christmas holidays commenced: they were formerly the most delightful season of the year, awaited with equal impatience by the young of both sexes — a season which, by the variety of its amusements, occupied children, as well as diverted the parents, and which (thanks to the present illumination!) now pass off with as little ado as any other holidays. I shall not say a word about the capitals of governments, where every thing Russian has long been banished from social life; there the ancient Christmas sports are happily compensated

by masquerades and balls, and in the circular towns, where too people are now ashamed of these innocent amusements, what has superseded them? — cards and the incessant rattle of glasses; the one as commendable as the other. But I have involved myself here in an unseasonable digression, and resume the thread of my narrative.

The Christmas holidays began in this manner: — Whole families of acquaintances assembled in the evenings, to bury gold, to sing riddle-songs,* to play at forfeits, and to disguise themselves. Glafira shared, as usual, in these amusements, but seemed to take less interest in them than formerly; she cared not about selecting any one whom she wished to please, or in whose hand she desired to put the gold ring more frequently than into that of any other.

"New-year's day will soon be here, and Miss has not yet had her fortune told," observed the sly nurse one evening. "Why should I?" replied Glafira. "Am I not already betrothed?"

"Well, and is not this the very time to learn whether your bridegroom is well, what he is

* The nature of this amusement is as follows: — While the whole company sing an appropriate song, any one who chooses puts some article or other belonging to him into a covered dish, and thinks of something. Another verse is then sung, the dish is shaken, one of the covered articles is taken out, and the fortune of the owner is predicted amid laughter and merriment from the subject of the song.

doing, and if he frequently thinks about you? I tell you, a great deal of water will yet flow before your wedding. Till the hour appointed by God arrives, who knows what may happen? Slip on your pelisse, and let us go into the street, and ask the first person we meet what is his name?"

Glafira, not accustomed to contradict her nurse, put on her pelisse, and went down with her into the street. They had not gone above ten paces before they met a man. "What is your name?" asked Glafira.

"Alexander," was the reply.

"There, young lady!" whispered the old woman: "that is not your bridegroom's Christian name, but Kudrin's. Here, hard by, the streets cross: let us go and hear on which side the first dog will begin to bark."

They stopped at the crossing — a dog barked. "Aha! hark you, my dear! The dog does not bark from towards Kiew, to which Chabarow is gone, but from our own quarter, Wladimir, where Kudrin now is."

They listened at two or three houses to the Christmas songs which were singing within; but, owing to the double windows, they could not catch a single word, so that no omen was to be drawn from them.

Glafira hurried back to the house. Agitated by doubts, and impelled by curiosity, she told

her nurse, that next night she would consult the mirror — a kind of prognostication which she preferred to any other, on account of the many instances in which its accuracy had been demonstrated.

The old woman commended her design, and next night, at twelve o'clock, when all the family were in bed, went with her into a wing of the house that was uninhabited. Here all the necessary preparations were made. In the middle of the room were placed two tables with a mirror on each. The nurse made Glafira sit down between them; and with a piece of charcoal she drew a circle round the spot. "Be not afraid, my dear," said she: "I shall be at hand; sit still, but be sure don't look round; for no enemy dares pass this circle."

Hereupon she took post at the door of the room. All was still. The timid girl did not stir, but looked stedfastly at the mirror before her, and saw nothing but an endless row of lights. Half an hour elapsed — her eyes began to be dazzled — the brilliance of the lights was obscured, as it were, by smoke; but nothing appeared in the glass. All at once a slight noise was heard. Glafira's blood curdled, and in a moment she gave a loud scream, at the same time covering her face with both her hands.

The old nurse and a glass of water soon brought her again to herself.

"What is the matter with you, my dear child?"

"Ah, nurse! let us be gone from this frightful place! I saw — saw ——"

"But what did you see, love?"

"I saw — a — a — man."

"And did you know him?"

"I thought so — and would you believe it? — he had no resemblance to my bridegroom, but was exactly like Kudrin."

"There you see, my dear! who knows but he may be destined for you at last?"

The reader will easily guess how this apparition was conjured up. The sly nurse had made previous arrangements. Kudrin, at her invitation, was in waiting at the appointed hour, softly entered the room, advanced to the back of Glafira's chair, and hastily retired again, unobserved by the agitated girl.

Poor Glafira could not sleep a wink all night. Kudrin's image was continually present to her imagination. A slight fever, the consequence of her fright, left her in a few days; but the impression made by this circumstance on her mind was not to be erased. Her sharp-sighted attendant presently perceived the state of her mind, and began to operate upon it with so much the more effect.

Glafira, educated in superstitious notions, heard from her nurse nothing but remarks to the

prejudice of Chabarow, and commendations of Kudrin. As the latter was really more polished, more affectionate, and more handsome in person than his rival, Glafira, conceiving that he was destined by a superior power to be her husband, began to love him.

Every thing went on according to the wishes of the nurse; but a melancholy and unexpected event frustrated her plans in a moment and blasted the hopes of old Sundukow; so little can we answer for the success of our most promising enterprises! Delighted with our progress, we imagine that we are already in sight of the goal which we are so strenuously striving to reach; but the hand of Omnipotence suddenly conceals it from our view, and often only that it may conduct us to the very same point, but by another way well-pleasing to itself.

After the Sundukows had spent nearly a month at Moskwa, they began to make preparations for returning home. One morning visitors called to see them. Glafira was just then engaged in some domestic occupation, which she immediately relinquished, and slipped into her mouth the ring with which she was affianced to Chabarow, while she washed her hands.

"My mistress begs you to step into the parlour, and to make haste if you please," said a servant to her. Glafira opened her lips to answer, and swallowed the ring. Unluckily it met

with some obstruction, and stuck in her throat. In vain did she strive to rid herself of it — her strength failed — her respiration was suspended — the unfortunate girl sunk into the arms of the women who surrounded her, and expired in dreadful convulsions.

The whole house was in the utmost consternation. The wretched parents, the terrified visitors, and the inquisitive servants, all hurried to the spot. Tears and lamentations, which filled the room and the whole house, acquainted the neighbours with the fatal accident, but did not reach the ear of Glafira, who lay inanimate in the arms of her mother and her nurse.

In those days there were still but few physicians at Moskwa, and very little confidence was placed in these. One of the visitors set off in search of one of those gentlemen, and returned with him in about two hours. This disciple of Æsculapius, a German, in a powdered wig of monstrous size, looked at Glafira, felt her pulse, applied his hand to her temples, and shook his head, declaring the case hopeless, but adding, that had he been fetched half an hour earlier, he could have answered for her life.

The robe of white satin destined for Glafira's wedding-dress was now transformed into her shroud. Thus attired, the corpse, lovely even in death, was laid upon a table, her beautiful chesnut hair falling in large ringlets over her

shoulders. The parents, deeply shocked by the catastrophe, were conducted into a distant apartment. Two aged ladies, nearly related to the family, undertook the arrangements for the funeral — a melancholy and a painful duty to a susceptible heart, and which deserves the sincere gratitude of those for whom the sad office is performed.

The tidings of the sudden death of Sundukow's fair daughter soon spread through the city, and reached Kudrin's ears the same day. The heart of the unhappy lover, whose extinguished hopes had just begun to revive through the efforts of the nurse, was overwhelmed with anguish. At that moment he would rather that Glafira had been in Chabarow's arms: it seemed to him more desirable to die of the torments of hapless love, than to deplore the premature end of the charming girl to whom his whole soul was so strongly attached.

After the first vehement emotions of grief, he resolved, let it cost what it might, to see the deceased once more, to take a last farewell of her, and then to immure himself for the rest of his life in a distant convent. But how was he to gain access to Sundukow's house? He could not reckon on this occasion upon the nurse; for she, afflicted by the death of her young mistress, could think of nothing but her loss. Kudrin

racked his brains for some time, and at length he adopted the following plan for want of a better.

He repaired to the church of the parish in which the Sundukows lived, sought the clerk, and inquired at what time he should have to recite the psalms by the deceased daughter of the gentleman of Wladimir. "At eleven o'clock," was his reply. Kudrin then informed him, under the seal of profound secrecy, that he had made a vow to read the psalms by twelve corpses; he therefore offered to perform the duty for him, and begged that he would lend him his gown.

The clerk, astonished at the proposal of the stranger, surveyed him with a scrutinizing look, and hesitated to comply; but when Kudrin threw down upon the table ten shining rubles — a handsome sum in those days — he bowed assent, delivered to him his blue gown, and afterwards talked a long time with his wife about the singular vow of the young gentleman.

In the simple modest garb of a servant of the church, with oppressed heart and pallid cheek, the unhappy Kudrin was ushered into the apartment of the lifeless Glafira. At the sight of this beloved and lamented object he could scarcely support himself. At the farther end of the room, on a table surrounded by six tall candlesticks, beneath an awning of rich stuff,

her face covered with white muslin, lay the remains of her who was dearer to him than any thing in the world. But he was obliged to collect himself, for there were persons in the room. He went up trembling to the desk, opened the Psalms, made the sign of the cross, and with a faltering voice began to read. In order not to betray himself, he strove to fix his eyes on the book before him, but they would wander in spite of him to the veiled face of the lovely slumberer.

About one o'clock all the attendants retired from the apartment, excepting an old maid-servant, who, being fatigued, soon fell asleep. The nurse had taken the death of her young mistress so deeply to heart, that she was confined by illness to her bed. When all around was quiet, Kudrin quitted his place, went up to the table, and fell upon his knees, while tears streamed down his cheeks. "I loved thee," said he softly, "even when I was deprived of all hope of ever possessing thee. I could at least enjoy the consolation of praying for thy happiness, and of rejoicing if my prayers were granted. But now ——" Here he rose, and threw back the veil from Glafira's face. What angelic beauty! no appearance of death! the lips wore the hue of health — a delicate red tinged her cheeks — she looked like one in a profound and tranquil slumber. Immoveable

and without uttering a word he contemplated her lovely features for some moments. His tears then began again to flow; with a deep-drawn sigh he pronounced a last farewell, and resting his hands on the edge of the table, he bent over the corpse to kiss her. His lips almost touched the lips of the deceased — burning tears fell fast upon her cold face — when, all at once, the crazy legs of the old table gave way, and down it fell under its load. In his first alarm Kudrin caught the corpse, raised it up, and held it in his arms. The crash roused the snoring maid-servant, and awoke the persons who slept in the contiguous apartments. The whole family hastened to the spot, and all stood motionless on beholding the scene which there presented itself.

But the universal astonishment was infinitely increased when they heard deep sighs issue from the bosom of Glafira, when, opening her eyes, she looked round on all sides, and in faint accents asked, "Where am I? — who holds me so fast and why? — where are my mother — my father — my nurse?" By this time the latter had come in, and they were not less amazed than the rest. — "But nobody answers me! — Ah! now I recollect! — you thought I was dead. But look — only look — I am alive, and there is the fatal ring!" She pointed with her finger — all eyes were turned to the floor, and there they beheld

the ring, from which the unfortunate girl had been relieved by the effect of the fall. They unanimously exclaimed, "She lives!" and ran up to Glafira, who, already able to stand without support, extended her arms to her overjoyed mother.

In a moment the candlesticks and all the other decorations of the former melancholy scene were removed. Joy beamed from every face. Each embraced her in turn, and not one with dry eyes. At length the general curiosity was directed to the supposed clerk, who, with enraptured heart, but modest look, stood motionless. At the first question from Sundukow respecting what had happened, he threw himself at his feet, and having frankly narrated all the circumstances, he concluded with these words: "My love has restored your daughter to you: in my arms she returned to life. Can you still object to acknowledge me your son?"

"Father! mother!" exclaimed Glafira, casting a look of inexpressible tenderness at Kudrin: "this is my saviour! Never will I belong to any other, nor will I again put on my bridegroom's ring with which I was wedded to death!" What course could the deeply affected father and the sobbing mother pursue after so solemn an assurance? After a mutual silent, but eloquent look, they embraced Kudrin as their beloved son.

When the report of this extraordinary event was circulated through the city, many of the old inhabitants of which may still recollect it, Sundukow's consent was universally approved. The major, however, was very uneasy on account of the violation of his promise; but Chabarow himself relieved him from this anxiety. News soon arrived from Tula, that the fickle youth, in passing through that town, had fallen in love with a handsome widow, to whom he had been privately married.

Is it necessary to finish this story? Does the reader need the assurance that Kudrin and Glafira were a happy couple? They, like every body else, acknowledged in their enviable lot a kind dispensation of Divine Providence.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY.

The Abbé S * * * of Paris, a very learned man, but who had passed almost his whole life in his study and in the school-room, conceived, at the age of seventy, an irresistible desire to see a play. He had often observed to his friends that he must go to the theatre before he died, that he might be able to form an adequate notion of a matter which furnished so fertile a subject of conversation in every company; but they always supposed that the old man was in joke.

The Abbé had for many years carefully preserved an old-fashioned dress which had belonged to his grandmother. His valet frequently asked him why he kept such old trumpery, and his reply always was, "Who can tell whether it may not one day be useful for some purpose or other?"

At length the Abbé found it impossible to withstand his desire any longer, and told his old servant that he was determined to go to the theatre; and that he might not be recognised, he meant to put on his grandmother's suit.

"But, sir," rejoined his valet, who was an intelligent man, "by so doing you will totally miss your aim. Your grandmother's dress is so strange and old-fashioned, that you will attract the notice of every body; all eyes will be fixed upon you, and some of them will scarcely fail to discover who you are. Retain your ordinary dress. Among the many abbés who frequent the theatre you will then pass unobserved."

This sensible advice, however, was disregarded. Age is generally self-opinionated, and the Abbé S * * * was so in no small degree. The fear of being discovered by his acquaintance, and particularly by his pupils, in so profane a place, was his chief motive for adopting such a disguise.

"Your apprehensions are unfounded," said he to his valet. "I am so old that not a creature can think it extraordinary to see me in such an old-fashioned dress; it will be regarded, on the contrary, as perfectly natural."

The valet, with sinister forebodings, assisted to dress up his obstinate master. He put on a heavy gown trimmed from top to bottom with broad furbelows, covered his flat bosom and his yellow skinny neck with a fringed handkerchief, to which no old-clothes shop could produce a parallel, and set on his shaven crown a cap surmounted by a straw hat adorned with faded artificial flowers, such as shepherdesses

are represented with in old French pictures. In this ludicrous equipment the Abbé proceeded to the theatre, and took his place in the boxes.

No sooner had he entered the house than the oddity of his appearance struck every spectator. All eyes were directed to the extraordinary figure, and every tongue was set in motion by it.

Armand, who performed the part of harlequin, spied the old lady of a former century. He went to the boxes to obtain a nearer view of her, and perceived, to his astonishment, that the matron had a masculine beard, which had been shaved by some unskilful barber. He had no doubt that a man was disguised in this old-fashioned female costume. He went up to the Abbé, and whispered, "Sir, you are discovered. Your extraordinary dress attracts the notice of the pit to such a degree that there is reason to apprehend some disturbance. I would advise you to retire."

The affrighted Abbé sprung from his seat, and requested the actor to show him the way out. "Follow me," replied Armand, quickly turning back, as he had to appear in the next scene. The Abbé followed as fast as he could; but such was the haste of his monitor, that he lost sight of him among the crowd of spectators just as he was leaving the boxes. A loud hiss from the pit accompanied his exit. This in-

creased his embarrassment, and he ran down the stairs which led on the one hand to the street, and on the other to an apartment where a police-officer was stationed. In his confusion he missed his way, and found himself in this apartment. The officer was struck by the appearance of the aged female figure, her singular costume, and the evident perplexity which she manifested. He suspected a disguised adventurer, went up to the pretended lady, and in a harsh tone inquired, "Madam, who are you?"

The Abbé was in such consternation that he was unable to utter a single word. "What!" cried the officer in a still more peremptory tone, "you will not answer me? No matter; we shall presently find means to open your mouth. Come along with me."

So saying, he seized the Abbé in no very gentle manner by the arm, and dragged him, in spite of his resistance, before the lieutenant of the police. To no purpose did the Abbé implore the officer not to ruin him, and in vain did he offer him his purse if he would let him go. These offers and entreaties only served to strengthen the man's suspicions.

His conductor, on reaching the magistrate's, delivered him into the care of other officers, and made his report to his superior of the circumstances under which he had taken the prisoner into custody.

The Abbé was then ushered into the presence of the magistrate, who could not help laughing at the sight of the ludicrous figure; but soon resuming a grave look, and accustomed to make short work of such matters, he thus addressed him:—"I am already acquainted with every thing: confess then who you are, and what has induced you to appear in this disguise." The Abbé, never doubting the truth of so positive a declaration, frankly related the motives which had brought him into this awkward scrape. The magistrate dubiously shook his head, because this story was in direct contradiction to his former assertion. "This is a mere subterfuge," said he, "but it will avail you nothing. I shall soon get to the bottom of the affair."

At these words he pulled a bell; an officer entered; he whispered something in his ear, and the man retired. The magistrate uttered not another syllable, and the Abbé waited a quarter of an hour in painful uncertainty respecting his fate. All at once the magistrate again addressed him: "Have you recollected yourself?" said he, "Will you confess the truth?"—"That I have already done," replied the Abbé in a tremulous voice; "I have nothing more to confess."—"Your trembling betrays that you have not a good conscience: you only aggravate your fate by your obstinacy."

The poor old man shrugged his shoulders;

he knew not what to reply, for he did not understand the meaning of this menace. The Abbé's valet had meanwhile been sent for. The magistrate was confident that by confronting him with the prisoner, he should confound the latter. The valet was introduced, and the magistrate, in a tone of scornful triumph, asked, "Do you know this man?"—"O yes! it is John, my valet," answered the Abbé, overjoyed to behold his faithful servant once more. This explanation somewhat staggered the magistrate; it did not at all agree with the report of the officer who had apprehended the Abbé, and who had described him as a notorious pickpocket, for whom he had long been on the watch.

The Abbé was ordered to withdraw, and the valet was then examined. His statement coincided exactly with that previously given by his master. It was, therefore, evident that curiosity alone, and not a criminal motive, had induced the old gentleman to assume this disguise. Under these circumstances, the magistrate could do no other than liberate the prisoner; but before he dismissed the Abbé, he read him a severe lecture on his conduct as highly unbecoming in an ecclesiastic.

Unluckily this adventure caused the chief of the police to make farther inquiries concerning the Abbé, and he learned that his religious

opinions differed materially from those of the established church. A few days afterwards, the Abbé received a *lettre-de-cachet*, by which he was exiled from the capital.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY,

BY

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

A CORONET or crown might well
  Adorn that regal brow;
And radiant there, its magic spell
  Would bid the vulgar bow.

But to the poet's gifted eye
  The rich tiara's aid
No powers nor graces could supply,
  That are not here portray'd.

All rank or royalty can give
  With them must pass away;
The attendant stars can ne'er outlive
  Their planet's dying ray.

But features bright as these, alone
  A prouder homage win;
Here shines the intellectual throne,
  The immortal mind within.

Where beauty, talent, taste combine,
The Muse's humblest lay
Shares with the spirit of the shrine
Its freedom from decay.

The hidden spell from which it springs—
Mind—mind alone can wake,
And makes it, like the soul it sings,
Immortal for its sake!

B. B.

STANZAS;

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

THERE is beauty on the mountain,
In the morning's early gleam;
There is beauty in the fountain,
By the moonlight's silv'ry beam;

But more beautiful the splendour
Of thy smile, Love, when we meet;
And that dewy eye more tender,
Which can make e'en parting sweet.

There is music in the measure
Of the soaring sky-lark's lay,
When he hails with eager pleasure
The rising orb of day;—

There is melody enchanting
In sweet Philomela's voice,
When she, with music panting,
Bids drowsy night rejoic;—

But mine ear would rather listen
To the human voice benign;
And mine eye would soonest glisten,
When that voice belov'd is THINE!

It is something left to cheer me,
While a pilgrim here below,
To believe thy love is near me,
In each conflict I may know.

But a purer thought is blended
With each feeling turn'd to thee;
And a hope afar extended,
Thy affection lends to me:

'Tis the thought which will not perish,
Of far more than earth can yield;
'Tis the hope faith loves to cherish
Of enjoyments unreveal'd!

SOUTH AMERICAN ADVENTURERS.

South America, where Nature displays the most stupendous productions of her wonder-working hand—South America, so often deluged with human blood, became, in 1818, the retreat of two gentlemen on the half-pay of the British army, who were harassed by creditors on account of sums which they were unable to pay. We shall designate these adventurers by the names of Somerville and O'Byrne. Somerville, an Englishman, in his minority, was appointed ensign in a regiment of infantry, shared the dangers and glories of Toulouse and Waterloo, and soon after he came of age, being reduced on half-pay, had no occupation, except the pursuit of pleasure under all its illusive forms. O'Byrne was of Ireland, had been a soldier since he entered his seventeenth year, and when reduced on half-pay might be about the age of twenty-six. His father, a respectable physician in the city of Dublin, wished this his only child to study his own profession; but

wildly enamoured of martial renown, or rather allured by the gay variety afforded in the transitions of a marching regiment, young O'Byrne declined the proposal, and embarked for the Continent as a volunteer. In that capacity he served two years; Doctor O'Byrne still hoping he would be disgusted by the hardships attending actual duty in a rank so inferior. As the experiment failed of curing his military *mania*, a commission was purchased for him, and he was soon distinguished as a gallant officer. In points of mere discipline he was not perhaps sufficiently tenacious; but the frank, kind, and vivacious affability of his behaviour made him the idol of the soldiery. With O'Byrne at their head they would run every hazard, and he volunteered for the most desperate enterprises. He was often slightly wounded, and it was a common saying among his men, that Ensign O'Byrne's impetuosity never allowed the balls time enough to hit him severely. With all this bravery he had not the knack of recommending himself to the favourable notice of superior officers. We have admitted that he was not an exact disciplinarian; and when it is added, that his high spirit could ill brook a reprimand, no further explanation will be necessary to show the causes of his tardy promotion. On that head O'Byrne had little anxiety. All he desired was to dash away as the leader of a small

party of brave fellows, who, in the most perilous exigency, would support him so long as they could handle a trigger or a bayonet. Beyond the present moment O'Byrne never looked; he was ready for exploit or frolic, without any calculation of consequences. Each *Johnny Newcome* found in him a most agreeable associate: he wished to befriend them, for his heart was warm and upright; yet no small alloy of evil sometimes mingled with his good offices, and to his attaching qualities the inexperienced Somerville perhaps owed the most fatal errors of his life.

After living four years on his military pay, O'Byrne inherited his father's property, and with heedless generosity opened his purse to every borrower, until he had no more to lend; he afterwards partook of Somerville's cash with the same facile inconsideration that had marked the expenditure of his own paternal fortune. When Somerville was placed on half-pay, O'Byrne, lately promoted to a lieutenancy, came within the same predicament; but Somerville could command several thousand pounds: he had borrowed from O'Byrne while under age, and with difficulty persuaded him to accept payment. They lived together in London, and kept the best company. Both were strikingly handsome, well educated, polished in manners, and entertaining in conversation; and they wanted only

prudence to ensure respectability equal to the admiration they excited.

We have said that O'Byrne had drawn the last guinea of his father's savings before he left the Continent, and in less than two years Somerville had exhausted his patrimony. Still he had credit with the tradespeople, who hitherto were punctually paid; and O'Byrne, better acquainted with pecuniary shifts, directed him how to raise immediate supplies. Their subsequent conduct fully proves that though rash and thoughtless, their intentions were honourable; but whosoever shall venture to contract debt he cannot liquidate in due time, exposes himself to the dire necessity of acting in a way which will, for some time at least, render his integrity questionable. Thus O'Byrne and Somerville were obliged to abscond, as they had no means to answer urgent claims; and with an earnest purpose of satisfying their creditors at a future period, they fled from England never to return.

Somerville had three sisters, aged fifteen, twelve, and ten years; since their mother's decease they had been under the protection of an accomplished lady, who having lost a genteel competency by the failure of a bank, preferred self-earned comforts to a state of dependence upon her affluent relations: the well-regulated minds and elegant attainments of her pupils showed how perfectly she understood the art of

education. At his return from France in 1816, Somerville was delighted with the loveliness, the amiable refinement, and graceful manners of those interesting girls, and they looked up to their fond brother as to a superior being: their partiality was amply returned. He drew comparisons between them and the fair flutterers who aimed at the possession of his heart, and the panoply of fraternal preference rendered it invulnerable. To leave those beloved sisters without daring to take a last adieu was to Somerville an agonizing yet imperious necessity. To skulk in England, destitute of any hope in regard to paying his debts, was to him more intolerable than wooing fortune at the remotest extremity of the earth. By going abroad he might return unembarrassed, if not opulent; and it must pain his sisters less to know that he was making laudable efforts to rise in the world, than to hear that he was an insolvent prisoner. He would write to inform them whither he was destined, as soon as that doubtful point was settled; but the cause of his voyage should be concealed.

He took leave as if going to one of the midland counties with a friend, and had fortitude to behave with his usual gaiety, though struggling against pangs of self-reproach almost insupportable. He had gone but a little way from their abode, when he met O'Byrne talking in the

most mirthful strain with several young men of fortune; they proposed dining together, and O'Byrne made no objection until Somerville reminded him of their previous engagement. O'Byrne had no near relations living, and deprived of all the ties that have a sedative influence on the mind, the companion of an hour engrossed him till another more attractive gave new excitation to his feelings; yet none of these rivalled Somerville in his affections, and for his sake more than under individual impulses, the kind-souled Hibernian had risen early to seek at the circulating libraries a variety of books containing details respecting South America. He marked the passages setting forth the advantages of that El Dorado, and read them to Somerville while making his toilet—an office rather tedious, since he could no longer afford to employ a valet. In this manner O'Byrne nearly persuaded his fellow-sufferer, that South America was the most eligible retreat for exiles who were able and willing to earn laurelled wealth in the cause of freedom.

They left London in disguise on the evening of that day on which Somerville tore himself from the endearing presence of his sisters, walked great part of the way to Flintshire, and under fictitious names boarded with a farmer on very humble fare, for which they daily paid in advance. O'Byrne proceeded to Liverpool

to engage a passage for South America, and at his return inquiring for his comrade, the good dame informed him "the muddy-minded lad" went out after breakfast, and after he was once gone, was never seen till the sun went down. O'Byrne requested her to have dinner ready in three quarters of an hour, and quickening his pace, sought the recluse where they generally rested beneath the shadow of a projecting crag during the heat of noon. Somerville was not there, and bounding from rock to rock, O'Byrne at length descried him leaning upon a spot of green moss, evidently lost in his own contemplations. The cheerful voice and looks of O'Byrne soon dispelled the fogs of melancholy. A cordial greeting was followed by telling the absentee how heavily the hours had passed since their separation. He then asked, "What news?"

"News!" responded the light-hearted O'Byrne. "News! why, my dear fellow, the very best tidings you could desire. We can be wafted over the golden sands of La Plata, and stray on its banks amidst the choicest scenes of a terrestrial paradise — we may dive for pearls in the vicinity of De La Hacha, and taking a light bark to its western extremity, we shall explore the soil of Terra Firma for gold and precious stones; or if it pleases you better, it is in our option to become lords of a *Chinampa*, or floating territory, in the lake of Mexico."

"A truce to the pleasures of imagination!" interrupted Somerville, relapsing into a dolorous mood. "If I understand you right, we may have a passage to Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, or Mexico, and shall be indulged with the privilege of fighting for their liberties. But on what terms? Shall we be ensured pay, promotion, and grants of land, to remunerate our services?" "All these remunerations, and more, much more," answered O'Byrne. "Could the fairest and wealthiest Donna, think you, resist the captivations of a handsome Briton, or would her stately sire refuse the alliance of a hero whose mighty hand assisted to snap asunder the bonds of his countrymen? The ladies of the new world are loveliness, virtue, grace, and sweetness personified." "I have some recollection of Caupolicon's wife, and of Inez Laurez," said Somerville, with a smile so dismal that the quick sensibility of O'Byrne was touched more keenly than he wished to show. Forcing a laugh to hide the impression, he said, in hurried accents, "Poh, poh! how can you revert to such old stories? Modern charmers are more refined; and remember, dear joy, that Caupolicon's wife was a savage, and Inez Laurez an ignorant bigot. The wild chieftainess unmercifully rated her unfortunate spouse, because he had not achieved an impossible victory against superior numbers, discipline, and artillery, opposed to rude

weapons and unacquaintance with European tactics. She threw their infant son to his vanquished father, saying, she would keep nothing that belonged to a coward, though she had witnessed his courage and perseverance in the fight. What may be inferred? Only that the dear sex are a little perverse in all quarters of the globe. As to Inez Laurez and her murderous hatchet, she, indeed, with her own hand, killed thirty fettered chiefs, lest, if the Massochinians should prevail, those warriors might join their respective nations, and avenge the cruelties inflicted by the Spaniards, and frustrate all the measures for converting them from paganism to the catholic faith. But you are not so ungallant as to prejudge polished belles of the nineteenth century by a comparison with savages and fanatics of ages long since gone by."

"There may be evil influence in the climate," persisted Somerville.

"Pardon me," answered O'Byrne, "for likening your argument to what in my school-days we called parology."

"Perhaps it is so," said Somerville, "and I confess it has some resemblance to Sir Richard Steele's famous bull."

"Now you have a hit at my dear country," replied O'Byrne, showing his fine teeth in a smile of perfect good humour; "I say with

Themistocles to the Spartan, strike — but hear me. Sir Richard Steele carried his faith in atmospheric influence so far as to account for the Hibernian propensity to bull-making by alleging it proceeded from *something in the air;* and that *if an Englishman happened* to be born in Ireland, he too would be apt to blunder in his colloquial effusions. My sage friend, Somerville, takes for granted, that because South America produced a scold and a ferocious bigot some hundred years ago, there can be no amiability in the civilized and enlightened fair-ones of the present day; yet he will be deep beyond the plummet-line in love before he is three months over the Atlantic."

Somerville was sensible of O'Byrne's kindness in striving to cheer his spirits. He tried to compliment this pleasantry with a laugh; but his heart was too heavy to allow any symptom of real mirth in this effort of good manners. O'Byrne understood his feelings, and hastened to change the topic of conversation, saying, "I threw myself beside you to lounge a little after the morning walk, and I reserved the finest article in my *bougette des nouvelles* to detain you till I am thoroughly rested. Our lucky stars have enveloped us in due incognito from the gripe of rascally bailiffs, or officious neighbours; and as a bad neighbourhood is one of the miseries of human life, we may in Mexico

defy pursuit or recognition, and get ourselves towed away from uncomfortable vicinity in less time than I shall take to unfold the scheme. Such a residence is the true abode of freedom. You will remember how Clavigero records that floating islands were invented by the Mexicans, as a refuge from the oppression of their conquerors, the Colhuan and Tepanecan nations; and I, that never could call a foot of land my own, shall experience the self-importance of a sovereign prince, when some clever Indian handicraftsmen have founded my principality, by intertwining a competent quantity of willow branches with the stalks and roots of marsh-growing plants. When they add a stratum of light twigs, and complete the superficies with mud drawn from the Lake of Mexico, I shall assume the administration of affairs; sunny fruit-bearing shrubs, flowers, and vegetables, shall multiply under my paternal care, and an elegant mansion shall be reared in my insular elysium. You are a worshipper of nature, and pleasure and profit would there reward your invocations."

"But," objected Somerville, "we must take into the account a risk of oversetting our principalities, if our mansions, or our fruitful and flourishing subjects, aspire above the standard of safety."

"I, indeed, may incur disaster by carrying more sail than ballast; but I must be transformed into a new creature, ere I am overwhelmed by excess of wealth."

"Kind, happy O'Byrne!" said Somerville, "your forbearance with my gloomy anxieties deserves that I should be unwilling to cloud your brilliant anticipations; yet, as we have so much at stake, pray tell me explicitly what may be expected from your journey to Liverpool?"

"Well, you are a high fellow to apply the dubious name of anticipations, in speaking of the gorgeous realities I have spread before you. Will it satisfy you to hear in homely business-like phrase, that in three weeks we may have a passage to Buenos Ayres or Mexico; and that, wind and weather favouring, a vessel sails in ten days for Venezuela?"

"Then we have not a moment to spare," exclaimed Somerville. "If you have no objection, let us embark in the readiest ship. To throw off this mortifying incognito would afford unspeakable relief."

"*Allons donc!*" returned O'Byrne. "I am sure dinner waits, and I am hungry as a vulture."

Somerville blamed the heat of the day for his want of appetite, while in a very short time

O'Byrne swallowed a hearty meal; and with many kind wishes from their hostess, they set out on foot for Liverpool.

The reader will here find a theme for reflection, and join us in deprecating the example of O'Byrne and Somerville, who by the follies of two years found themselves expatriated, perhaps for ever; whereas had they but proportioned their expenses to their income, their fine qualities and accomplishments would have rendered them ornaments to their country.

They reached Liverpool in time to make the necessary equipments, and with profound grief, manfully suppressed, Somerville exchanged English ground for a small cabin on board of the Independence, a South American vessel. His affectionate sisters were incessantly present to his imagination, anxious to know why his absence was prolonged, and inconsolable when they received a letter, which he forwarded to them just before the Independence hoisted her sails. He informed them of his destination, and promised to be a punctual correspondent, but gave no intimation of the distresses that occasioned his voyage. He suffered greatly from sea-sickness, which he did not regret, as it furnished an excuse for delaying his appearance in the principal cabin until he mustered spirits for the society of strangers.

O'Byrne shared his cabin or state-room, and

seldom left him, except to pay the indispensable attentions to his commander, a patriot general. At Liverpool Il Senhor Bavaldos passed as a Portuguese merchant; but on board the Independence he resumed his military rank. O'Byrne had heard of his exploits as a guerilla leader in Spain, and admired the reckless valour which constituted a prominent feature in his own conduct. His ingenuous frankness won from Bavaldos the most unreserved communications, and a notion of the Biscayans, that they and the Irish are of the same origin, augmented their reciprocal predilections. Bavaldos thought his services ill requited in Spain, and having a large property in Venezuela, went thither to join the patriot banners. O'Byrne spoke the Spanish language fluently, and as Somerville had not that advantage, he translated for his amusement the conversations he held with the foreigners, or talked to him in English; always avoiding any subject that would recal painful ideas, and selecting what might reconcile him to a South American campaign. Such judgment and consideration could hardly have been expected from the volatile O'Byrne; but the warm and feeling heart dictated to and controlled the giddy head. His reading and inquiries had gained much intelligence concerning the object of their purposed expeditions; while Somerville, less sanguine for a Transatlantic voyage, diverted

his melancholy self-accusations by reading works of fancy. On the passage to Venezuela, he endeavoured to profit by O'Byrne's recent studies; and O'Byrne, glad that any entertainment could give his companion some oblivion of wounding retrospections, was ever ready to impart the stores of his memory. The account he gave of the illustrious stripling Lantaro seemed to reanimate the mind of his auditor.

"He was born a patriot and a hero," said O'Byrne; "and though in youth his condition was the most unfavourable to those virtues, they shone in his actions with undiminished splendour in life and in death. A prisoner and a slave in childhood, not all the kindness of his master, Valdivia, could make him callous to the miseries of his country. As Valdivia's page he was faithfully assiduous until he saw the Spaniard on the point of defeating the Araucanians. Inflamed with patriotic ardour, the stripling page broke away from the Spanish ranks, and rallied his countrymen, who gained a complete victory under his inspiring command. Having taken Valdivia prisoner, Lantaro entreated the chiefs of his nation to spare his life, and represented his own obligations to the Spanish general; but an old Ulman, exasperated to see the people relenting, came behind Valdivia and dashed out his brains with a club."

"Valdivia merited a nobler end," continued

O'Byrne. "He deserved to die fighting hand to hand with a valiant adversary. Lantaro died, as he had lived, a true hero. Villagran, the successor of Valdivia, collected a large force against the Araucanians. Lantaro met him, resolved on conquest or death. His devoted adherents scorned to survive him, and to swell the triumphs of the invader. They fell around their expiring leader, covered with mortal wounds."

"What a happy exit from the theatre of glorious deeds!" cried Somerville. "Happy Lantaro, so to blaze in a course undimmed by youthful follies! Thrice blessed, to yield thy breath in thy sixteenth year, rather than to drag out existence embittered by the consequences of error!"

"Lantaro was a prodigy," interrupted O'Byrne. "I should as soon repine because I could not attain the stature of my countrymen who have figured as giants, as think of disquieting myself because I am not infallible, and unfit to reach the impeccable excellence of a few mortals, who probably owed the avoidance of glaring faults to a fortunate exemption from allurements." Somerville shook his head, recollecting how he had sought temptation, instead of guarding against it; but a call to breakfast put an end to a discussion, which O'Byrne gladly broke off, finding it was likely to be very serious.

Somerville aimed at leading O'Byrne to re-

trieve his errors. He had predetermined to practise every self-denial consistent with the dignity he must support in his corps, and to remit his savings to liquidate the debts that banished him from England. Though younger than O'Byrne, he had more consideration, and he performed this delicate office of friendship in a manner that did honour to his understanding and his heart. They mutually pledged their sacred promise to do all the justice to their creditors that lay within the compass of their power. Some occurrences on their way to Liverpool made indelible impressions on the feelings of Somerville. In passing through the manufacturing districts, many distressed persons solicited their charity; they could spare only a pittance to relieve the starving families; and Somerville remarked to O'Byrne how many guineas they had lavished on superfluities, which would have averted want from these poor industrious people until they could again procure employment. "My mother often told me," continued he, "that economy is the fountain of charity."

"But I was an infant when bereft of my mother," answered O'Byrne.

"I hope I shall never again forget this maternal counsel," said Somerville.

"I too should wish to remember it at second

hand," replied O'Byrne; "but I must not make a rash engagement to become an economist."

O'Byrne did not immediately become an economist. He purchased four dogs at Liverpool, and when he read disapprobation in Somerville's looks, he said they would bring a large price in the new world. It was too late for Somerville to object, and we shall soon see that those animals were instrumental to events more important than could have been expected.

The voyage was singularly prosperous. General Bavaldos, with O'Byrne and Somerville, landed from a boat on the shores of Rio de la Hacha, leaving four inferior officers to superintend the transfer of their cargo to lighter vessels; the Independence being too large for the volume of water in this river. The Britons were introduced to the republican authorities; and after some days, O'Byrne received a commission as major, and Somerville was appointed captain in the patriot army. As that quarter enjoyed a temporary quiet, the strangers had time to be seasoned to the climate; and before and after morning parade, O'Byrne was occupied with his dogs. Except his human favourites, which always included the soldiers under his command, no creature interested O'Byrne so warmly as his canine followers. He saw them fed, and the woody declivities of the mountains

of the new world resounded with their English names, which, with reference to the enterprises he had in view, he had given on the voyage to a land struggling for liberty. The words Independence, Victory, Freedom, Patriot, were successively caught by mocking-birds; and in their flight, those winged echoes conveyed them to a royalist station.

Notwithstanding the sedulous precautions employed by the insurgents, their enemies were informed that the Independence had shipped arms and ammunition at Liverpool; and further intelligence apprised them that she was bound for Venezuela. They were preparing to attack the patriots before their military stores could be reinforced; but the celerity of the voyage frustrated the plans of the Spanish commander, and the mocking-birds seemed to announce that his progress to the north had been too long delayed. To surprise the insurgents, if possible, he led his troops under covert of woods. They halted, waiting the obscurity of night, when they drew near the outposts of the patriot brigades; then silently approached where Somerville commanded about forty men. To inure his raw soldiers to be on the alert, he maintained the same vigilance as though an enemy's camp had been in front of their own little force. The royalists found a warm reception, and the first shot roused O'Byrne's English mastiff before the line of posts

were alarmed. The mastiff was an old campaigner, and O'Byrne knew by his tones that sounds of war disturbed him. He hastened to join Somerville with a body of men, and both fought as if the honour of Great Britain hung on the point of their weapons. The royalists were repulsed; but the patriot leaders were put for a time *hors de combat*.

General Bavaldos had suffered less than his British friends; and, with the generosity of a true Spaniard, he seemed to forget himself in anxiety to mitigate their sufferings. He ordered O'Byrne and Somerville to be carried to a more elevated region, fearing lest the sultry damps of the lower ground should occasion fever. They were lodged in a convent of Franciscans, who showed them much attention; yet when O'Byrne was so far convalescent as to enter into conversation with them, they hinted their apprehensions, that in circumscribing the authority of the political rulers, they were making incipient strides to limit the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. They had heard that O'Byrne was an Irishman, and concluded that he must be a Catholic—a mistake he did not think it needful to rectify; yet, since integrity forbade him to encourage it, he always checked any attempt to introduce public affairs, or religious discussion, as topics of discourse. His wounds healed very fast; partly owing to his assuming the direction of the

treatment they underwent, and still more to the total absence of care.

Somerville had his leg fractured by a musket-shot, which, with five flesh-wounds, deprived him of the ability to move. His thoughts continually wandered to England in meditations of the most sombre complexion. He figured to himself with what tender vigilance his sisters would have smoothed his pillow, and anticipated his wants—with what skill and expertness a British surgeon could dress his numerous wounds; and he had not even the consolation that they were endured for his own country. If for a free and settled government he had defended an important post against an enemy so much superior in numbers and discipline, his relatives would at least have seen that service registered in columns that shall go down to posterity; but here no able practitioner assuaged the pain of his lacerations, and he was likely to die unlamented and forgotten by all but O'Byrne. How trivial, how unsatisfactory were the pleasures that caused his banishment from the Queen of Nations, and sent him pennyless to a foreign shore, where he had no hope of prolonged years to save money for the benefit of his creditors! In his troubled slumbers he frequently dreamed he was seized by bailiffs, and cast into prison; and his sisters, weeping around him, offered all they possessed for his liberation.

The monks were enjoined to conceal from O'Byrne the imminent danger of his friend; but as they visited him in turns, and some talked incessantly, he gathered enough to alarm him for Somerville's life. Against the opinion of his surgeons, O'Byrne left his couch, and almost compelling the monks to help him to a large apartment tenanted by Somerville, he drew near his bed with the most painful emotion. He had supported the pain of his wounds without a groan or a sigh; but the sight of his emaciated and apparently dying friend quite unmanned him. In early youth, his quick perceptions imbibed more knowledge of his father's profession than he himself was aware of. Still a scarcity of surgeons in the commencement of the Peninsular war induced him to attempt some services at an hospital of the wounded. He persevered in superintending the conduct of those who waited on the sufferers, and was better qualified than the Spanish doctors who had the charge of him and Somerville. He took off the bandages, and was shocked by the neglect of cleanliness that irritated the wounds of his friend; the monks were astonished to see him expend such quantities of water in ablutions. He got his bed transported to the same chamber, and his cheering kindness operated as a balsam to the dejected spirits of his patient.

General Bavaldos came to see them whenever

his urgent duties permitted a short absence from head-quarters. Observing how essential to Somerville's cure must be the attendance of O'Byrne, he told both, that as the check given to the royalists had suspended their operations, it was unnecessary for them to join until they came together, unless they were specially called. When they did join, General Bavaldos informed O'Byrne, that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and to Somerville he presented a majority. Their courage and conduct were distinguished in several engagements; and at their request, Bavaldos remitted to his agent at Liverpool a considerable sum, which they saved out of their pay, and which the agent sent to London, as a dividend for their creditors.

A division of the army commanded by Colonel O'Byrne fell in with the royalists on the confines of Carabobo, near Popayan. He exposed his person with the most resolute intrepidity, but escaped unhurt. Somerville, who led the reserve, was disabled by a ball through his left hand, which also penetrated his side. The patriots being victorious, the enemy retreated, and three weeks passed in tranquillity. Somerville appeared to recover, though with frequent accessions of fever; when a free mulatto, from North America, who was orderly-serjeant to Colonel O'Byrne, burst into Somerville's tent, crying with a frantic howl, that his colonel was mortally

wounded in a duel. In spite of his attendants, Major Somerville rose from his bed, and ordered the mulatto to throw over him a long cloak that hung at the lower end of the marquee; which done, he commanded the soldiers to bear him where Colonel O'Byrne lay. His friend was stretched on a soldier's bed in the tent nearest to the fatal spot; he held out his hand to Somerville, regretting that he had risked his health by coming so far. Somerville saw death in the countenance that had ever beamed with the kindest sentiments for him, and could not utter one word. O'Byrne read his feelings in every look and gesture. Again pressing his hand, he said, "My dear Somerville, you have been as a brother to me, and as a brother I know you will mourn the event of this day. I never have been a duellist; but I could not tamely listen to the abuse of my country. I forgive Lieutenant Cherville my death, and I declare that our duel was perfectly according to the laws of honour." After a pause, occasioned by difficult respiration, he subjoined, "My last will has been sent to General Bavaldos, that it might be opened by you, when you could bear the tidings of my decease; I did not wish you to know it, while your own recovery is incomplete. Return to your tent, my dear friend. May God for ever bless you! I shall ——" A convulsion, which terminated in a locked jaw, broke the unfinished sentence.

Somerville, overcome by debility and grief, was laid on a pallet, which some of the soldiers brought for him, and would not be removed while life remained with Colonel O'Byrne. He perceived himself declining, and opened O'Byrne's will, which consisted of a few lines, empowering Somerville to draw his pay, and to sell his effects, for the account of his creditors. As Major Somerville was incapable of business, General Bavaldos took the charge upon himself. He called on Somerville to acquaint him with the arrangements which he had made; and Somerville begged that when he was no more, the general would vouchsafe to act as his executor. The general replied that he hoped the office would not be required for many years.

"General," said Somerville, "though my wounds are externally healing, I perceive that some vital part is internally undergoing a mortal process, and I understand so much of your language as enabled me to translate the opinion which your French physician gave to his Spanish colleagues in speaking of my case. I have indeed lived long enough, since my friend's debts and my own are paid; and the hope of meeting him in a better world reconciles me to the pangs that must be endured in the separation of the mortal and immortal parts of my frame."

The rainy season closed the scene in death, and it only remains to state the cause of Colonel

O'Byrne's unfortunate duel. Cherville was a person of low birth, and offensive grossness of manners. He had been a subaltern in the French army at Waterloo, and hated all Britons. He was likewise not a little envious of the distinction enjoyed by O'Byrne and Somerville, not only with the general, but in all the army. They avoided contact with a man so ignorant, coarse, and contentious; though, in the discharge of duty, they behaved to him with the civility which well-bred gentlemen observe in all relations. Cherville, originally a fencing-master, was a dextrous swordsman, and not less expert in taking aim with a pistol. Since he rose to the rank of an officer, he had been a professed duellist, and was eager for the *éclât* of an affair of honour with some conspicuous character in the patriot army. If his antagonist should lose his life, it would create less general resentment to kill a foreigner than a Creole of the country. He therefore seized every occasion to irritate O'Byrne and Somerville by virulent reflections upon the treatment which *le grand Empereur* had experienced from the allied powers. Somerville's temperate refutations of the reviler's arguments, and his influence with O'Byrne, restrained his warmth of temper; but this prudent friend being laid aside, the subject of Napoleon's wrongs, as Cherville was pleased to call them, was introduced without reserve, and carried so far,

that O'Byrne supposed himself called upon to pursue it to the last resort. He disdained to avail himself of the privileges which he might have claimed as a superior officer, and he challenged the Frenchman.

Thus have O'Byrne and Somerville been precipitated in single combat, and in foreign war, to early graves. Such were the immediate causes; but their premature death should be traced to the extravagant disbursements that exiled them from their country. No foible is more inevitably and speedily chastised by the consequences than profuse expenditure of money; and no error is more incompatible with rectitude and true dignity — yet men of honour and spirit, through mere inconsideration, exceed the amount of their income. If they would pause to reflect, they must soon perceive that to contract debts which they cannot pay, is but another name for robbery; and to have their liberty at the mercy of retail-dealers and tradespeople, whom they think so much their inferiors, is a situation so degrading, that any self-denial should be preferred to the indulgences that may throw them into the power of creditors. This is not morality alone; it is sound worldly wisdom, which cannot be too strenuously inculcated.

B. G.

LINES,

Written on the Print of the late HONOURABLE MRS. DUFF, *engraved by* AGAR, *from a Painting by* COSWAY.

THOU seem'st prepar'd for flight,
Far from this lower sphere,
To realms of purer light;—
And what should keep thee here?

Yet on that brow the spell
Of pensive thought seems set,
As if to say, "Farewell!"
Inspir'd a brief regret.

Would earthly love restrain
Thy spirit here below?—
How fearful, brief, and vain,
All love that earth can know!

In heaven—in heaven alone,
Now brightly breaking round,
Love's purest joys are known;
There be thy spirit bound!

Fear'st thou that path of clouds,
Which first thy feet must climb?
Darkness its base enshrouds;
Its end is light sublime.

And see that cherub pair,
  Who seem to chide delay;
Doubt not their guiding care—
  Away! away! away!

B. B.

HISTORY

OF AN

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTOR.

JUSTIN SCIOL was the son of a poor villager in Normandy. The father spared nothing in his power to give his son the best possible education, with a view to bring him up to the clerical profession. The boy's excellent understanding and diligence seconded the plan of his father, and he made great proficiency in learning. Unluckily he was too early deprived by death of his excellent parent, and a desire to enjoy the pleasures of the world induced him to throw off the spiritual garb, and to plunge into all the dissipations of giddy youth. The little property bequeathed him by his father was soon squandered away. Destitute of every resource, he met by accident with an old schoolfellow, who now kept a school himself, and to whom he communicated his forlorn situation. The schoolmaster, acquainted with the talents of his former associate, proposed to him to become his assistant in the school at Malesherbes, offering him

for his services board and lodging, and a small salary out of his own very moderate stipend.

Sciol was reduced to such extremity that he did not hesitate long to accept this offer, and he performed all the duties of his new post with exemplary zeal and assiduity. At the expiration of three years the schoolmaster died, and Sciol was appointed in his stead, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants of the village, who had all conceived an extraordinary affection for him.

A life so secluded and monotonous, however, was far from agreeable to the ardent mind of the new schoolmaster. He had already tasted more intoxicating pleasures. His predecessor, so long as he lived, had, by his kind and sensible admonitions, kept his impetuous assistant within bounds; now that he was deprived of this useful monitor, he could no longer withstand the temptation to rid himself of the oppressive restraint of his situation.

A wealthy merchant, who carried on an extensive business at Marseilles, offered him very advantageous conditions to remove thither. He promised to provide for him in every particular, and to give him a handsome salary, if he would accompany him in his travels, or travel for him alone. Sciol accepted this proposal with joy.

He continued in this situation eight years, during which he saved a considerable sum out of his salary, and executed with the utmost

punctuality and ability all the commissions with which he was charged by his employer. The business of the merchant ceased at length to require such an assistant, and Sciol was discharged. At this juncture he happened to become acquainted with a very opulent Italian nobleman, who wanted a secretary. He engaged Sciol in this capacity the more readily, as he received the most unexceptionable testimonies of his talents, good conduct, and integrity.

The intelligence, address, and unusual attainments of his new secretary, made so favourable an impression upon the Italian, that he soon reposed unlimited confidence in him, and even did not scruple to trust great part of his property in his hands. For five years he continued with his benefactor, and perfected himself to such a degree in the Italian language, the first rudiments of which he had acquired in early youth, that any one would have taken him for a native of Italy.

Up to this period Sciol had never given occasion for any doubts of his honesty. His vicious propensities must either have lain dormant in his heart like the smouldering flames in the bosom of a volcano, or they must have been created by the opportunity afforded by his employer's absence on a journey. He could not resist the temptation to rob his master of a sum equal to about fifteen hundred pounds and many

jewels, with which he fled beyond the frontiers. The first step taken by the nobleman, on receiving intelligence of his loss, was to communicate an account of it to the police of Paris, of which he could obtain but very imperfect information concerning Sciol's conduct in his native country, where nothing had been heard of him since his departure from Marseilles. His name, however, was entered in the list of those persons whom the officers of the police were ordered to apprehend in case they should ever meet with them.

Sciol was meanwhile travelling through several small Italian states, by the name of Count Justin, and artfully striving to spread a report that he was a person of high distinction, but desirous of observing a strict incognito.

These numerous excursions required a considerable expense in order to keep up his assumed character, and his booty began to draw towards an end. It was therefore necessary for him, before he was quite destitute of cash, to devise the means of opening fresh resources.

One speculation seemed to him equally agreeable and advantageous. He had formed an acquaintance with a singer of Florence, a celebrated beauty, whom he considered as opulent, because she lavished profusely what she earned without much trouble or exertion. He paid court to her very assiduously; and she, who had

formed a plan for making a permanent provision for her advancing years, at first acted the prude, but at the same time gave him to understand, that she should not be inexorable, if his intentions were serious, and had a matrimonial connexion for their object. This was exactly what he wished, in order that he might gain possession of the supposed fortune of the fair singer. Much too artful, however, to betray his sentiments immediately, he feigned great uneasiness and despondency on receiving this hint. At the same time he affected to be more passionately in love with her than ever, and gave her as it were involuntarily to understand, that he was resolved to make this important sacrifice to his love, if there was no other way of winning the favour of so amiable a creature, to whom he was attached with his whole heart. Both performed their parts with consummate address, and the result was their marriage.

It was not long after the solemn ceremony that both threw off the mask. Their mutual confessions were at first rather tempestuous, and equally mortifying to both parties. The outwitted pair, however, soon perceived that neither had a right to reproach the other, and that they should soon be destitute of all resources, were they to continue to live in the same splendid style as heretofore. They reconciled themselves, therefore, to their fate, and resolved alternately

to exert their respective talents for their joint benefit.

They were at no loss for a suitable pretext for quitting the place at which they were united. They visited several towns, living every where in high style, and giving parties to the fashionable inhabitants. Here the pretended Countess Justin exhibited specimens of her vocal abilities, and enchanted all the visitors of the noble pair. Card parties were afterwards arranged, and Sciol skilfully contrived to secure the favour of the fickle goddess, while his *cara sposa* was striving to make conquests by the power of her charms. Both possessed the talent of gaining patrons and friends wherever they went; and they seldom quitted one place to proceed to another before their reputation had preceded them thither, and dispelled any possible suspicion that might attach to their character. They managed matters so well that they passed every where for persons who deserved the highest respect, not merely on account of their rank, but also for their exemplary conduct. In this manner they lived together fifteen years, till at length the lady died at Rome; leaving her husband one son, to whom she had given birth in the first year of their marriage, and whom they had educated with the utmost care.

Sciol now took an account of what he was

worth, and found that he was in possession of one hundred thousand francs in ready money. He began to feel a vehement desire to revisit his native country, that he might there act an important part, and thus augment his fortune. He was preparing to carry this design into execution, when a circumstance occurred which convinced him that it would not be prudent to stay where he was any longer. He learned, namely, that the Italian nobleman with whom he had formerly lived as secretary was then in Rome; and he had reason to fear lest he should be recognized, as he knew that he had secretly been making inquiries after him. His resolution was soon taken; he left Rome, and proceeded not to Normandy, where he had nothing to hope for, but straight to Paris, trusting that Fortune, who had so long smiled upon him, would still continue favourable.

For his security Sciol carried with him documents which he had fabricated; and in his plan for transforming himself into an Italian he was assisted by his Christian name, while he merely suppressed the last letter of his surname. Thus provided with numerous letters of recommendation, he appeared at Paris as a descendant of the illustrious house of Justiniani, princes of Scio, and propagated, with injunctions of secrecy, a pretty plausible story relative to the misfor-

tunes of his family, which had once possessed sovereign authority, but had for some centuries been doomed to live in obscurity.

This romance, which was implicitly believed by the bankers on whom he held bills, and was related by a man upwards of fifty years of age, with ingenuous frankness and in a foreign accent, had in it nothing improbable. He deceived the public, and excited the more sympathy, as his conduct was quite unassuming, and he did not obtrude himself into the company of the great.

Sciol therefore soon passed in Paris for the Prince of Scio, and was at length acknowledged as such at court. He now found patrons and protectors, who procured for him a pension from government, and for his son a captain's commission in a regiment of cavalry. He did not fail to boast of these favours, and to employ them as the means of increasing his consequence. He even gave out that the king, as he could not put him again in possession of the vast property which had belonged to his ancestors, had urgently demanded of the Grand Signor in his behalf a full and complete indemnity for the loss of it. Nor were there wanting credulous persons — and it was the society of such that he sought in preference — who, duped by this story, advanced him considerable sums of money to enable him to live agreeably to his assumed rank.

As he regularly paid his respects to the ministers, he did not fail, with his usual assurance, to call on M. de Malesherbes, who received him very kindly. An old servant of that minister's, however, who one day chanced to see the pretended Prince of Scio, recognized in him the schoolmaster of Normandy; for one of his nephews had been under his tuition. He acquainted his master with this discovery, and M. de Malesherbes, incensed at such impudence, gave directions to the police to make cautious inquiries, and to gain all possible information respecting him. His abrupt departure from Rome was soon ascertained by means of some Italians, and on tracing him back, they soon acquired satisfactory intelligence respecting his early adventures and origin.

M. de Malesherbes, firmly convinced that he was not mistaken, now resolved to put an end to the imposture; but at the same time he wished to avoid all *éclat*, out of delicacy for the court, which Sciol had found means to dupe so egregiously. He therefore caused strict orders to be given him, on the part of the police, to relinquish the false name and also the orders with which he had bedizened himself, and to quit Paris without delay; accompanied with an intimation, that, wherever he might reside, the police would be instructed to keep a vigilant eye upon him.

The pretended prince, now reduced once more to plain Justin Sciol, paid the more ready obedience to these orders, because he was sensible that in case of resistance he should be dealt with much more severely, and especially as his speedy departure would enable him to escape from several creditors, who, now that he was unmasked, would not have failed to demand payment of the sums which they had advanced in full confidence in his assumed rank and expected indemnifications.

BISHOP HUBERT,

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

'Tis the hour of even now,
When, with pensive, thoughtful brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.

Fain would he, by lonely thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught,
Learn the destinies of man,
And creation's wonders scan.

From these data he would trace
Hidden mysteries of grace,
Dive into a deeper theme,
Solve redemption's glorious scheme.

So he flings aside to-day
Mitre's pomp and crosier's sway —
Seeks the desert's silent scene,
And the marge of ocean green.

Far he has not roam'd, before,
On that solitary shore,
He has found a little child,
By its seeming play beguiled.

In the drifted barren sand
It has scoop'd with baby hand
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive fairy's tiny boat.

From a hollow shell, the while,
See, 'tis filling, with a smile,
Pool as shallow as may be,
With the waters of THE SEA.

Hear the smiling Bishop ask —
" What can mean such infant task ?"
Mark that infant's answer plain —
" 'Tis to hold yon mighty main !" —

" Foolish trifler !" Hubert cries,
" Open, if thou canst, thine eyes ; —
Can a shallow scoop'd by thee
Hope to hold yon boundless sea ?

" Know'st thou not its space transcends
All thy fancy comprehends ; —
Ope thy childish eyes, and know —
Fathomless its depths below."

Soon that child on ocean's brim
Opes its eyes, and turns to *Him!*
Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke!

While a voice is heard to say,
"If the pool, thus scoop'd in play,
Cannot hold yon mighty sea,
Vain must thy researches be.

"Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to GOD alone?
Can thy faculties confined
Fathom the ETERNAL MIND?"

Bishop Hubert turns away;—
He has learnt enough to-day—
Learnt how little man can know
On his pilgrimage below.

Reader, wouldst thou wiser be,
Let this truth suffice for thee;
Seek not what is sought in vain—
Knowledge by OBEDIENCE gain!

Be presumption's sin abhorr'd—
For the secrets of THE LORD,
If reveal'd to mortals here,
Dwell with those who LOVE!—and FEAR!

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his follower do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, — and give the sign
To parting friends: — such death be mine!

Sheffield. J. MONTGOMERY.

THE TEST OF LOVE,

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

When girls begin to think for the first time of love, they commonly deceive their lovers and themselves, not intentionally indeed; for, on the contrary, they are thoroughly convinced of the reality and the strength of their passion: they would hate any one who should express the slightest doubt of either; they are prepared to encounter every obstacle, and to endure, in case of need, the severest hardships. Still it is not love that actuates them, but merely a whim — obstinacy excited by opposition, or even that feeling which, under the mask of love, steals upon the most virtuous female at a certain age without her being aware of it. All the qualities by which her imagination interests her heart she then transfers to some object who perhaps does not possess them; but she finds them in him because she is determined to find them. Hence arise so many unhappy marriages, not, as it is usual to say, because love is extinct — ah no! love never dies; where it does not exist there it

never has existed: — but some one of the many demons which assume its likeness has deceived the inexperienced heart, rivetted chains upon it, and then flown exultingly away, leaving nothing but repentance behind.

Wilhelmine, the daughter of humble parents, was beautiful, virtuous, and intelligent. Her father, a well-informed man, cultivated her understanding; her mother, who was strongly tinctured with enthusiasm, formed her heart. In the solitude of a rural life she attained the age of eighteen years. Love then insinuated itself into her bosom — not love for any particular person — for she had no intercourse with the other sex, but that general feeling which seeks an object out of itself to cling to. In this disposition of mind she beheld a handsome youth, who had been placed with the ranger of a neighbouring forest to learn his profession, in the hope of obtaining an appointment in that line from the prince. Edward possessed a good heart, but an uncultivated mind. The former Wilhelmine prized very highly; the latter she never observed, for he was the first who had looked kindly at her—the first who had presented to her imagination a form to which her heart, created for love, could attach itself. His conversations were empty; but she filled them herself with her knowledge and her feelings, and then fancied that he was a most entertaining

companion. Edward was still poorer than Wilhelmine, but this circumstance operated only in his favour; for poverty served to win pity to its side. Wilhelmine's parents, however, thought more rationally, and forbade an intercourse which could not be advantageous, but might be productive of mischief. This prohibition completely inflamed the mind of their daughter, who vowed within herself never to forsake her Edward.

Count Wallenthal was one day hunting in the neighbourhood, when a violent storm compelled him to seek a shelter. Chance conducted him to the house of Wilhelmine's parents. The count was rich, and possessed a highly cultivated mind and polished manners. He had already reached the melancholy frontiers of that region in which bachelors stroll about in single loneliness; he would long since have willingly escaped from their society, but he was acquainted only with the females of the court, and they had made him afraid to submit to the chains of matrimony. He beheld Wilhelmine, and was delighted with her beauty, and still more with the purity of her heart: he was presently surprised by the discovery of talents and acquirements which, unknown to herself, she manifested in conversation. The tempest was past, but he did not observe that the weather was again fair; the horn again sounded, but he heard it not. At

length the approach of night reminded him that it was time to depart; but he did not quit the house till by a flattering compliment he had obtained permission to repeat his visit. He then retired, leaving his heart behind him.

The pensive air with which he appeared at court drew upon him the lively sallies of the bedizened ladies, whom he secretly compared with the lovely country girl; and as soon as decency seemed to permit, he hastened back to the forest, where, like the modest violet, she bloomed unseen. Every visit served to convince him more and more firmly that Wilhelmine was the jewel which he had long relinquished all hopes of finding. The want of what is called *bon ton* he disregarded; for innocence and an interesting simplicity, combined with a highly cultivated understanding, abundantly compensated for that deficiency, and — if she loved him — when she should be his, how soon might she not learn what many a blockhead acquires!

Yes — if she *loved* him! — of this he yet saw no sign; but he consoled himself with the idea of her modest coyness; and accustomed to conquest, he had not the least doubt that he should in time gain her heart, even though he might not succeed till after she should become his wife. With this anticipation, which may be pardoned in an amiable courtier, he solicited

the hand of Wilhelmine. Her parents, equally flattered and rejoiced, immediately assured him of their compliance with his wish, in case he should obtain the voluntary consent of their daughter. They afforded him an opportunity of explaining his sentiments to her in a solitary walk; and he did it with the confidence which rank, wealth, the consciousness of his own merits, and the consent of her parents, inspired. But what was his astonishment, when Wilhelmine burst into tears, and assured him that she knew and duly valued all his qualifications, but that her heart was no longer free! In vain did he assail her with all the arts in which long practice had made him a master; all his arrows recoiled from a heart to which its inexperience served for a shield.

The count now changed the mode of attack; he gave to love the fair mask of friendship; he merely solicited her confidence, called her sister, and promised to serve her to the utmost of his power, if she would pour forth into his bosom all her wishes and her hopes. Wilhelmine was deeply affected; her heart overflowed; she named Edward; she painted the picture of her lover in colours which she alone had given him; she solicited the exertion of the count's influence in his behalf at court and with her parents. Her words, her voice, her tears, and the fervour of her affection, moved him to such a degree,

that, tendering her his hand, he solemnly protested that if Edward was deserving of such a heart he would leave no means untried to promote their union. Wilhelmine was at a loss to find language strong enough to express her gratitude.

The count left Wilhelmine with a firm resolution to perform his promise; but first he determined to make himself personally acquainted with his fortunate rival. He saw Edward, and found in the first hour that Wilhelmine's heart had deceived her, and that this handsome but uninteresting youth could not long satisfy the claims of such a female. But how was he to set about convincing her of this? Remonstrances — experience — philosophical demonstrations, could not in this case have any weight, at least from his lips, and especially at a moment when Wilhelmine, by the sacrifice which she had just made to her lover, had but convinced herself the more strongly of her attachment to him. This sacrifice she regarded with a secret pride, and took delight in enumerating all the advantages possessed by the count, in order to enhance in her own eyes the value of her refusal. She knew not that genuine love does not calculate thus; but the count did, and therefore he still cherished some hope of success.

"The prince," said he one day to her, "is not to be persuaded to give your Edward an

appointment yet. It may be some years before he takes him into his service, and after that it may be as many more till his salary permits him to think of marrying."

Wilhelmine replied only with a sigh. "But," continued the count, "what need have we of the prince? Your *friend* is rich enough to supply all the wants of contented love." Wilhelmine fixed her eyes on him with a look of surprise.

"Allow me the satisfaction of founding your happiness. I desire no other recompense than the conviction that you are really happy." Wilhelmine caught his hand and pressed it to her bosom.

"One condition, however, my dear girl, I must insist on," added the count; "before I unite you with Edward, I must be certain that you are not likely to repent your choice; and to this end you must submit to the trial which I shall propose."

Wilhelmine smiled, as though to say — your trial may be well dispensed with. Regardless of this smile, the count proceeded: — "I have an estate about a hundred miles off, among rugged mountains, but in a romantic situation, and productive. The place wants nothing but what love can easily do without — society and intercourse with the world. You shall go thither with your parents, who have already agreed to

the arrangement. Edward shall follow you; there you will daily enjoy his company without obstruction or restraint, and there you may hourly interchange your vows of affection and constancy; but observe, you will see no person but him. If at the expiration of a year your attachment to him continues unabated, I will myself lead you to the altar, and the estate shall be yours."

With tears of grateful emotion Wilhelmine embraced her generous benefactor, joyfully acquiesced in his plan, and merely observed that nothing could be more superfluous than this trial. The count begged her to excuse his whim; while Wilhelmine could not help pitying him, because he could still doubt her constancy, and consequently had no notion of genuine love. A few weeks afterwards she took possession of the romantic domain, and the happy Edward flew into her arms.

The first days, weeks, and months, passed in rapture inexpressible. Wilhelmine found in the society of her lover compensation for every thing. Hanging on his arm she strolled through the forest and climbed the hills; by his side she watched the sun rise and set; she lent him her feelings, read her thoughts in his eyes, put ingenious answers and remarks into his mouth, and then firmly believed that they were the suggestions of his own mind. This self-delusion,

however, could not last long. The treasures of her mind and heart, though ample, could not fail to be at length exhausted by continually giving without ever receiving. She was obliged to acknowledge, in spite of herself, that she frequently felt ennui, and at first she was angry with herself alone on that account. Edward too began to perceive a certain listlessness. The superiority of Wilhelmine oppressed him: he was accustomed to wander about in the forest for whole days together, void of thought, with his gun slung over his shoulder: now he had not only to listen to ideas, but was expected to produce them, and at the same time it was necessary for him to be upon his guard lest he should say any thing absurd. He soon felt uncomfortable, became reserved, and even silent. All his eloquence consisted in kisses; but such a female as Wilhelmine required something more.

Neither of them, however, yet ventured to harbour a suspicion of the diminution of their love: the mere idea would have seemed treasonable. Wilhelmine rather attributed this manifest coolness to physical indisposition, which would soon pass off. For the sake of variety, she one day proposed to her lover, that they should commence a mutual correspondence with each other by letter. Edward thought it extremely droll to write letters to his mistress, while he was living under the same roof with

her, and could speak with her unobstructed any hour of the day; he acquiesced, however, in her whim, but he was puzzled what to write. His epistles were so short, and so dull, and so common-place, that Wilhelmine soon relinquished this idea.

"Love," said she soon afterwards, "finds a peculiar charm in obstacles. Here, it is true, we have none to surmount, but might we not create some ourselves? Let us try, Edward, to avoid one another. You shall never know where I am, nor I where you are: we will seek one another, and when we meet again our pleasure will be the greater."

Accordingly they played for several days at hide and seek: this stratagem gave indeed at first new zest to their meetings, but that effect ceased with the novelty of the thing. They would then walk hand in hand for hours together without uttering a syllable; Wilhelmine picked the flowers on one side, Edward with a switch cut off the stray sprigs on the other; and if she ever paused to admire the beauty of a flower, its botanic name according to Linnæus was all that she could extract from him. At length they agreed — as it were in joke — that one should proceed along one alley, and the other pursue a different one, that they might meet again at a certain spot, and relish each other's society the more after a short separation.

But this short separation they strove to prolong as much as possible; they walked so very leisurely, that it took them hours to reach the appointed rendezvous. The first who arrived there waited without the least impatience, and the second was surprised to find the other there so early.

Such was the temper of the lovers when in about four months Count Wallenthal paid them a visit, to observe how his expedient had operated. He perceived at the first glance that they began to be tired of each other; for they received him with the warmest demonstrations of joy, and his arrival seemed to infuse new life into both. The count, however, appeared not to notice the real state of the case, asked no questions, but merely strove, on the single day which he devoted to the exiles, to entertain Wilhelmine; and this he did so agreeably, that the artless girl could not help blushing twenty times, because she every moment surprised herself making comparisons between him and Edward, which were by no means to the advantage of the latter. This happy day passed swiftly as thought; and next morning, when Wilhelmine quitted her chamber, the count was gone — a circumstance which put her quite out of humour, and caused her to tell the first little untruth; for she requested Edward to amuse himself with his gun, because she had the headach and could not

leave the house. He cheerfully complied, and left her to her own reflections.

In the following days the old tedious way of life was pursued. Another dull month, attended by languor and satiety, passed away. Wilhelmine could scarcely endure any longer the exclusive society of her lover, and was obliged to confess to herself that the choice of her eyes had not been a happy one. Edward too could no longer bear to be chained to the side of his mistress, and felt, without having any clear conception of the matter, that disparity of cultivation, or at least an unequal susceptibility of mind and heart, shortly destroys love without retrieve. Both were still ashamed to acknowledge their feelings to each other; each too was afraid of making the other unhappy by such a confession: both were therefore silent, but Wilhelmine's headach returned more frequently, and Edward went out oftener a-shooting.

Count Wallenthal had convinced himself on his first visit that he had carried his precaution farther than was necessary, in extending the trial of the lovers to a whole year. He thought there was no occasion to let months again elapse before he repeated his ardently-desired visit. In six weeks he again repaired to his country-seat, where he arrived towards evening. He immediately inquired for the lovers, and was not a little staggered on being informed that

they had been for three hours past together in the garden. "What!" said he to himself, "can they still spend three hours together without being driven home by *ennui?* 'Tis a bad sign—I am come too early."—Such were his unpleasant reflections as he traversed the garden in quest of them. He at length espied the lovers. Wilhelmine was asleep on a turf-seat; Edward lay snoring at a little distance on the grass. Wallenthal, with a smile of satisfaction, seated himself beside the fair slumberer, and softly took her hand. She awoke. Delight soon succeeded alarm and confusion in the expression of her lovely face and her large blue eyes. The count declared that he was come to accelerate her happiness, adding with a tender sigh, "though it is sealing my own misery." Wilhelmine cast her eyes to the ground, and involuntarily returned sigh for sigh.

"To-morrow," continued the count with a tremulous voice, "you shall be united if you choose; that is to say, if your sentiments remain the same as they were five months ago. If you can now assure me with sincerity of heart that this is the case, I will relinquish my last hope, fulfil your wishes, and never see you more."

That Wilhelmine should roundly confess that her heart had deceived her was asking rather too much—a sigh was her only reply. The count understood her; he clasped her in his

F. Overbeck del.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

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arms, and she concealed her burning blushes on his bosom.

Edward slept for a full hour longer, and when he awoke he found himself alone. Beside him lay a paper containing his appointment to the situation to which he aspired, and beside it a note written in pencil to the following effect: —

"My dear young Friend,

"I rob you of your bride, because she consents to be mine. If, as I suppose, you are somewhat surprised, but not distressed, on reading these lines, I have guessed your feelings also, and flatter myself that the accompanying appointment which I have procured for you will make amends for your loss.

"Wallenthal."

It was some minutes before Edward could comprehend the meaning of all this; but when he did, he rose contented, pocketed the appointment, mounted his horse, and with a light heart galloped away.

THE

RIVAL FLOWERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A sorrowing Amaranth, 'neath a new-born Rose,
Whose opening bud with vivid colours glows,
Envies Melissa's choice, as queen of flowers,
And weeping, thus complains amid her bowers:—

"Ah, favoured flower! ah, Rose, beware,
How thou unfold'st thy beauties rare!
Ah! know'st thou not thy fated doom?
Fear to expand thy charming bloom.
To thee Aurora's dewy tears
Are but the source of grief and fears;
They fill thy breast with sweet perfume,
But soon, alas! thy leaves consume.
Regardless of gay Flora's kiss,
The Violet dwells in lowly bliss.
She loves retirement's covert shade,
Concealed from Zephyr's wanton breath,
Rather than thus, on stem displayed,
To rise, and court an early death."

"Oh! cease to warn," the Rose replied,
"And learn to know me—'tis my pride—
To me to reign is purest pleasure,
Though bounded by a moment's measure.
E'en thou thyself might'st envy me
My future happier destiny.
Soon, cull'd by fair Melissa's hand,
Will all my odorous leaves expand.
Exulting in a fate so blest,
Soon shall I grace her snowy breast:
There sweetly bloom, there softly die,
Without a murmur or a sigh;
And deem this death as richly worth
The transient glory of my birth."

Ipswich, July, 1823. L. J.

BENINBOO AND DABUMA;

AN AFRICAN TALE.

Africa is a quarter of the globe that has furnished but little, either of fact or fancy, for the pen of the writer of tales or other light productions. To the politician, indeed, it has afforded many an impassioned theme, when debating upon the miseries arising from the detestable traffic in human beings — a traffic now put an end to as far as Great Britain can effect so important a change. This change, so injurious to the profits of those who speculated in that abominable trade, will nevertheless form the brightest gem in her imperial crown: when the more noisy glories of conquest and dominion shall have passed away like a vision of the night, this shall remain a never-dying splendour— shall descend to the remotest posterity, entwined and emblazoned with the names of Wilberforce and Clarkson, those real benefactors of human nature, when the loud-tongued dema-

gogues, the pretended regenerators of the world, shall be forgotten, and as though they had never been.

Both in these remarks and in the simple tale they are intended to introduce, I must be understood as speaking of that portion of Africa inhabited by the negro tribes, and not of the more distant parts of it bordering on the Cape of Good Hope. We are but too apt to regard the part of the world under consideration as being inhabited by mere savages — by men and women with scarcely the common feelings of humanity, and without any of its arts or conveniencies. This is a great mistake. Africa has its social communities, from the small village to the extensive city, — its kings and pettier tyrants, — its manufactures, such as they are, — its commercial intercourse, — and many other matters scarcely believed by the unread portion of Europeans, who, in looking back a few centuries in the history of their own countries, would find that their ancestors were little, if any, in advance, with respect to civilization, of the poor, despised, but not always despicable African. In their markets you may purchase the gay-looking cotton handkerchiefs or shawls of Manchester, and other European goods; and they are themselves exporters of a sort of striped calico to the Brazils, where it is held in peculiar estimation by the slaves, as being the produce

of their own or their parents' native land — that "*sweet home,*" dear to every being upon earth, whether it be placed under the burning blaze of the torrid zone, the temperate skies of Europe, or in the bleak and frozen wilds of Siberia.

The following tale is said to be founded on fact; and the circumstances related in it took place but a short time before the act passed for the abolition of the slave trade.

In a remote corner of the kingdom of Dahomy, lived Beninboo and Dabuma; they were born in adjacent habitations, which were situated by the side of a small stream, mixed with the sands of which, after the periodical rains, were found small portions of gold-dust; the collecting of this, and the raising of maize, yams, peas, plantains, &c. in their gardens and fields, and the attendance upon their live stock of pigs and poultry, occupied nearly the whole of their parents' time. It was not even a village where they resided, but merely a few scattered huts or houses; the nearest village being five miles from them, and the town, to the market of which they sometimes carried what produce they had to spare, and where they disposed of their gold-dust to the travelling collectors of that article, upwards of ten miles off: so that these families were, as is the case in Europe where the inhabitants live far from the towns and cities, more free from the vices and contamina-

tions which society too often brings with it. Content with the produce of their own land, they were cheered by the consciousness, that although they lived under one of the worst tyrannies of tyrannous Africa, their remoteness protected them from the plunder of property, or the wanton destruction of liberty and life, which frequently fell with demoniac violence on those less fortunate natives who lived near the capital, called Abomey.

Thus the two families passed their lives in peace; and as Beninboo and Dabuma advanced towards that period of life, when Love, who alike controls the affections of the dark children of nature and those of the fairer beings of her creation, takes possession of the breast, they became more attached to each other, contrived to lighten their mutual labours in the garden or in the field, and shared together the toil of washing the sands of their little river, for the precious grains of gold,—that blessing and curse of human beings, whether black or white. At other times they launched their light canoe upon the sparkling wave, and where the dark foliage of a tree sheltered them from the intense rays of the sun, whiled away their time in fishing. Thus love stole upon their hearts unawares: and Dabuma, though a child of nature, had yet enough of the woman about her to wish that her appearance might be pleasing to Beninboo; she

would, therefore, pay more attention to her toilet than usual, when the employment of the morning was ended. Then, after a careful ablution, her large calabash, which was at once her cabinet and dressing-case, and contained the whole toilet paraphernalia, was produced, and she would spend an hour or two in adorning herself. There was the small looking-glass, or piece of looking-glass, highly prized by her; the tooth-brush of fibrous wood, and a dentifrice of some powdered bark, possessing a fragrant smell; soap too was not wanted, for the making of that article is one of the African arts; but, estimated above all, there was the paint, the *white* paint, which she well knew how to apply skilfully in the decoration of her person; and even in the arrangement of her hair, woolly as it was, she discovered no inconsiderable degree of taste. Let not the fair of civilized England laugh, as in scorn, at poor Dabuma, but rather remember, that their glorious ancestors, in the time of Caractacus, knew less of the toilet than she did; they used paint, it is true, and covered their skins with it, but that was to supply the place of warm clothing. When Dabuma had *made her toilet*, she came forth in all her ebon beauty; her innocent smile showing a set of teeth, white and regular enough to make a duchess die with envy, if she could behold them. Over her shoulders would be thrown a

glaring red cotton handkerchief, and around her really pretty neck a row of light blue glass beads, or perhaps blue and white twisted; her lower garment was of African calico, or upon great occasions some large-patterned Manchester cotton. Thus attired, Dabuma looked in the eyes of Beninboo like a peri of paradise, for her limbs were well rounded, and her features much smaller than those of most of her country-women; and her large expressive eyes looked to him "unutterable things," as they wandered together by the side of the murmuring stream, or sought the wild fruits of the adjoining wood. In these walks Beninboo never went unarmed, fearing lest the hyena, or any other forest monster, should unexpectedly burst upon their view.

Thus time glided on happily for the young lovers; they had now arrived at the age which in their country is considered as marriageable, and Beninboo began seriously to think of proposing to the father of Dabuma to purchase her of him for his wife. Start not! fair readers, such is the African custom; and the lover had carefully saved and got together his ounce of gold, his anker of brandy, and his roll of cloth, which are usually given for a helpmate for life. And what, let me ask, is the too frequent custom in Europe, but buying a wife; or sometimes, when there is a title in the case, buying a husband?

Is the pounds, shillings, and pence sort of calculation here any better than the African mode? Alas! sometimes not much! However, the wives in Africa are none the worse for having been honestly and fairly purchased of their parents; and Beninboo soon held a *palaver*, or consultation, with Dabuma's father on the subject; and being deeply smitten, quickly agreed to give him all that he asked for her.

A few weeks more, and she was to be his: a hut was soon built, a garden formed, and the market-town visited for the exchange of gold-dust and other produce, for the necessary equipments of the young pair. Every thing seemed to smile on the approaching nuptials; the nearest *Fetiche* man, or priest, was made acquainted with the circumstance, and held himself in readiness to perform the ceremony after the African mode. But, alas! in what country of the earth shall mortal say he is *sure* of happiness? Even in the freest land on which the sun pours his rays, man cannot ensure to himself that first of blessings. But in the domain of a tyrant, such as is the kingdom of Dahomy, where our lovers dwelt, he has much less chance of being secure either in life, property, or peace. The ruler of this country has so much undisputed power, that at his despotic word the earnings of a man's life are torn from him; or,

worse still, his wife or daughter forced from his protecting arms, and dragged away to degradation and pollution.

The king of Dahomy was at this time making a tour of visitation throughout his empire, attended by a considerable army. He was not received with open arms and with rejoicings — no feastings marked his progress; but the groans of misery and despair, on the contrary, showed the desolation of his way. Had a man the reputation of being rich, his wealth was taken from him for the good of the state. Had he sons, they were often either forced into the army, or sold for slaves. Had he daughters — I must spare my pen the recital of their fate. So stalk forth the pestilence and the whirlwind— so rushes the tiger on the defenceless fold— so bursts the overwhelming *avalanche* on the peaceful but devoted village — and so came the sable monarch of Dahomy in terror among his subjects!

He reached the remote corner where resided our peaceful lovers; another day had seen them made one, and its sun would have set in glory on the roof of their humble habitation, leaving them to the blissful dream of years of peace and joy. But the tyrant came: he saw Dabuma already decorated in what were to have been her bridal garments; she looked as lovely as

purity and joy could make her. The demon's passions were inflamed; he resolved to possess her, and issued his mandate accordingly. The story of her approaching marriage, her tears, her agony, as she prostrated herself in the dust at the tyrant's feet, looking up to him with an eye that might have disarmed the lion in his wrath, were all in vain. The inexorable fiat had been passed, and she was dragged to the rear of the army, and placed amongst the other women who accompanied the brutal monarch in his march.

It is impossible to describe the intensity of wretchedness that overwhelmed Beninboo at the dreadfu moment. He thought not of the feelings of his own parents, nor of those of his Dabuma; her loss, thus sudden and unexpected, — this complete death-blow to all his anticipated joys, was so astounding as to leave him almost without sense or motion. Fortunately, as he afterwards thought, his own freedom was not abridged; he was not seized either for the army, or to be sold into slavery. Before he had completely recovered himself, the tyrant and his train had proceeded onwards; the huts and houses of their secluded hamlet, with the overshadowing trees and flowering shrubs that surrounded them, looked as beautiful and as quiet as they did before this mass of living pestilence

had passed by them. But where was Dabuma? Where the promised happiness of two fond lovers?

> "Gone! like the mem'ry of the dead;
> Gone! and, alas! for ever!" —

wrested from them by the breath of a ferocious tyrant, and Dabuma in that tyrant's power! "But I will save her," cried Beninboo; "she shall be mine, though our lives be passed in abject slavery; bitter as that cup may be, still it must be better than that her pure soul should be sacrificed at the shrine of brutal lust."

His resolve was made; he consulted no one, not even his parents; but bidding them a hasty, and, as it proved, an eternal farewell, he pursued the march of the Dahomian monarch as evening spread around its delightful calm; that calm which so often had welcomed Dabuma and him to their silent rambles, when reciprocal affection formed their sweetest solace. That affection was now torn asunder by the hand of violence; a desperate attempt could alone reunite them — an attempt fraught with a thousand dangers, and which, if successful, must drive them from Africa for ever; for, succeed or not, should he be taken after the effort had been made, death in its most horrible shape must be his, and not only his, but Dabuma's also.

As night spread her deepest shades upon the

earth, Beninboo reached the encampment of the tyrant; it was spread beneath some large trees that bordered a rivulet which divided the kingdom of Dahomy from that of Hio; which territory is too large, and its monarch possessed of too many troops, for the Dahomian king to dare to encroach upon his dominions.

This then was the farthest point of the march of the army in that direction, and it favoured Beninboo's views. He crept among the trees and underwood to what he considered the place where the females were kept guarded; luckily it was upon the very bank of the stream, in a secluded part, probably for the greater convenience of ablution on the following morning. But how to discover his dear Dabuma was now the first difficulty; for, slight as were the coverings, and rude as the tents that enveloped them, still one false step might ruin all his hopes, and yet those hopes pointed but to a life of continued slavery. In this state he lingered about the wood till every sound was hushed — till even the worn-out sentinels sunk on the dewy earth, and slept the sleep of peace. At length he heard a soft female voice break on the stillness of the night, and at once knew it to be Dabuma's, although its tones were interrupted by occasional sobs of sorrow; she plaintively sang a little strain which she had been wont to sing

when he was absent at the market, or in the chase; these were the words:

" The ev'ning sheds its balmy sweets;
The bird its lonely covert greets,
And seeks her mate so true;
The wild hyena leaves its hold,
To seek the shepherd's fleecy fold;
But where's my Beninboo?

" The palm-tree's fading from my sight,
As steal along the shades of night;
The plantain's wet with dew:
Danger and death may hover nigh,
Then, oh! to check Dabuma's sigh,
Where, where's dear Beninboo?"

" Here!" he cried, as he burst through the folds of the tent, and caught her in his arms. Not another word escaped his lips, for he knew his danger too well; and in the next moment he had plunged with her into the rivulet. The dashing of the water awakened some of the sleeping soldiers; they fired their pieces, and there was a cry of " To arms!" But as it could be scarcely known, in the first moment of alarm, what it was that had happened, the confusion and loss of time gave our lovers an opportunity to escape; and by the time the din of the aroused army died upon their ears, they felt themselves in comparative safety. But what a wretched safety!

Beninboo hastened to explain to Dabuma the necessity there was for their leaving Africa; the

King of Hio, in whose territories they then were, was at enmity with the chief of Dahomy; and as subjects of the latter, should they be discovered, they would be known immediately by the small national mark tattooed on their faces, and this would subject them to the most horrible and abject slavery *in Africa* — worse than that of the West Indies, or a death of torture. He, therefore, proposed to her that they should seek a slave-dealer and gold-collector, to whom he had often sold his hard-earned gold-dust, and who was a native of Hio, for the purpose of surrendering themselves to him, that he might dispose of them to some of the captains of ships on the coast; only hoping that as he would have a better bargain than usual, inasmuch as the two lovers would cost him nothing and his profit would be consequently greater, he might be induced to tell their story to their purchaser, who, if he had a spark of humanity, would allow them to be sold together when he reached the West Indies, so that their lot of grief and bitterness might be cheered by mutual toil and mutual love.

Dabuma was so delighted at being freed from her first imprisonment and at her restoration to Beninboo, that the prospect of a life of slavery with him was as dust in the balance; she agreed to all he proposed, and they continued their journey for the remainder of that night,

and for several nights after, hiding in the woods and not daring to be seen by day; living upon the wild fruits and occasionally a little maize or Indian corn, till they reached the abode of the slave-dealer, who, knowing Beninboo, was astonished at his request, till he had heard his story, when he consented to his wishes. They were then placed amongst his other slaves, till an opportunity offered for the whole to be marched to the coast, when our lovers were sold, with many others, to a Liverpool captain, and soon wafted from the shores of their native land towards the Island of Jamaica.

The tale of their transit from one place to the other would be a tale of tenfold horror; for although the captain was rather a humane man, considering the sort of traffic in which he was engaged, and though it was his wish, from the impression made on him by the romantic tale of the two lovers, to have given them every consistent accommodation, still the over-crowded decks of a slave-ship could afford but little comfort. Yet, if one can imagine two hearts capable of the sacrifice of liberty, country, and home, and resolved upon slavery, provided that slavery could be borne together, it is easy to conceive them capable of enduring the suffocating miseries of a voyage like theirs, and not only enduring, but enduring them with joy.

Suffice it to say, that during the voyage they

were not loaded with chains, as most of the slaves were; and that Beninboo, from his good behaviour, was made a sort of superintendent over the other negroes: all which circumstances, together with his curious history, obtained the captain a good price for the pair, and them a good master. They were put upon a coffee and sugar plantation, about five miles from the town of Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, where they became favourites at once. They had a neat cottage set apart for them, with a good garden, and were allowed to breed pigs and poultry for the negroes' Sunday market at Kingston: they had hours of relaxation allowed them for the negro's favourite amusement in the West Indies, dancing, or to work in their garden; and excepting the pang occasioned by having left their parents in Africa, they never regretted having sold themselves into slavery.

Beninboo and Dabuma were living, within these few years, upon the estate to which they were first sold, and had what negroes would call a handsome family of children, sharing and lightening the labour of their parents, who had for many years been held out as examples of imitation to all their fellow-slaves.

Some fastidious readers may perhaps despise this tale for its want of elegance, or the absence of sickly sentiment; it may be objected too, that it is merely a history of two wretched negroes

carried into slavery. Let such remember, that a story of poverty is not always without its use, and that in every country under heaven a useful lesson may be frequently extracted from

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

J. M. L.

THE

HEROINE OF PADUA.

FAME is not less capricious than her blind sister, dame Fortune. The female most illustrious for extraordinary achievements — for the most dazzling beauty — for high mental endowments — for birth and opulence — the heroine celebrated by Petrarch, the poet of love, who spread the name of Laura, distinguished only by his passion — the heroine whom her countrymen commemorated by annual games at Padua — she is hardly known out of the precincts of her own country. Blanca Rubea was daughter to a nobleman of Padua; she was born A. D. 1235, and from infancy displayed a superiority to fear, seldom possessed by the masculine sex at a very early age. The charms of her face and person, superadded to hereditary grandeur and wealth, and above all her exalted character, drew many suitors to her feet; but she rejected all, saying, it was ungenerous in a woman to marry only to be the mother of slaves; and that while her country remained in bondage, she

would continue single. She harangued the young men upon the duties of patriots and warriors; and in profound sorrow told them at length, that they were evidently dispirited beyond the power of a cure merely verbal. She, therefore, sought by example to inspire them with fortitude. Petrarch describes this heroic beauty as abjuring the needle and the distaff; and cased in brazen armour, grasping the spear and target, to pass days without rest and nights without sleep. Moderate in diet, and abstaining from strong liquors, though at that time much used by the fair, she encountered hardship and fatigue with persevering constancy. Day and night she exercised herself for warfare; and when nature claimed a short respite from strenuous exertion, the earth was her bed, the martial shield her pillow. She left the society of women, and her companions were selected among commanders renowned in fields of combat. But though she discoursed with those illustrious men, to learn the art of war, she held them at the most respectful distance; for, in guarding her honour she was not less an enthusiast, than in devoting her youth to the profession of arms, to break the bonds of her countrymen, and to vindicate the ancient freedom of Padua. A young foreigner and soldier of fortune seemed to be the only individual who truly entered into her

patriotic feelings. She was charmed with the valour and wisdom of Baptista, but would not plight to him her nuptial faith, until, in the most solemn vows, he promised to promote her efforts for the deliverance of her country.

Acciolinus was the tyrant of Padua. However, supposing the terror of his name would for a time suffice to awe the citizens, he led his forces in person on an expedition to southern Italy. Baptista, the spouse of Blanca Rubea, and Bassianus, sub-governor of Padua, caused the gates to be shut, and sent a bold defiance, asserting their liberties, in contempt of Acciolinus and his myrmidons. He was exasperated to wild rage; but dissembling his resentments, he pretended to offer the citizens such terms as were too advantageous to be refused. In the mean time the tyrant placed a body of his most courageous troops in ambush near the main gate, with orders, when it should be opened to admit the persons accredited to finish the pending negotiation, to rush forward, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. This perfidious scheme was successful; and in the midst of exterminating carnage, Baptista and his intrepid consort, Blanca Rubea, opposed the enemy, fighting side by side. Their valour stemmed the impetuous tide of victory, until Baptista, covered with wounds, expired. Blanca with protended

spear guarded the mutilated corse; but overpowered by multitudes of the foe, she was made captive, and presented to the conqueror.

Acciolinus ordered his prisoner to be magnificently lodged and attended. Neither fatigue nor sorrow had impaired the lustre of her beauty. The victor was penetrated and subdued by irresistible shafts of love; and he employed every insinuating art to win her favour. She disdained his passion; spurned his homage; upbraided him as the tyrant of her country, the murderer of her fellow-citizens, the destroyer of her husband. He still listened with patience, lavished indulgences and adulation upon his lovely censurer, hoping time might exhaust her indignation, and dispose her to gratitude and love. At length, inflamed by growing admiration of her attractions, and irritated by her reproaches, he ordered her to a high apartment, whither he soon followed, to attempt the vilest abuse that man can make of his superior strength. Blanca had dreaded this extremity, and prepared for it by opening a window before the tyrant appeared. Disengaging herself from his hands, and springing to the window, she threw herself over the lofty wall. Though much bruised, she recovered; and her execrable oppressor finding her still deaf to his solicitations, commanded his slaves to bind her—she was left by them a defenceless prey to his violence. She scorned to give him

the triumph of perceiving he had humbled and wounded her soaring invincible spirit. She appeared to be reconciled to her fate; and, after some time, asked leave to visit the tombs of her ancestors. Some poor survivor of the massacre at the treacherous ingress of Acciolinus, had carried the body of Baptista to the cemetery of Blanca's family. She, with a lamp in her hand, and a countenance pale and mournful, explored the tombs like a troubled ghost, searching for the remains of the beloved lord of her affections and vows. She cast herself upon the putrid disfigured corpse, and, with the most passionate exclamations, strained it in her embraces — the footsteps of her attendants roused her from the agony of grief. She knew they were commissioned by her detested undoer to force her from all that now on earth could interest her widowed heart. She carried the relics of Baptista close to a ponderous tomb-stone — exerted all her strength — overturned the tomb-stone — an instant crushed her to death; and thus she joined in death the only object of her impassioned and faithful soul.

Previous to the invasion of the French, this same enormous piece of wrought marble was shown to travellers as the grave of Baptista and Blanca; but their monumental pile is erected in the hearts of all generations that owe their birth to Padua. Acciolinus, like all wicked men, was

the slave of superstition. Struck with horror, he sought to atone for the injuries of Blanca Rubea, by ordering her tomb-stone never to be removed; the people readily joined in believing that Divine Providence had appointed it as a memorial of the brave and constant pair; and the latest posterity will view it with hallowed reverence. Blanca Rubea has proved that her sex may attain the most elevated virtues, and perform the most conspicuous achievements of heroic patriotism.

B. G.

THE

MORNING

OF

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

"I WISH you a happy new year, sir, and a great many of them." "Thank you, François, I return your good wish with all my heart! But pray why do you come so soon?" said I, as he opened my window, taking care to make a great deal more noise than usual.

"Because you will have so much to do to-day, sir." "So much to do!—what do you mean?" "Why, you know it is New Year's Day, sir, and you will have to send cards to all your friends." "That is soon done, for I have very few of them." "My God! sir, don't say so; you must call upon at least fifty people, and send cards to above one hundred more." "Why you must be dreaming, my good François.' "Not at all, sir; and if you will only get up, I will soon convince you that I am right; for I have written a list of them."

Although I was very well disposed to remain another hour in bed, yet a glance at François'

countenance determined me to rise. The honest fellow looked so pleased, and so proud of having discovered that I had such a number of friends of whom I knew nothing, that I saw he was on thorns to enumerate their names; and I confess I was not without a little curiosity on my side, to see how he meant to make out his list. French invention is rarely at a loss: when we had gone through the names of the few people I actually did know, François brought forward those of all the different persons whom he had ever known me to meet in company, or with whom I might by possibility have exchanged a bow or a compliment on any occasion whatsoever; and taking advantage of my having been but a short time in France, to display his accurate knowledge of Parisian etiquette, he assured me that a card was due not only to each of them, but to every member of their respective families who might chance to be at their houses on this day. "Here," said he, "for instance, we shall want seven for the house of M. Avocat Du Plessis; for, besides himself, his lady, and two daughters, I find that he has at present his wife's great aunt, the daughter-in-law of his fifth cousin, and the godfather of his second son, on a visit to him."

"But I am a total stranger to M. Du Plessis; I don't even recollect his name." "That is nothing, sir; he called upon you the other day

with M. Le Clerc." "But M. Le Clerc and I are not acquainted; he came to me merely on business."

"Lord, sir! that is of no consequence at all; a visit is a visit, whatever may be the occasion of it. If he is a well-bred man, he will be sure to leave a card with you to-day; if he does not, well then you will have the satisfaction of thinking you are more polite than he is."

"I must not, however, purchase this satisfaction at the expense of making myself ridiculous; so, my good François, we must absolutely scratch M. Du Plessis off your list."

François did not dare to murmur; he said enough indeed with his eyes; but I did not seem to understand their language.

"Let me see — who is next? — Madame La Baronne de S——." "And, pray, who is she?" "Why, sir, she — let me see, we shall want four cards for her; for, besides Mademoiselle, her daughter, there is her companion, who, poor thing, has been a lady of quality, though she is reduced; and then there's the chaplain; you would not fail in respect to the church, you know, sir."

"But why don't you tell me who this Baronne is? — I never saw her in my life."

"Yes, you have, sir; you forget that six months ago you got wet through in a violent storm in the Tuilleries, by giving your umbrella

to the Baronne, whom you escorted to her coach." "That trifling civility does not authorise me to visit a lady whom I have never been introduced to;" and in spite of the pleading looks of François, I drew my pen across the name of the Baronne.

"What is this, M. Le Général d'Auberval?" "Oh," cried François eagerly, "you can't help sending a card to him, sir; 'tis the old general, of whose humanity to his prisoners I have heard you speak so highly."

"But we are utter strangers to each other." "Not at all, I saw you offer him a pinch of snuff the other evening on the Boulevards, when you perceived that he had forgot his box." I could not help laughing as I drew the pen across the name of the general; and without making any more inquiries, I went on erasing name after name, till François could bear it no longer. "For heaven's sake, sir," said he, in a very respectful tone, but at the same time laying his hand on the list, "stop, or we shall have none left!"

"Fetch me my hat and cane," said I, when I had done breakfast. "And call a hackney coach, sir." "No, I shall walk." "Dear sir, it is not possible." "Why so? the day is very fine." "Oh! I did not think of that; but, sir, the appearance!—what would people say, if they saw you in the street to-day?"

I stared, till François assured me that it was absolutely *mauvais ton* to be seen on the 1st of January, because every body who was supposed to be of any consequence at all, was expected to spend the whole morning in riding about to leave cards at the houses of his most intimate friends; those to mere acquaintance being left by domestics. "So, in short, sir," said François, in winding up his harangue, "to be seen in the streets is a sort of confession that one is absolutely nobody."

As I saw that the idea of my being nobody would sensibly hurt the pride of honest François, I consented to let him take a *fiacre* for me by the hour; secretly determining, however, that as soon as I had left my cards, I would indulge myself as usual with a stroll about the town.

I found, as François had predicted, nobody at home; in fact, it would be nearly as bad to be found at home, as to be seen in the streets on the morning of New Year's Day. As soon as I had finished my round, I amused myself in remarking, as I strolled about, the manner in which the new year was welcomed by the common people. I found the streets full of the middling and lower classes, in their holiday clothes; some hastening to pass the day at the Barrières; others posting away to the Champs Elysées, to see the different shows; such as tumblers, rope-dancers, dancing dogs, &c. &c.

which are always exhibited there on Sundays and holidays.

I found the Boulevards crowded with little booths, containing different sorts of *souvenirs*, from the price of five sous to as many francs. These *petites boutiques* were thronged with buyers; for the custom of giving New Year's gifts is as religiously observed among the lower class as the higher. I amused myself with fancying that I could trace in the countenances of those who bought the different motives that actuated them to purchase. I thought I saw affection in the smile with which a young girl regarded the lid of a snuff-box, on which were a pair of doves badly painted, and surrounded by a wreath of flowers, that resembled any thing but nature; gratified vanity in the air with which a young *commissionnaire*, who was somewhat of a *petit-maître*, put up the handkerchief, with a tawdry border of red and yellow, which the vender assured him, in wheedling accents, would do credit to his taste; ostentation in the manner that a portly butcher regarded a red necklace, whose size and colour appeared very much to delight him; and avarice in the reluctance that a spruce waiter showed, in drawing out his purse, to pay at last for a glass ring set in copper, which he had spent half an hour in trying to get for two sous less.

My observations lasted so long, that I saw

more than one of the temporary shop-keepers look at me with a very suspicious eye, as I loitered in passing up and down by their booths; and to save myself from being suspected of designing to embezzle their valuable commodities, I made a hasty retreat, intending to return home, when I recollected that I had in my pocket a ticket for the exhibition of the New Year's gifts, which his most Christian majesty bestows upon the most distinguished persons of his court; and I determined to finish the morning by taking a peep at it.

It was the last day of the exhibition, and the rooms were consequently thronged with persons who had not had an opportunity of seeing it before; these, with the exception of some foreigners, were all of the middling and lower class. The presents were worthy of the French king's taste and magnificence; but it was almost impossible to view them with the attention they deserved, on account of the noisy exclamations of the crowd of spectators. "Superb!"—"Ah, heavens, how magnificent!"—"It is indeed charming!"—"Never was any thing so beautiful!"—"Oh, how inconceivably grand!"—"'Tis indeed a masterpiece!" were bandied about in the most voluble manner, and in tones absolutely deafening. One could never suppose that these people really desired to see or hear any thing, except the sound of their own voices;

nor did it appear possible, from the rapidity with which they ran from one object to another, that they could carry away any distinct idea of the things they had been viewing.

My readers would not thank me for a catalogue of the china and glass, the superb carpets from the manufactory of the Gobelins, the porcelain vases, filled with flowers so beautiful that they seemed to rival nature; nor the various articles of luxurious embellishment for the toilet and saloon, which the exhibition displayed. I confess I soon became more amused in listening to the remarks of others than attentive in making any of my own. A pretty country girl, who was just come to Paris, declared that she should never be tired of gazing on a beautiful carpet, but she was terribly distressed to think of such a fine thing being walked upon. A milliner, who was quite a *petite-maîtresse*, was in raptures with some chimney ornaments, and modestly took occasion to observe to a *bon ami*, who accompanied her, that chimney ornaments were the only thing wanting to render her little saloon quite *comme il faut*. A superb coffee set of china, with a beautiful *papier-maché* tray, afforded an opportunity to the wife of a rich butcher of triumphing over a *tendre amie*, who leaned upon her arm, by describing the very handsome set which her husband had just bought for her; and a tea service of the

Sevres manufacture made a pretty *grisette* remark, in a tone evidently meant for my ear, that the English might say what they pleased, but she was sure they had nothing like that in their country.

Tired of the noise and the crowd in the two outer rooms, I went into the third apartment, where the richest of the presents were deposited; but my attention was arrested immediately on my entrance by a piece of tapestry, representing a beautiful young woman with an infant on her lap; a child's cradle is close to her, beside which stands a boy, apparently four or five years old, who, holding the curtain of the cradle in his hand, is viewing the infant on the lady's lap, with an air expressive of his wish to occupy the place himself; a girl of nine or ten years clings to the arm of the lady, on which she half reclines her face. The magical effect of the tapestry, which is fully equal to the finest efforts of the pencil, gave a reality to the group which forcibly affected my imagination; and as I gazed on the beautiful clear blue eyes of the lady, I could almost have fancied they were bent on me. There was no inscription over the tapestry; but my heart whispered that it could be no other than the late lovely and unfortunate queen of France. "It is Marie Antoinette and her children," said I to an old officer of cavalry, who stood by my side. He

bowed without speaking. I saw by his eyes, which were full of tears, that he dared not trust his voice; and not wishing to appear to perceive his emotion, I turned again to the picture; a picture which can never be viewed without a sigh by any one who has a heart: it is copied from a painting by Madame Le Brun, and is thought to be the best likeness of the unfortunate queen now remaining. How is it that there are moments, in which circumstances that we have long been familiar with, come over our minds with all the force of a first impression? In gazing upon this picture, my imagination brought before me, in the liveliest colours, all the horrors that darkened the last days of that unfortunate princess. I saw her in idea conducted to the scaffold, already stained with the blood of her husband, and like him yielding her soul to God with a prayer for her murderers.

I could look no longer — I turned to the next piece of tapestry, which represented the last moments of the heroic Bayard; he reclines wounded against the trunk of a tree, supported by his pages, and surrounded by officers. The agonies of death are already visible in the countenance of the hero, who is supposed to be addressing to the Prince de Bourbon, who stands weeping near him, those memorable words—the last he ever uttered: "Weep not

for me; weep rather for the wounds which your ambition inflicts on your unhappy country."

"That, sir," said the old officer, who had now recovered his voice, "that is a death to be envied."—"It is, indeed," replied I, turning to look at him, for I thought that the tones were familiar to me; I was not mistaken; it was M. Le V——, one of the officers of the cavalry commanded by the Comte de Bouilli, who, but for the ill-judged lenity of Louis XVI., would have secured the escape of the royal family from Varennes, by shooting the postmaster of the town who stopped their carriage. But the king would not consent. "No," cried the too merciful monarch, "no blood shall be shed on my account."—"Ah, sire," cried de Bouilli, "this act of lenity will cost thousands of lives." Poor de Bouilli was a prophet; it did indeed cost thousands of lives—his own among the rest.

But to return to M. de V——; to whom I said, after we had exchanged salutations, "May I depend upon you, my good friend, to keep my secret?"—"Indeed you may," said he with *naïveté*, "for I don't know it."—"Why, that I have been vulgar enough to be seen in public on New Year's Day."—"Ah, my dear friend," replied he, "you have the best possible security for my not betraying you! I can't do it without committing myself." I laughed, and bidding

him good morning, returned home, and found François not a little elated at having to present me with the cards of a vicomte, a general, two comtes, and two barons, which had been left during my absence. A severe censor would have said it was his own vanity which was thus gratified at second-hand in my person; but as I am not disposed to search into causes when I am satisfied with effects, I was contented to take the pleasure he expressed as a mark of his attachment to me; and I rewarded it by a New Year's gift, of trifling cost indeed, but which I am sure is, in the poor fellow's eyes, very valuable.

THE

GREY PALMER:

A LEGEND OF YORKSHIRE.

EIGHT miles from the city of York, amidst picturesque scenery on the banks of the river Wharfe, stands the residence of Sir Thomas Milner, which was anciently the site of a convent, inhabited by nuns of the Cistercian order. There was a contemporary monastery of monks at Acaster Malbis; and tradition relates that a subterranean passage afforded the inmates of these institutions access to each other. In the year 1281, the lady abbess of Nun Appleton called upon the archbishop from Caywode, and the nuns of St. Mary's abbey, to chant high mass on the blessed eve of St. Mark, to lay at rest the wandering wailing spirit of sister Hylda, which had haunted the convent, the monastery, and adjacent country, during seven long years. The peasants fled from that district, for the spirit appeared to them in their houses, glared on them in the fields, or floated over their heads in passing the Wharfe; and if

they attempted to fell a tree in the woods, a hideous form in a Cistercian habit presented itself, showing a wound in its breast; and the morning-wind, raising its black veil, uncovered a ghastly countenance, and sunken eyes raining incessant tears.

A tempest, with loud, dismal, and portentous howlings, shook the high craggy cliffs above Otley: — fierce and more fierce it whirled along the river, and sent levin bolts and red meteors over the cloisters of Nun Appleton; showers descended as if the firmament of heaven were dissolved into rolling tides; and the Wharfe, swelling over all its banks, washed rocks from their base and lofty trees from their far-spreading roots. The holy archbishop, in sacred stole, is before the altar — the veiled sisters of St. Mary's stand by the choir — and the monks of Acaster Malbis are ranged beyond the fretted pillars of the chapel; they wait the solemn call of the bell to raise their voices in hymns of supplication — the walls resound with knocking at the convent-gate — The portress told her beads and crossed her breast, as she said to herself, while wending to the portal, "Here comes the pilgrim of Palestine, foretold by the dreary ghost of sister Hylda!"

She turned the lock with difficulty; it seemed to deny admission to the stranger, and the hinges resisted and creaked horribly against his ingress;

but the arm of the portress forced them to expand, and a Palmer, clad in grey weeds of penitence, strode within the threshold. The roaring thunder burst over his head, blue lightnings flashed around his gigantic figure, and in a hoarse sepulchral voice he thanked the portress for her gentle courtesy.

"By land and by sea," said he, "I have proved all that is terrible in danger or awful in the strife of war. My arm wielded the truncheon with gallant Richard, the chiefest knight of the Holy Rood; and the Paynims of Acre, with their mighty Soldan, have quaked in the tumult of our crusaders. The storm of the Red Sea and the rage of open ocean have rattled in mine ear. I have crossed burning sands, and met the wild lords of the desert in shocks of steel; but never was my soul so appalled as by the rage of elements this horrible night. To the sinner nought is so fearful as the workings of Almighty wrath in our lower world. I have visited every shrine of penitence and prayer to purge the stains of crime from this labouring bosom; I have trodden each weary step to the holy sepulchre in Palestine; I have knelt to the saints of Spain, of Italy, and of France; I have mourned before the shrine of St. Patrick and every saint of Ireland; in Scotland I have drunk of every miraculous fount and holy well; and but for the swollen waters of Wharfe,

I had sought the grey towers of Caywode, or the fair abbey of Selby, to crave prayers from the pure in heart for the worst of transgressors. At holy St. Thomas's tomb my pilgrimage ends. But for the wicked there can be no rest. The pelting hail-blast, the dark-red flashes of lightning, and the flooded Wharfe, oppose my course. I wandered through the dark wood—dire peals of thunder roared among the groaning oaks, and the ravening he-wolf rushed from his den across my path, while the flame of his eyes showed his gore-dripping jaws wide asunder to devour me. A spectre, more fell than the rage of a savage beast, drove him away—the croaking raven and ominous owlet sung a death-warning—and the spectre shrieked to mine ear—'Grey Palmer, thy bed of dank, chill, deep earth, and thy pillow of worms, are prepared! Thy fleshless bride waits to embrace thee!'"

Deep sounded the bell. "Haste thee, haste thee, holy Palmer!" said the portress; "the spectre of sister Hylda bade the lady abbess expect thee. Haste thee to join the choral swell. Why quakes thy stately form? Haste thee—the bell hath ceased its solemn invocation!"

Scarcely had the Palmer entered the sanctified dome of the chapel, when the seven hallowed tapers which burned in perpetual blaze

before the altar expired in blue hissing flashes—the full-swelling choir sunk to awful silence—a gloomy light circled along the vaulted roof—and sister Hylda, with her veil thrown back by her skeleton hand, revealed her well-known features; but pale, grim, and ghastly with the hue of the tomb, as she stood by the Palmer, who was recognised as friar John.

The archbishop raised his meek eyes and blanched countenance to Him that liveth and reigneth for ever. The cold dew of horror dropped from his cheeks; but in aspirations of prayer his courage returned, and in adjurations by the name of the Most High he commanded the spectre to tell why she broke the peace of the faithful. Unearthly groans issued from her colourless lips: the dry bones of her wasted carcase rattled with a fearful agitation as she thus spoke:—"In me behold sister Hylda, dishonoured, ruined, murdered by friar John in the deep penance-vault. He stands by my side, and bends his head lower and lower in confession of his guilt. I died unconfessed, and seven years has my troubled, my suffering spirit walked the earth, when all were hushed in peaceful sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your masses have earned grace for me—I go to my long rest. Seek the middle pavement-stone of the vault for the mortal relics of a soul purified

and pardoned by the blood of the Redeemer. Laud and blessing to his gracious name for ever!"

Soft strains of melody swelled in the air, and a bright flame rekindled the holy tapers; but sister Hylda and the Palmer vanished, and were never seen more!

ORIGIN

OF

TWELFTH CAKES.

ANTIQUARIES have traced the custom of Twelfth Cakes to the early festivals when kings were elected to preside on the occasion at the festal board. When children chose a king in their sportful imitations of a banquet, they made use of beans, and in various republics of the early ages beans were employed in the election of magistrates. From this practice arose the precept of Pythagoras—"*A fabis abstine*"—"Abstain from beans;" or, in other words, avoid ambitious pursuits.

Anacreon gives us to understand that billets were employed at the jovial election. "Slaves," says he, "produce the billets, that I may mix them, that we may have a king of the festival."

Horace says: "When, my friend Sextus, thou shalt descend to the kingdom of Pluto, the dice will no more give thee sovereignty at the banquet."

At a repast where Agesilaus presided as elec-

tive king, he made regulations for an equal distribution of the wine.

"At the Saturnalia," says Arrian the philosopher, "the king elected by lot exercises absolute sway, commanding one man to drink and another to pour out the wine; ordering this man to go and another to come."

Tacitus observes, that Nero was always extremely anxious to be king of the festival; and Cicero remarks, that though Verres had trampled on the laws of the Roman people, he paid punctual obedience to the laws of the table. The most remote traditions of England speak of Twelfth Cakes as an invariable conclusion of the holidays. In France it was called the Cake of Kings; and the French people during the Revolution retained the custom at the hazard of being denounced as favourers of royalty. At a period when to pronounce the name of king as a part of the most frivolous game endangered a sentence to the guillotine, families met to divide in silence the Cake of Kings.

THE

CEMETERY

OF

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Among the objects most worthy of the attention of a foreigner who visits Paris may be reckoned the burying-ground of Père la Chaise, situated at Mont Louis, upon the ground of the house formerly occupied by the confessor of Louis XIV. It is nearly eighty acres in extent, and was first used as a burying-ground about twenty-three years ago. Its commanding position, the ruins of ancient edifices which intersperse it, and the mournful shade of its cypress trees, all harmonize with the solemn use for which it was designed. Nearly all the celebrated persons who have died in France within the last twenty years are buried there. The tombs of Delille, Fourcroy, Gretry, Chenier, and La Harpe, want no epitaphs — their names are all that is necessary for posterity.

Here, too, reposes the dust of a female writer, Madame Cottin, one of whose works alone would have immortalized her name. Who that has ever read her "Elizabeth," but will agree with me! Bravery claims its place by the side of virtue and genius, and here also the remains of those who have fought and bled for their country find a resting-place. But the most interesting object in the cemetery, is the tomb which actually contains the ashes of those unfortunate and celebrated lovers, Abelard and Heloise, which, after being transported from the Abbey of the Paraclete, where it was first erected, to the interior court of the Petits Augustins, is now finally deposited here.

I have often entertained an odd wish — I hope it is not an irreligious one — that it was possible to establish a sort of aristocratic distinction after death. I would not, methinks, that the dust of such as I have been talking of, should mingle with that of the vulgar herd, who have nothing to distinguish them from the bulk of mankind but the accidental advantage of birth, or the paltry one of fortune. No: I would have a burying-ground which should be consecrated only to genius, talent, and virtue; nay, I would carry my idea further, for the two first should not give a passport to my burying-ground unaccompanied by the last.

This idea has been suggested, I believe, by

the mixture of people of all classes, and of all characters, whose remains rest in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise;* for as it is the most stylish grave-yard in Paris, it affords abundant proof that Fashion, the idol of the Parisians, exerts her influence even beyond the grave. In fact, one of the greatest cares of these good people is to be buried in style; and they are not less solicitous to cut a figure after death than while they are alive. Nor is this wish peculiar to the dying—it is one which their surviving relatives share; there are few who would grudge to pinch themselves, in order to bestow upon a deceased member of their family a handsome tomb in this fashionable cemetery. Many a man denies himself the comforts of life, that he may have the pleasure of pointing out to his acquaintance the stylish monument which he has caused to be erected to the memory of his deceased father or brother. More than one widow, who would have borne the death of her husband with great philosophy, if fashion had allowed her to pop him into an obscure grave, has wept very sincerely for his loss, on account of the expense of his funeral; and not a few husbands would gladly compound for their wives' recovery from death, rather than be forced to give them a modish interment.

It is not only the tomb itself, but likewise the epitaph engraved upon it, that is an affair of

the purse, and the price varies according to the circumstances or the taste of the person who orders it. You may have all the virtues in the world at a moderate price, provided you are content with a plain catalogue of them; but if you wish a stylish enumeration of your relation's good qualities, that is another thing: elegant turns and sublime expressions must be well paid for, and poetry often fetches a higher price by the line than has been paid for the works of Lord Byron.

It has often occurred to me, that if the dead could know what happens to their remains, many an honest man would be in a thundering passion to see the money which he left, perhaps to bring up a small family of children, squandered in bestowing upon him the reputation of talents, to which he never made any pretence while he was living; and many a vain fool would bitterly curse the rapacity of his heir, who, for the sake of economy, bestowed upon his tomb only a few lines of plain prose, instead of a flaming enumeration of talents, virtues, and graces in verse.

I never take a ramble in this burying-ground, without thinking that one may study here to great advantage the real character of the French; the various epitaphs place in the most conspicuous point of view that inconceivable

mixture of folly and good sense, of levity and deep feeling, to be found in these people, who may now, with not less justice than in the days of Voltaire, be pronounced a mixture of gold and brass.

Could we divest ourselves of those solemn feelings which a burying-ground, however gaily adorned, is sure to excite in a reflecting mind, this cemetery would appear a delightful garden, thickly planted with trees and flowers, and commanding a lovely and extensive view. The Parisians make parties to go and see it, and you behold groups of well-dressed people rambling about, talking, laughing, and criticising the epitaphs, with as much gaiety and *sang froid* as if death was the most amusing affair in the world. Yet, in the midst of this levity, the sight of the grave of a deceased friend, or a touching epitaph, will produce indications of sensibility, which prove that these people have hearts, and that, if their feelings are momentary, at least they are keen.

There is, however, one day in the year in which the burying-ground presents a sight in unison with the best feelings of the heart; it is the 2d of November, All Souls' Day, when, in conformity with the ancient ordinance of the church of Rome, Catholics offer up their prayers for all the souls of the faithful departed; and

each makes what may be called a pilgrimage of the heart to the tombs of those friends who were dearest to him in their lives.

Here you may see the rough soldier, who never knelt but to his God and his king, on his knees before the tomb of a beloved wife or child, whose pure spirit he hopes one day to rejoin. A little farther you behold a mother, decorating with flowers, which she waters with her tears, the tomb of that adored daughter, whose hands she had fondly hoped would have performed that solemn office for her. On the other side, a widow, bending over the last abode of a beloved husband, solaces her grief for his loss, by the thought that she has done for the repose of his soul all that her religion enjoins, and the hope that these pious cares will facilitate her own access to those regions of bliss, in which she trusts that they shall meet to part no more. Not far, perhaps, from her, stands a husband recently bereaved of his young and lovely wife, at whose grave he kneels with that look of fixed despair which shows that his grief is yet too deep to be alleviated even by prayer. An orphan, with trembling hands, plants round the newly-raised grave of her mother those flowers which in life she loved, and silently invokes her spirit to watch over and protect her child. A brother, in clearing the tomb of his sister of those weeds which have sprung up

round it, retraces with a sorrowful heart those days, now gone for ever, which her affection rendered so sweet. A lover deposits upon the tomb of his mistress, whom an untimely death has snatched from his arms, that crown of flowers which should have graced her nuptials.

Such are the objects which on that day meet your eye in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise;* it is there, and perhaps there only, that no trace of levity or frivolity is to be seen. The heart of the Parisian is evidently actuated by the best feelings, unalloyed by one light or selfish thought. It is there that the fair Frenchwoman is irresistible; never do her charms appear to such advantage as when softened by that expression of mingled tenderness and devotion, at once so touching and so pure. Were it to continue, she would be dangerous indeed to an unsophisticated English heart; but, luckily for my countrymen, the humour does not last long —if one of us receives a wound in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise,* it is a hundred to one that he finds a cure, the next day, in the sprightly levity and coquettish airs of his fair enslaver.

STANZAS

ON A SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE,

GATHERED IN WINTER.

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

The lingering perfume of thy flower,
Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,
Though faint to that of summer's bower,
It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud,
The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,
And drifted leaves which half enshroud
Thy beauties,— all delight my Muse,

And boast a charm which far outvies
The grace of summer's proudest day,
When varied blooms of richer dyes
Unfolded to the sun's warm ray.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
And ling'ring sweetness can recall
Hearts which, unchill'd by gath'ring gloom,
Can meekly *live* and *love* — through all.

From such, in seasons dark and drear,
Immortal hopes, of noblest worth,
Feelings and thoughts, to virtue dear,
Gush like thy dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around
Than prosp'rous hours could ever know;
For rapture's smile less fair is found
Than that which Patience lends to Woe!

FERDINAND FRANCK,

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

(Continued.)

The Author explains.

The satisfaction afforded by the first portion of my Auto-biographical Sketch has encouraged me to send forth its continuation. I have heard of but one objection, which I think it due to myself and to my kind friends to meet before I proceed.

Some few readers, with an impatience extremely natural, have felt disappointed at the interruption of the narrative which obliged them to wait a twelvemonth for its continuation.

The plan of the Forget Me Not, and the nature and objects of my labour, rendered this circumstance unavoidable last year; and if it really be a blemish, I am sorry to say, the same causes prevented the objection from being re-

moved in the present portion. It will again, I am afraid, create some disappointment among those matter-of-fact mortals, who like to see the end of every thing — who cannot enjoy a ramble without asking, "Where are we going to?" — "how long will it take us?" &c. — who, without such positive preliminary information, drawl on sulkily, disdain looking at this romantic grove, that venerable ruin, yon cheerful neat cottage — who, before their race is run, could not for the world be brought to take a glass of refreshment at an inviting house of entertainment, or even a rest under the shade of a spreading oak.

The expectations and demands of such persons the perusal of the following sheets will disappoint full as much as last year's portion — probably more, for I am sensible I have taken my own time, and gone my own way in what I had to say. I must have elbow-room to move as I am used to do; a tub for a whale won't do. When recollections are vivid and particular, the tale is not the better for their being exchanged against general and superficial descriptions.

If I appear somewhat minute in the narrative of the occurrences during the first days of my arrival in the capital — my outset in the world — the reader, who may have no relish for such detail, will, I trust, have the indulgence to

pardon a prolixity in matters which not only made the greatest impression on my mind, but had considerable influence on my future career. When we arrive in a strange place of varied attractions, the first days of our new abode seem — and they really are — so full of incident, that those days appear like weeks; we think it an age since we left home: but, after tarrying some time, precisely the reverse is the case: weeks pass like days—time flies, we do not know how. All this is perfectly natural; and the same observation might be applied to our earthly career. The first periods of our abode in this planet of the mundane system are full of events, full of vivid impressions, full of varied enjoyments and vicissitudes, while the subsequent portions of our stay roll on more evenly; years pass so unperceived, so almost surreptitiously, that were it not for the calendar — that odious monitor — and for other still more unwelcome physical mementoes—we should entertain serious doubts as to the length of our sublunary stay. The ascent up the hill of life appears of longer duration than the descent, although the space be the same both ways.

The reader, too, will be pleased to bear in mind the terms of our acquaintance. They are but biographical *Sketches* that I have engaged to furnish, with full discretion to choose my own mode of colouring, to present some in mere

outline, and to give to others as minute a finish as I may think proper; the whole to be rather a portfolio of detached leaves of all sizes, and of varied style and elaboration, than a series of graphic illustrations, of equal dimensions and execution. Thus our agreement is, I conceive, in no manner infringed, if a few eventful days in my history should happen to furnish as great an accession to the portfolio of biographical scraps, as so many subsequent months.

In further reply to the flattering objection above adverted to — that of leaving my readers in the midst of a narrative which has been fortunate enough to excite their kind interest — I have to entreat them to look upon my labour — as I do — not so much in the light of a narrative regarding my SELF, as a collection and illustration of scenes to which my individuality has either happened to give occasion, or to be a witness. Just as if I were an artist, undertook a *Voyage Pittoresque* from Ostend to Constantinople, and in my progress presented the public with a first *livraison*, containing the Gothic Town-house of Bruges — a view of the Canal and Barge — the Interior of the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent — the Great Gun there — a View of St. Gudule at Brussels — and, lastly, a correct portraiture of the Manikin-Fountain — just half a dozen: so much for the first *livraison*. Another, by and by, when I reach

Francfort, and so on through Austria, Hungary, down to the channel swum over by Leander and Byron. All this would be deemed perfectly *en règle*, and the subscribers—if the work was worth waiting for—would wait with good-humoured patience.

The same degree of patience I hope to receive at the hands of my indulgent readers, when they consider the limits and plan of the little work, of which these sketches can form but a small part, and which, therefore, presented the only alternative of either travelling my own way, as I have hitherto done, or going *post* to the end of my route, and furnishing from my journal a meagre extract of arrivals and departures.

CHAP. XXI.

Franck abroad.

It was a bitter cold January morning, when I bade adieu to all that was dear to me in Feldberg, that is to say, in the whole world; for to all beyond it I was a perfect stranger: the sky was overcast; the path on the high-road slippery from frost; for miles not a human being was to be seen; croaking crows, officiously sweeping the air, seemed to be the only companions of my solitary pilgrimage. These omens might

have depressed less buoyant spirits; and if I had had a turn for hatching hidden futurity into present misery, there was wherewith to supply materials. Fortunately, sentimentality, that canker of human happiness, was but a minim in the compound of my moral constitution; for Mr. Nicholas Franck, my excellent uncle, had, by innumerable repetitions, deeply impressed on me one of his favourite apophthegms: *Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere;* or, as he would sometimes say with Ovid:

Quique dolet citius, quam dolor, ipse cadet.

The cold, therefore, and the gloomy heavens, and the slippery path, and the cawing crows, were as nothing to me. The heart was warm with expectation, tinged perhaps with ambition; youthful vitality shed a genial glow over my whole frame. I paced on, nothing loath, some dozen miles, singing, whistling, and castle-building; demolished a great portion of the cold collation of my aunt's providing in a cottage by the road-side, and sallied forth again to complete the quantum of this day's itinerary, until a heavy snow-storm drove me for shelter under the dark branches of a stately forest of firs and pines, through which the road took its direction.

CHAP. XXII.

An Oriental Curiosity.

"Sad time for travel, young Mr. Landsman!" exclaimed, with a short pipe in his mouth, a sallow, black-haired, thick-set, little creature, hung upon a shaggy white poney, and muffled up to his nose in an old blue cloak, his legs sweeping the snow from the leafless briars, as he advanced towards the protecting cluster of firs I had selected for an asylum, apparently equally approved by him.

"And where may the young gentleman be going to?"

"To the capital, by to-morrow night, I hope."

"Ah! then we shall be going the same way, and mayhap keep each other company, if it is agreeable."

"With all my heart, sir, so I can keep up with your steed, and the weather will let us go on; I think the snow will be over presently."

"Amen! I wish it were half an hour after the end of it. And what may induce the young gentleman to travel to the capital at this severe season, so quite alone? Going to serve his time in a counting-house, I dare say, or, perhaps, spend a week or two with some friends, eh?"

Direct as these questions were, I felt no inclination to satisfy the little man's curiosity; for my uncle had strongly recommended to me not to be too communicative with persons I did not know; and the stranger, besides, had a nervous twang in his accent, and traces of tonsorian negligence about his chin, which strongly savoured of the synagogue.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, far from being offended at my reserve, made up for it by his own communicativeness, perhaps to encourage a return of favours. Such was his name, which he told me was well known in the capital to high and low, as I should find; adding, that he dealt in every thing, from diamonds and pearls, down to little boys' marbles; that he had last year only moved into a new house, which cost him 15,000 florins, before a pane of glass was in a window; that he was a welcome guest at the tables of counsellors and barons, and gave them *fêtes* in return, the last of which was spoken of in the newspapers, the oysters alone standing him in eighty-seven florins thirty kreutzers *; that many a great man in S. was on his books, and in arrear for interest, although his terms of accommodation were far from being exorbitant, &c. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer

* £7. 19*s.* 1½*d.* Oysters are a great rarity and delicacy in the interior of Germany.

likewise informed me, that he was now on his return from Amweil, a market-town where he had hoped to do a little business in the jewel and trinket line for Christmas and New-years' presents; but that the poor beast had to carry back nearly as much as he took thither, no trade being stirring: the people had as little money as spirits; the war had impoverished the country, and if it had not been for a few bargains with some of the French officers quartered there, he should have lost money by the trip. The French officers were charming people—they did not mind money; to be sure they had it cheap; "it comes from our own pockets, sir, and so, as a good German patriot, I make a point of getting as much of it back again as I can."

Though the snow had abated but little, the day was far spent; and unless we chose to pass a long night *al fresco*, or be snowed in, it was high time to brave the storm and resume our journey. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, moreover, began to show some misgivings about the safety of the road, by divers allusions to robberies and some broad questions as to the extent of my notions of self-defence. My reply, that unless the odds were palpably against numbers, I would stand by him to the last, instilled infinite comfort and assurance into the breast of my fellow-traveller, which, like many

of the Hebrew tribe, harboured a preponderance of pacific sentiments. He, nevertheless, approved highly of my courage, and seemed evidently to look upon me with regard and complacency.

But, with the exception of some ten or a dozen wild boars, whose sudden appearance in crossing the road caused a momentary panic, no sinister occurrence retarded our progress. I found no difficulty in keeping pace with the jagged duodecimo nag of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, whose spirits, divested of alarm, grew more and more affable and facetious; and with the fall of night we entered the "Three Kings," a rustic house of entertainment in Walbach, the village which was to be the place of our night's abode.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Bargain.

THE few hours' interval previous to supper were not unprofitably employed by my companion. No sooner had he lodged his portmanteau in his bedroom, and carefully locked its door, than he came down, and invited me to partake of a pint of wine. Among various characteristic peculiarities, preserved in undiminished force

by the tribe of Judah since its dispersion from the banks of the Jordan over the whole globe, a restless curiosity and desire of knowing every body's business are not the least conspicuous. With the first glass, therefore, which was drank to the prosperity of my future undertakings, whatever they might be, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer laid formal siege to the fortress of my mental reserve. Having opened his trenches at a distance, and with the skill of a veteran, he soon obtained possession of the outworks of the young tyro in these tactics; a parley ensued, and the place surrendered on a capitulation, by which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer became master of as much information regarding myself as I could from my own knowledge communicate.

When he heard that I was to be an inmate in the family of Mr. Bauer, and to study music under him, he exclaimed, in agreeable surprise, "So, so, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Bauer! a very good man, a very good friend of mine! He owes me twelve hundred florins I lent him three years ago, and has pledged his word to pay the eighteen months' interest in arrear, as soon as the opera is brought out which he is now writing, and which I and my friends are going to support bravely, I promise you. Ah, Mr. Franck! you will be with a worthy good man, a great genius in musics, take my word for it.

You will be well taken care of by Mrs. Bauer, too, that you may make sure of; you will find her a kind and sympathizing soul," added he, with a knowing grin.

"I beg, sir, you will speak with respect."

"And so I do, my dear young gentleman; what I was saying was far from being meant as a reflection. Mrs. Bauer is a worthy, an excellent lady; she pays me punctually for the little lace and cambric, and such like articles she has of me; and a good customer she is, for she is particularly neat and tasty in her dress. Talking of dress, excuse me, Mr. Franck, if I am rude; but this coat and waistcoat of yours will be stared at in the capital. We are mighty fashionable there."

"So it seems," (looking at his old brown great coat).

"Never mind *me!* I *have* made my way in the world, and you are but just entering upon yours. A man of my age and property may go in rags — the world knows he is able to buy better; but a young gentleman of your figure ought to set off the gifts of nature to the best advantage. Allow me to cut you as fine a bit of genuine blue Verviers ——"

Although I successfully parried this attack of the persevering man of sales, my youthful inexperience a few minutes afterwards yielded to another assault in a different quarter,

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer's stomach going probably a little faster than mean time, he began expostulating with the host about the delay of the promised supper, and insisted that it was beyond the appointed hour. The host met this reflection on the regularity of his domestic arrangements, by pointing to an old wooden Dutch clock, and pledging his word, that as soon as the cuckoo should vociferate his minor third seven times, the craving appetite of his guest should have full and ample satisfaction, and the co-operation, moreover, of two students, whose blistered feet had since yesterday prevented them from pursuing their pedestrian progress towards the university. Hereupon the great Mr. Benzheimer ostentatiously drew from his fob a gold repeater, and holding it to the ear of mine host, asked him whether he meant to pitch the infallibility of his Black Forest* mechanism against a masterpiece of Breguet's? A dispute naturally arose as to true time, to settle which I was requested to look at my watch. I modestly replied that I had none.

"No watch, my young friend! dear, dear! No watch! Go to the capital without a watch! Be a musician without time! I sell you one, Mr. Franck—an excellent work, for little or no

* The Black Forest is a district of Germany famed for the manufacture of what are in this country termed Dutch clocks.—EDITOR.

money, because you are a friend." I protested in vain that I wanted none, and had no money to buy any. Mr. Benzheimer forthwith took a candle to go up to his bed-room, and returned with a sightly silver watch.

"There, sir! this here watch cost me twenty guilders, because I had it a bargain; I am up to these kind of things. You shall have it for twenty-two; just ten per cent — I am satisfied with a small profit. Look at the works — just let me wind it up."

"I do not want it, because I have no money at present to pay for it."

"No money, my dear Mr. Franck? I want no money. You shall pay me when it suits you, in a twelvemonth—in two years—by instalments — just as you please; and if you don't like it, you bring it back to me, and no harm is done. That's the way I deal with gentlemen — that's the way I have got on in the world. I trust the world, and the world trusts me. Some do not pay, but the most part do when they are able. To be sure I do not trust every one, but I trust you, Mr. Franck; and why do I trust you? Because you have an open, honest face; I know something of fissinomy. Excuse me, yours is not an every-day countenance; your eyes look beyond what is before you. You will be a favourite with the ladies, there's no doubt,"— (Mr. Benzheimer had not seen the fatal bump—)

"but I'm much mistaken, too, if you will ever be a musician. You will be a great man, I say, and a good customer of mine, I hope."

It was a thoughtless, perhaps an immoral action, to yield to such Hebrew eloquence; but my youth must plead the excuse: I accepted the watch upon these vague conditions, and for a short time lost a portion of that pure peace of mind with which, not twelve hours ago, I had left my uncle's roof at Feldberg.

CHAP. XXIV.

Petit Souper.

Soon after this negotiation between the contracting parties, we perceived, to our great joy, the beginning *of a commencement* for laying the supper-cloth—an operation in German inns performed in slow successive gradation, conformable to the sedate character of the nation, which, in all its transactions, great or small, from the deliberations of its National Diet to the driving of its postilions, seems religiously to adhere to the adage — *Festina lentè*. The table being wiped of its swipes, a considerable interval was allowed for evaporation and desiccation, before the second act of spreading the cloth was deemed seasonable. After a good while, the

salt-cellars and mustard-pots found their way; a long pause again ensued before the knives and forks made their appearance; in short, not one distinct article of the cœnacular *matériel* came in company with the other, but in measured succession; thereby wisely keeping expectation and stomach on a stretch until the very development of the quite dramatic catastrophe. These dead stops would have proved infinitely tantalizing, had they not, like the intervals between scenic representations, been relieved by a little music proceeding from the kitchen, and consisting, not in a smart minuet of Haydn, or a lively presto of Pleyel, but a whizzing of hot butter in frying-pans, chopping of sweet herbs on a board in the manner of a dulcimer, swabbing of beat-up eggs in basins for sauce, and winding-up of the roasting-jack. However grateful this harmony sounded to my ears, accompanied as it was by occasional savoury zephyrs whenever the door opened into the blazing windward kitchen, the thought of the pecuniary value of such preparation, coupled with the impotency of my purse, created some slight alarm, which I was candid enough just delicately to hint to my fellow-traveller; but Mr. Aaron Benzheimer allayed my apprehensions, by assuring me, that the host was a *right* honest and fair-dealing publican; that the preparations were chiefly for his sake, as he had

patronized the house these twenty years, and that I would find the reckoning wonderfully moderate.

The two students now descended to join us—two walking volcanoes; one a tall youth, with a huge pipe hanging from the left corner of his mouth, his thumb stuck between the leaves of a book, and so deeply immersed in thought, that a very neutral nod of salutation was all that his abstractions could afford, by way of welcome, for his fellow-guests; the other, a duodecimo figure of pert aspect, while quaffing and puffing the smoke, greeted us with more formality, but with an air of superciliousness, which betrayed the inward consciousness of great acquirements and mental superiority — characteristics pretty general among the German sons of the muses.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer was too much a man of the world to resent such uncourteousness; on the contrary, he rose from his seat, and with Oriental good breeding gave out a graceful *salam aleicum* in Judaic German. His courtesy and disinterestedness went even so far as to proffer to these incipient sages his services in any article they might stand in need of.

"The only article we want at present," replied the little Elzevir, "is money, having spent all our cash in a philosophical tour during the Christmas vacation. Money is all we want."

"Ha!" said Mr. B. "that may be found too, upon good security."

"Our word of honour."

"Undeniable security in any thing but business. Nevertheless ——"

"Here the treaty was interrupted by the arrival of a mighty tureen of rice-broth, of delicious odour. According to German custom, the host, with a very formal bow, seated himself at the head of the table, and the place at his right was soon afterwards *well* filled by his better half — better double, I should say; for, to judge from her plump and adipose arms, deeply purpled by her recent arduous and ardent culinary functions, if ever she wore the breeches, they could never be those of her spare spouse.

The viands which now presented themselves were various, good, and plentiful. Nevertheless, an objection was started, *in limine*, by the pocket edition of human wisdom, who asked the host, "whether there were to be no sausages, black-puddings, or other porcine condiments; two large pigs having been executed but yesterday under his windows, and a *perpetuum mobile* of hacking and chopping having existed in the kitchen ever since five o'clock this morning."

The host, although rendered somewhat serious by the previous information of pecuniary deficits, bowed respectfully, expressing an humble per-

suasion that the bill of fare, such as it was, would give satisfaction.

"What!" exclaimed the epitome of academical wisdom, "disturbed from my sleep by hacking and chopping three hours before daylight; the whole house and my nostrils saturated all day long with effluvia of thyme, coriander, and marjoram; my very clothes impregnated for a week to come with a compound of sausage odours — and not to have an indemnity for such suffering by a taste! May thunder and lightning strike me, if the "Three Kings" is not worse than Tartarus itself, and the punishments of Tantalus! What does all this mean?"

The host was utterly confounded by such strong and hostile academical language. He had at all times a great aversion to any thing in the shape of high words, even if they proceeded from what was most dear to him, his better double. I thought it very hard, that after such praiseworthy exertions on the part of the latter to content almost an epicure, he should be requited with abuse by the men of science, whose acknowledged insolvency rendered it improbable that he would be remunerated in any other manner; and I was just on the point of interfering, when Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a generous sincerity which raised him greatly in my estimation, observed, that being of the Hebrew persuasion, and a constant friend and

frequenter of the house, he had reason to believe, that without even a hint on his part, the host, from a feeling of delicacy, had excluded the dainties in question; a circumstance which he regretted exceedingly, as the Mosaic law certainly did not prohibit the sight or smell of them. Indeed, he did not know, whether, on a pinch, he might not, with a safe conscience, even taste a bit of clean country pork; the prohibition of Moses being, according to a learned Rabbi of Strasburg, directed against the flesh of the Egyptian swine, an uncleanly animal that fed in the mud of the Ganges (?) and drank the pestilential waters of the Dead Sea. "The Judaic nation of the present day, gentlemen," he added, with much complacency, "like the rest of the world, is a very different people from what it was 200 years ago. Gography, mattomatics, gastronomy, polygamy, and every other science, are as much cultivated among us as among the Christians. My Esther, gentlemen, will tell you every town and river in the moon, as readily as she could name the numerous articles her father deals in.

This candid apology of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer's was lost on the rude minds of the students; they laughed in his face, grumbled and muttered all the while they were eating, although they ate voraciously of all that was set before them. Much of their conversation took place in

miserable Latin, so that my fellow-traveller was spared the vexation of hearing their direct abuse of him, although he had to bear many a sneer, which made me ashamed of their conduct as Christians; and I was just watching for a reflection sufficiently direct to warrant notice, when they suddenly broke up from table, the little fellow muttering to his companion something in Latin, expressive of a determination towards mischief.

Overwhelmed by an unconquerable sleepiness, I too, some time afterwards, left my travelling companion in converse upon business with the host, and hastened to my chamber, No. 5; that of Mr. Benzheimer being No. 4; and the students, as I passed No. 3, being heard carousing, or "commercing," as they call it, in beer, tobacco, and vulgar song.

CHAP. XXV.

A Battle Scene.

I COULD not have enjoyed many minutes of my first sleep before it was disturbed by a tremendous knocking at the door. "Mister Franck! Mister Franck!" exclaimed, in a fearfully nervous Jewish accent, Mr. Benzheimer, from without, "do come and help,—get up directly!"

Half asleep, I jumped out of bed, and making sure of some foul attack of midnight assassins on his treasure, or of an alarm of fire, I seized my knotty staff and sallied forth, without waiting to put on my clothes.

"Come with me, my dear Mister Franck, and look at my bed," was all that the agitated feelings of my companion allowed him to utter. The two students, too, *apparently* roused by his clamour, met us in the passage with an air of participation. We all entered the room. I examined the bed, and there found a live pig tied up in a bag!

Indignant at the insult offered to the religion of my fellow-traveller, and suspecting its authors, I loudly proclaimed the person capable of such an action a scoundrel, whoever he might be, without receiving an answer from any of the parties, whose number had by this time been augmented by two or three of the servants. The perpetrators, Mr. Benzheimer observed, must have come through the window, as his door was locked, and the casement wide open. At that moment the ostler espied the bag, from which the poor animal had been liberated, and declared, that not above an hour ago he had been asked for and given it to "that" little gentleman, pointing at the student; and the pig was one of his master's litter, but how the gentleman got it he could not tell.

"You then, sir," exclaimed I, "are the owner of the epithet I had intended for you in anticipation; and taking hold of the door, showed him where I wished him to go. But the little man of science preferred applying a box on my ear, accompanied by a challenge to meet him, cut or thrust, in single combat. For my part, I felt a predilection for settling matters on the spot, and began laying my rustic white-thorn lustily over his back. His tall companion, who might have had no hand in the mischief, had hitherto remained a passive spectator; but when he saw his friend assailed, he conceived himself in duty bound to come to his aid with one of the massy oaken chairs. The odds were now fearfully against me; the balance of hard blows began to be sorely in my favour, and there was every prospect of an immediate necessity of yielding the field to superior numbers, unless supported by instant reinforcement.

Hitherto Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with Hebrew pacificness, had valiantly exerted himself by heart-rending entreaties and supplications to restore peace. In this respect he might be compared to some of the nations of southern climes, whose doubtful valour unfits them to act as principals in the field, except when the back is to be turned to the enemy, on which occasion their energy to be out of harm's way

is surprising: but when united in warfare to a nation of true tramontane mettle, ready to stand the brunt and the first hard blows, then, and then only, a sort of secondary courage will often animate the breasts of the former, and move them on, as spaniels follow mastiffs, to flock in shoals after their brave companions in arms and share in the triumph.

Thus, when the man of sales and per-centages beheld me in fierce and fearful combat, a latent minim of the blood of Joshua and Saul, concretely sojourning in his organization, seemed to liquefy like the blood of St. Januarius, and forthwith to communicate its vital energy to the whole 94 oz. 5 dr. pervading his otherwise pacific frame. In an instant he became a very David before the Philistines, and rushed furiously with his fists upon the tall Goliah, whose spun-out dimensions soon succumbed under the blows of the thickset Maccabee. Victory now became a mere plaything — a *social* game. One of the *alumni* lay groaning on the floor, and the tall subject, on the point of being strangled by the unrelenting grasp of Hebrew muscle, cried for quarter. But Judaic fury, when once roused, is unquenchable; the philosophic youth would in another minute or two have breathed his last, had the host not made his appearance, separated the combatants, and

lodged the two students, sadly mauled as they were, in their own dormitory, No. 3, where we left them vowing the vengeance of their literary fraternity against all the tribe of Israel, the host, and the whole house.

On a cool inspection, the casualties in this action were found to consist in a severe contusion over my left eye, at which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer testified the most poignant grief, the hurt having been inflicted in his cause. He shook me cordially by the hand, expressed his admiration of my valour, together with his conviction that I was destined to act an important part in mundane affairs. "Music is out of the question, my brave young friend; you will be a great man, a very great man, take my word for it. And what do you think of my way of fighting, sir? how did I do the thing, eh?" I naturally did justice to my friend's prowess; we praised each other, and pleased each other; and then retired to our respective rooms.

No sooner had I risen on the following morning, after a sound sleep, than my fellow-traveller entered the room with the surgeon of the place to look at my eye, for which he dispensed the proper lotion. When I demanded my bill of the host, he informed me that I had nothing to pay, as Mr. Benzheimer had settled every thing. But this is not all: when we were ready to start on our journey, the latter called to me: "Here

is a paper of yours, Mr. Franck." Its contents were—

Received of Mr. —— Franck the sum of twenty-two guilders for a silver watch sold him.

AARON BENZHEIMER.

All my expostulations were fruitless. "If I have not received the actual sum, Mister Franck, I have received infinitely more than its value in the gratification of meeting with a young man of such honourable feeling and noble courage as yours. Courage, Mister Frank, is every thing with me. For this, and for your just principles, I shall always esteem you, my young friend; and were you of our persuasion, the hand of my Esther should be at your service. I can give her thirty thousand florins, and not be much the poorer for it. Her pearl necklace and earrings ——"

"Her hand, sir;—but her heart?"

"The heart follows the hand, if the husband behaves as he ought. Mrs. Benzheimer hated me when we first married. When we paid our wedding visits she walked on one side of the street, and I on the other. Seventeen days, sir, ——— But no matter—I found the way to please her at last, and to this day we have lived in the most perfect harmony."

CHAP. XXVI.

The Land of Promise.

My friend and I journeyed this day towards the capital, alternately bestriding the white poney. His acquaintance, a pure matter of accident as it was, proved subsequently, and on more than one occasion, eminently useful to me. There was a strange apparent contradiction in this man's character; generous, and even lavish on particular occasions, he would miss no opportunity of driving a bargain; and his own brother was not exempt from the exaction of the regular per-centage which the science of profit and loss, in which he was a very adept, seemed to have made a law and a matter of duty to him. But this very gain he would, perhaps, the next moment appropriate to acts of the most disinterested charity, even to Christians.

The Jewish character, although this people lives in the midst of us, is, I am convinced, far from being properly understood. Our judgment is too often formed from the dregs of a nation which we oppress and debase, and, because they are debased, despise. We forget that it is to them we owe the most sublime notions of the Divine Being—a circumstance which alone ought to excite, if not respect, at least kindness and goodwill towards them; not to advert to the

constancy with which, in spite of oppression and persecution on all sides, they have adhered to their primitive pure faith, from which our own has emanated.

A full view of the distant capital burst on my sight on reaching the summit of an eminence, and left an indelible impression on my mind. The Gothic cathedral, with its lofty steeple and attendant spires; other steeples, domes, and towers, of varied height and form, projecting at irregular intervals; the grand-ducal palace reflecting from every window the parting rays of a crimson winter's sun through a misty grey atmosphere — all these rising from behind a continued band of rampart, with a protruding old bastion here and there; gates sending endless avenues of trees in diverging lines into the country; the surrounding plain interspersed with the clumps of little parks and pleasure-gardens, diminutive palaces, and country houses—all these objects, however deprived of the charms of foliage and verdure, filled the simple youthful mind with delight and wonder.

At the distance of about two miles from the capital, my friend proposed to enter a smart house of entertainment and dancing for Sunday visitors, not so much to put the landlord in mind of his promise to discharge the interest of a loan long due, as to await the setting-in of night, more congenial to my attire, and to set off my

person, such as it was arrayed, by means of a little brushing and ablution; observing, that a young man ought to be very particular as to first impressions, which frequently had the greatest influence on his future career. My eye, besides, which, in its progress through all the colours of the rainbow, had arrived at an interesting *verd-antique* tint, would look less remarkable by candle-light.

The landlord's excuses, accompanied with a glass of excellent wine, were accepted: the war, too, had wofully ruined his trade; not above six Sundays' dancing all the season, and what dancing! little or nothing spent: where people called for rack punch and champagne, and chicken and tarts, bread and cheese and swipes were now the order of the day.

Refreshed within and renovated without, we resumed our journey. The noble triple avenue of linden trees, with lamps stretching through an immeasurable perspective, carriages going and coming with high-bred coursers, officers and beaux galloping towards the town, two or three splendid sledges drawn by superbly caparisoned steeds preceded by outriders with torches, a confused noise of distant metropolitan activity —all I saw and heard augmented my wonder and expectation, until the conclusion of a close and minute interrogatory by a sergeant at the city gate enabled us to proceed to the house of Mr.

Bauer, my musical Mentor, where Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a cordial shake of the hand, gave me a general, and, as I afterwards found, a sincere invitation to his house and table.

CHAP. XXVII.

First Impressions.

"MASTER is just gone to rehearsal," mumbled, through a toothless mouthpiece, the shrill squeaking nasal voice of a misprint of nature, edited some fifty years back, which might have sat to a sculptor for a *laid idéal* to be honoured with a place in Prince Biscari's museum of monstrosities in Sicily. (First impressions with a vengeance!)

"Your mistress?"

"Going to the rehearsal too, presently — dressing in her room — can't see her now."

"See her, by all means!" exclaimed, in a mellow laughing tone, an invisible voice, precisely the reverse of Miss Barbara's vocal apparatus. "Walk up, Mr. Franck, if you'll excuse my *négligé*." (First impressions, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer!!)

Mrs. Bauer's reception was superlatively cordial: a hearty treble kiss * * * with a thousand apologies for receiving me half-dressed, involuntarily directed my hand to the bump in the nape.*

* See Vol. I. p. 268.

"The students, I hope, have not wounded your head behind too, Mr. Franck?"

"The students, madam?"

"Yes, Mr. Franck, the students whom you fought so bravely last night. Why, you seem quite thunderstruck at my knowing your feats? Oh! I could tell you some other matters concerning you, that my little familiar has communicated; but I am rather in a hurry; another time will do. I expect a friend of my husband's to go with me to the dress rehearsal. It is *Axur*. You might accompany us; but no, you are tired, I dare say, and you could not well go as you are. We shall be back in a couple of hours. There are books below and a piano to pass the time, and there is Bärbel (Barbara), my beauty, I venture to trust with you. She will tell you all the news of the town. Mind, she loves scandal: if you believe one quarter of what she says, you'll be choked with lies."

(*Enter Barbara.*) "Mr. Elsner is below."

We descended. I was introduced to the gentleman, who soon departed with Mrs. Bauer, and I was left to recover from my astonishment at this first short interview.

Mrs. Bauer's uncommon affability, her *sans gêne*, overwhelmed my rustic intellects; and her knowledge of the adventure at the inn (most naturally explained afterwards) threw over this

meeting an air of mysteriousness which completely bewildered my senses.

My cogitations were relieved by the appearance of Bärbel with some tea, which her mistress had ordered to be prepared for me. Brimful of provincial civilities, I addressed her, "Miss Barbara," and shook hands with the misprint. Whether it was this act of condescension, or that, like low minds, she measured her attentions to persons by the scale of treatment they received from her superiors, or that she looked upon me merely as a sink to receive the offal of scandal, which her organization bred too fast not to welcome every opportunity for vent, especially that of a new-comer not yet forestalled or saturated — be the reasons what they might, Miss Bärbel now appeared quite another woman. It was in vain to beg it as a favour that she would keep her information regarding the house to herself. There she stood, right opposite to me, with her bony arms elegantly hidden under her apron, immoveable as Lot's wife in my uncle's great Bible, excepting her organ of speech, from which venom cascaded in streams abundant and uninterrupted.

Happily for me, one of her pots in the kitchen, seemingly jealous, and willing to compete with the overflowings of her tongue, required her sudden assistance.

On going to the pianoforte, I found it wretchedly out of tune, as is frequently the case with the instruments of professional men; whether in confirmation of the old saying, that "shoemakers' children are worst shod;" or, that perhaps the ear of great musicians may have reached a degree of perfection which enables them to fancy the most false sounds of a pitch precisely correct: like the Hottentots at the Cape, who, caring little whether a gun be true or not, shoot as well with the one as with the other, after having ascertained the quantum of deviation.

Having nothing better to do, I sat down to tune the instrument, after the approved method of my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Franck. The remainder of the time the *chronique scandaleuse ambulante* took care to fill up by sundry appendices of information explanatory of her previous opening speech; all which she delivered in detached but considerable portions, going in and out, laying the cloth, until the return of her "excellent master," as she called him, with his lively spouse, accompanied by the tenor-singer of the opera establishment.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Rehearsal.

Mr. Bauer, my future master, received me with a kindness, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken. He was a little man with a large head, vivid eyes, and a constant smile of *bonhommie* upon his countenance. But more of his character hereafter.

That he loved good eating and drinking, the supper and his comments upon it, as well as the great relish with which he enjoyed it, sufficiently testified. Nothing was talked of but the rehearsal, and the anticipation of to-morrow's representation. The tenor swore, that if they did not alter the turban, and give him a new pair of morocco slippers, he should not set foot upon the stage. He complimented Mr. Bauer on his training of the choruses, "which were no way inferior to those of Berlin." Mr. Bauer concurred in their praise, and would give a louis out of his own pocket if they did half as well to-morrow; "but," added he, "you will see what it is when the house is full; it is as if an evil spirit had got into them, especially the girls, who, instead of minding their time and me, promenade their ogles over the pit and boxes, grin and chuckle at the officers and clerks: and as a proof of what I tell you, there

is Miss P———, whom I purposely engaged because she is blind; she absolutely keeps the rest together. God forgive me, I wish they were all blind! — Now I think on it, my dear Helmont, there's one thing I wish to suggest: when you see the palace on fire, a scene which you *do* so exquisitely, a little more agitation in the *tempo*, beginning *sotto voce*, and gradually increasing, would be an infinite improvement, in my opinion — in this way ——"

Here Mr. Bauer, with his mouth full, stepped to the piano, and finding it in better tune than usual, prognosticated a thaw, when Bärbel with a burst of laughter informed him of the real cause.

"Bravo, Mr. Franck — Ferdinand, we may as well call you, as you are one of the family. — Let's see the wolf! — Capital! Come, there's work cut out for you to begin with. A dozen instruments in town will claim your services to-morrow; that's a dozen guilders in my pocket, and you shall have half of it for pocket money. A good ear at all events, and that's half the battle."

The effects of my journey having for some time manifested themselves by an unconquerable drowsiness, Mrs. Bauer very kindly showed me to my room, a neat airy garret, in which I found my immense trunk safely lodged. "We had some trouble," said Mrs. B. "to get this

monster here; it wants but four wheels to make a commodious diligence. What a wardrobe you must have! We shall look at it to-morrow. Good night! Pleasant dreams to you!"

CHAP. XXIX.

Connubial Happiness.

As the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Bauer had a considerable share in my future destinies, it may be desirable to steal a march upon time, and depict them such as subsequent observations and experience exhibited them to me.

Mrs. Bauer might have arrived at the age of twenty-eight — a recurring decimal in female chronology—a stage of life which, although carrying an impression somewhat broad and mature of younger charms, not only generally exhibits them without absolute defalcation, but often communicates the zest of complete development and maturity, enhanced by ripened mental powers and perfected experience. Mrs. Bauer certainly treated her husband with unvaried attention, kindness, and, I think I may add, affection. Fully aware of the value he placed in the pleasures of the table, she did not solely depend upon the attainments of Bärbel in culinary science, the respectability of which alone secured her stay in the family against all the

drawbacks of numerous physical and moral imperfections. Mrs. Bauer lost no opportunity in gaining, herself, every possible knowledge, written as well as traditional, for the confection of new savoury dishes for her husband's gratification. Not only did she devote many an hour to intense study in the *Cuisinier Bourgeois*, but two or three great dinners which Mr. B. was in the habit of giving to his friends annually — the highest mark of attention which in *his* opinion could be conferred — enabled her to collect from professional *men*-cooks employed on those occasions a great and valuable accession of knowledge in the gastronomic art.

To Mr. Bauer's predilection for a game at cards she also had the good sense to adapt herself, so far as to be able, in case of need, to take a hand at whist. This, however, she evidently did against her inclination, merely to please him, and to prevent his going to the Cassino, where he generally lost his money. For, as Mrs. Bauer was no adept at the game, her play occasionally led to rebukes and expostulations, such as "trumping Mr. B's. good cards, bottling up her trumps," &c. which, however gentle, she was desirous of avoiding, as the only cause — she truly observed — of any differences in their otherwise happy union.

CHAP XXX.

Musical Lecture.

At breakfast, next morning, I found in Mr. Bauer the same affability and good humour which had characterized him at first sight. In fact, he was ever cheerful and gay, except when he spoke upon music. Not that even then he appeared stern or morose, but the elevated idea which he entertained of his art, its aim and powers, fired his whole being with enthusiasm; his eyes beamed with genial lustre; he seemed inspired, and desirous of inspiring others with the sacred flame.

"Ferdinand," said he, when Mr. Bauer had left us to pass in review the valuables which my immense travelling receptacle had brought from Feldberg, "Ferdinand, you are come here to study music; before I ask you another question, tell me is it from your own wish, or that of your friends?"

"Mine, above all things."

"That's something, my boy; indeed it is much towards future success. But even with this predilection on your part, and with the most strenuous exertions you may use, I know as yet too little of you to predict excellence in the art. It is easier to be a great general, a great philosopher, nay, even a distinguished painter or poet,

than a great musician. To become a composer of eminence, you must not only bring with you gifts of nature, which would enable you to become an artist or poet of the first order, but your frame and your nervous system must be so constituted as to be susceptible of feelings the most delicate and emotions the most powerful. You must be abundantly gifted with a sense of propriety — with an intuitive perception of the beautiful; you must be an enthusiast for the art; your heart must be open to every noble and generous impulse; your sentiments chaste, elevated, sublime, free from the dross of worldly considerations; your judgment must be correct, your intellect quick and penetrating. And allowing you, my dear Ferdinand, all these most rare endowments of bountiful Nature, they would be like a good soil neglected, unless they were cultivated by an assiduous study of the principles of the art, in the first instance, and of other accessary branches more or less connected with it. The Muses, my dear Ferdinand, are all sisters; they go hand in hand, leading their darling votary to the temple of fame. Hence you will have to sacrifice at the shrine of nearly all of them. In directing these accessary studies, I shall take care that you devote a part of your time to the classic poets of every country; a friend of mine has offered to give you lessons in drawing, and our ballet-master will

instruct you in dancing, on condition that you assist him with your violin, or on the pianoforte, while he is training the figurantes of our opera establishment. To-morrow I shall myself begin my course of professional instruction with you; my time being fully occupied this day with the rehearsals for to-night's performance. To these you can do no better than accompany me forthwith; so the sooner you get yourself dressed the better."

"Dressed!" interrupted, with a smile, Mrs. Bauer, who had returned in the midst of this discourse; "the whole of his wardrobe in the tremendous trunk up stairs does not contain a suit in which I should not be ashamed to see him go out of the house. You would bless yourself to see the newest fashions of Feldberg."

I still remember these terrible words, and the disappointment and humiliation which they caused me. After a short consultation, it was decreed, that for the present the tailor of the family should be instantly sent for to select the articles most eligible, and metamorphose them into a cut sufficiently fashionable to accompany Mrs. Bauer, in the evening, to the opera.

The persuasive manners of Mrs. Bauer succeeded in obtaining from the knight of the thimble a sacred promise of doing the needful by sunset, until which time I remained of course

a close prisoner in the house. In this state of temporary captivity, I received a visit from my travelling companion, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, who, on being informed of the cause of my captivity, reminded me of what he had foretold, and proposed immediately to cut me a *quantum sufficit* of his superfine blue Verviers on credit, as long as I pleased; but this time I manfully resisted his tempting offer. Mr Benzheimer, on this occasion, gave Mrs. Bauer a most glowing description of the combat at the inn with the students, and spoke in terms of admiration of the valour I displayed in the engagement. "Madam," said he, "you have with you a young man of the most excellent character, gentle as a lamb, but fierce as a lion when roused by the sight of an injured fellow-being; and as for his learning, I'll match him against any youth in the capital. The students thought they had it all to themselves when they talked Latin; but Mr. Franck knew every word they said, just as if he was born and bred in Greece or Egypt."

CHAP. XXXI.

The Opera.

It was a long and tedious day for me, but the man of fashions kept his word, and appeared

before candlelight with his blue bag, containing the second edition of my Feldberg attire, corrected, but not augmented, for the slips he had the conscience to return bespoke the havoc of the shears. His taste and ingenuity had done wonders, for Mrs. Bauer agreed not only that now my person was producible, but that altogether I looked quite handsome. No time, therefore, was lost in proceeding to the theatre, accompanied by a particular friend of Mr. Bauer's, who had the goodness to lend an arm to his spouse.

That evening at this moment dwells fresh in my memory. The only regular scenic representations (Punch always excepted) which I had as yet witnessed, were two in number, *Dr. Faustus* and the sufferings of *St. Genoveva*, both deep tragic dramas, enacted by puppets and wires in a barn at Feldberg. But here I entered a splendid house, filling apace with the *beau monde* of a gay capital: dashing officers, nobles, counsellors, secretaries, clerks, and other civilians without number; every one producing his individuality in adjusted costume, and with an air of importance which seemed desirous to impregnate the surrounding atmosphere with his consequence — elderly ladies of title, superciliously rustling their brocades over the box benches, and dispensing musk and lavender, and other grateful smells, by way of indemnity

for less pleasing sights — unscented nymphs in the bloom of youth, attired by the Graces in a thousand varied and fanciful ways, serious, smiling, languishing, lively. My senses were bewildered and stupified, until the preparatory operation of tuning called my attention to the orchestra. Two or three minutes more, and the confused hum and buzz of the house, as if by magic, changed into a solemn silence of expectation. Mr. Bauer, with a long white *báton*, gave the signal, and the overture began with a simultaneous crash. The sensation I felt may be imagined, but cannot be described. My frame was in a trance—the delight bordered on suffering. But greater joys, greater trials, awaited the novice. The curtain rose, and Tarar, with his beloved Astasia, joined their voices in a duet of heavenly sweetness. My nerves, soon rising to their maximum of tension, were unable to withstand the powerful shock: in vain I strove to stifle the inward emotion; the tears trickled down my cheeks; I sighed, I sobbed — what followed I can only tell from hearsay, for on opening my eyes I found myself in a large saloon, placed on a sofa, leaning on Mrs. Bauer's arm, inundated with water and *eau de Cologne*, surrounded by two or three acquaintances of hers, a dozen of curious idlers, &c.

"It is the heat of the house that has over-

come the young man," said one, while another insisted that it was the smell of the stage lamps near our box; and a third was sure it must have been an imaginary alarm of fire, caused by the artificial burning of the palace on the stage. "Come, Ferdinand," said the kind Mrs. Bauer, "come into the air, or rather let us go home at once — you seem very unwell." — I had by this time gradually recovered, and I heard within the house a powerful and superb chorus sung in a masterly manner. This charm I could not resist — I begged as a favour to be allowed to return to my place, and Mrs. B. consented, not without great reluctance. The remainder of the opera passed without further visible consequence on my part, but my whole frame vibrated with every successive part of the music in corresponding and powerful emotion; nascent tears often suffused the glistening eye, my whole being seemed as if dissolving in an ecstasy of delight, but the continuance of the pleasure diminished gradually its more vehement effects: I was no longer totally absorbed in the sense of hearing and transports of intense feeling; my eyes caught at times Mr. Bauer, wielding, with zeal and enthusiasm, the *bâton* of harmonic command, by which he seemed to hold the whole orchestra suspended and subjected to his will.

The opera was followed by a pantomimic ballet of action — "Ariadne in Naxos," a scenic

performance, which, although equally novel and full of wonders and delight for me, exerted its influence rather on the senses than on the finer feelings of the heart. I sympathised with the forlorn condition of the deserted Cretan maid, and scorned her seducer Theseus; but the arrival of Bacchus, accompanied by his train of bacchantæ, satyrs, &c., as it appeared very materially to console the distresses of the daughter of Minos, equally allayed my apprehensions for her fate. The dances, attitudes, and groupings of the nymphs, transplanted my imagination to a land of fairies: I revelled in the delicious enjoyment, but my self-possession remained unaffected, and at the close of the representation my spirits, although elated and buoyant, were in due keeping.

CHAP. XXXII.

Prognostics.

On our return home we met Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, who, having just heard of the accident at the opera, came in all haste to inquire after the health of "his young friend." He was invited to join us at supper, which he declined with Hebrew humility, having supped already;

but, "if not intruding, he would do himself the honour to sit half an hour with us."

My adventure naturally engrossed much of the conversation. Mr. Bauer, who had observed the accident in the house, declared that it had nearly put him and the orchestra out of countenance. No sooner did Mr. Benzheimer learn from Mrs. B. that the occurrence, in her opinion, was obviously owing to the effect which the music had had on my nerves, than he shook his head significantly.

"Excuse my freedom," he said, "if I venture to express my humble sentiments before my betters in these matters. I had already formed some ideas about Mr. Franck's future prospects in the musical line, and this little accident has completely confirmed my opinion, that music is the last thing in which he is likely to make a fortune: it's quite clear now that he has no taste for it: what would you say, gentlemen, of a student in medicine that fainted away at a natomy, or a pupil in painting that felt sick at the smell of linseed and varnish? I look upon this accident as a hint from Providence. Take my word for it, Mr. Bauer, our young friend will never make a musician — nature has intended him for something better than——"

Poor Mr. Benzheimer was not permitted to finish his prognostic. Mr. Bauer, the gentle, the

good-tempered Mr. Bauer, on hearing the apparent slight with which the art, his idol, was mentioned, nearly choaked himself in the abrupt deglutition of a goodly mouthful of half-masticated venison pasty.

"Better than what, Mr. Benzheimer?" exclaimed my irritated Mentor: "no doubt your worldly sagacity would have the lad be a chapman in beads, ear-rings, watches, and chains, and laces, cambrics, and broad-cloths! If *you*, Mr. Benzheimer, have no regard or feeling for an art as much above your sphere of thinking, as the heavenly strains of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi are distant from the drone of a Jew's harp—I may at least request you will not pollute the mind of my young friend with your grovelling notions."

"Dear me! I ask a thousand pardons — I meant no offence—I am heartily sorry———"

"So you ought to be, Mr. Benzheimer; your simplicity shall be your excuse. You are sorry for what you have said — that's enough, as far as you and I are concerned. But as for Ferdinand, let me observe, that I *too* look upon the occurrence as a hint from Providence, clearly and imperatively pointing to his future calling. I, although fully engaged in the important task of conducting the orchestra—I remarked the change in Ferdinand's looks; I saw him struggle in stifling the sweet emotions which that divine

duet produced on his frame; I saw the tears trickle down his rosy cheeks. Those tears, Mr. Benzheimer, were gems more precious than all the pearls and brilliants in your shop."

"Bless us! bless us!!"

"They flowed from a noble source—a tender, a feeling heart—a soul that covibrates with harmony, because it is harmony itself. Happy the parent whose son's eye is moistened by music! let him hail those tears as the heralds of all that is noble and generous in human nature—of a portion of the divine essence that pervades beings of a superior order. *You* are my boy, Ferdinand; I am sure you are a good lad, and I am as certain you will be a good musician."

Without fatiguing the reader with a further detail of this discussion upon music, and its high rank in the scale of human attainments, it may be sufficient to add, that the enthusiasm and eloquence of Mr. Bauer silenced my modest Hebrew friend, yet obviously without convincing his mind; especially on the articles of pearls, and brilliants, and worldly fortune, which latter Mr. Bauer held as nothing compared with fame: while the man of sales and per-centages looked with Falstaff-like indifference upon any excellence unsusceptible of a positive valuation in florins, kreutzers, and pfennings.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Monsieur Dupré.

In the course of a few days, Mr. Bauer completed the plan and arrangements for my musical studies. In the theory of the science, the piano-forte, and singing, I received instruction from himself; and such were his skill, taste, and friendly zeal, and my assiduity and love for the art, that he beheld with delight, as he expressed himself, the growth of the promising tree he had planted and trained with unremitting care. On the violin, which I played tolerably already, I enjoyed the tuition of an excellent master out of doors. For the classics, mythology, and belles lettres in general, a candidate of divinity was selected, who attended me at home on very moderate terms; and a friend of Mr. Bauer's, an artist, allowed me to attend gratis a drawing-school which he had established.

Dancing I acquired on terms of mutual accommodation; Mr. Bauer having, as already stated, made an arrangement with Monsieur Dupré, the ballet-master, which enabled me to partake of his instructions to the *élèves de ballet*, on condition of my relieving him, as occasion might require, with my violin or the piano-forte.

The pupils consisted of half a dozen or more

girls, and two or three lads, the children of persons in confined circumstances, or professional scions of the theatre. The severe drilling which these aspirants received, under the hands of their French tyrant of hops and steps, formed a striking contrast with the smiles and graces which they exhibited on the theatrical boards. Their youthful and interesting countenances, and their elegant forms, were incapable of disarming the rigour of the iron-hearted Monsieur Dupré. In this choragic *réunion*, I certainly soon became a very accomplished dancer; but as for every thing else that I here learned, the debtor unquestionably overbalanced the creditor side of the account.

In this branch of the *beaux arts*, I was a perfect Goth when I first presented myself at Monsieur Dupré's academy; since the dance at Baron Wolditz's, and the *gap* then and there occurring, I had not once had a heart to venture on further saltatorian efforts. For the first two or three lessons, therefore, I remained a passive fiddler, as far as related to bodily exertion; but my looks and thoughts were most intensely of the active kind, when I heard the poor nymphs addressed in terms like these:

"*Allons donc, Mademoiselle Eugénie! haussez la jambe*: raise — a — de laig, Mees. More, more, I say. — *Souriez donc, Mademoiselle Fanny;* smaile *avec grace* when you make dat

attitude.—*Tenez ferme, nom d'un D——: quel à-plomb! — Encore une fois! et si vous ne faites pas mieux*—if you make — a — not bettair, I shall give you one box on de ear, *savez vous.*"

At another time, Monsieur Dupré would bewail his lot, which cast him among German barbarians. *Oh, comme ils sont bêtes,* ces Allemands! oh, de *stupide nation! qu'on me donne des cochons de France, je les ferai danser mieux.* I will make de French pigs dance bettair, *je vous en réponds — point de goût, point de grâce! Ah, juste Ciel, quel sort!*

"Knees out, Mademoiselle Victorine: if you again make dat figure of *ten* wid your knees, de stocks shall change it into a *two.*" (This was no vain threat.)

It was the second or third time of my attendance, that the terrible Monsieur Dupré vouchsafed to direct his first attention to my own improvement. He would probably have delayed it longer, had not some of the nymphs challenged my co-operation in their saltatorian gambols.

"*Eh bin!*" said he, "*allons voir son savoir faire* — show to the ladies, Mister Franck, what progress you have made in de art. You walz, *sans doute?*"—"A little."—"You dance de minuet, *l'âme de la danse?*"—"So, so."—"*Eh bin!* a little of dat, so so of de oder: ver' well, *nous allons voir tout-à-l'heure.* We shall try a

minuet, and I shall give — a — you de best partnair in de academie — *ce n'est pas dire grand chose malheureusement.* Mademoiselle Victorine, come and *danse* a minuet wid Monsieur Franck, *et tachez de faire de votre mieux, sans cela . . . . . vous me comprenez.*"

The sylph-like Victorine approached with fearful diffidence. Monsieur Dupré took the fiddle; but — *horribile dictu* — the first grave obeisance I had to make turned out such a Feldberg bow, accompanied by such a genteel retrospective scrape of the left foot, that the whole corps *d'élèves de ballet*, with the exception of Victorine, set up a most unseemly and discouraging horse-laugh. I was done for, and begged to be excused proceeding. — "*Bah, bah, mon cher!*" replied most affectionately Monsieur Dupré; "*allez votre train — qui ne fait jamais mal ne fera jamais bien.*"

It was all in vain — my dancing propensities were at once neutralized — I was even unfit to take the fiddle again. The time of lesson fortunately being nearly over, the *réunion* was dismissed, except myself. Monsieur Dupré kindly represented the necessity of some preliminary private lessons, but regretted that his time was so occupied, that it would be next to impossible for him to accomplish this object. At last, recollecting himself, he observed, that as I wrote a beautiful hand, if I could copy for him, *au net*,

a collection of dances which he intended to publish, he might possibly find time to give me half an hour in the early part of the morning. In this manner I obtained his exclusive tuition for two or three weeks almost daily, which, assisted by my own exertions, an innate pride, and the encouragement from the lovely Victorine, soon rendered me competent to join triumphantly in the evolutions of those to whom I had but recently been an object of merriment.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Who could have thought it ?

Thus I became one of the best dancers in the capital, without being conscious of my excellence; for as yet, and for some time to come, no opportunity was afforded me of displaying it publicly.

This talent, as Mr. Bauer had well calculated, proved of infinite service in my musical studies; I obtained insensibly correct notions of time, rhythm, symmetry, precision, expression; and I fully experienced the truth of Mr. Bauer's remarks, that taste and elegance acquired in one branch of the domain of the arts shed their genial influence over every other.

My improvement in music, and in the other branches of tuition, was visible and rapid. The

dancing, however, at Monsieur Dupré's, was suddenly put a stop to; Mrs. Bauer very prudently observing, that as I had learnt there as much as I could ever want, and *more* probably than was necessary, my further attendance among a parcel of giddy girls was quite improper. Where she got the information I could not guess; but, open and sincere as she was in all her actions, she told Mr. Bauer, in my presence, that she knew I already entertained a very marked partiality for Victorine. "Am I right or not, Ferdinand?" —I blushed.—"There! did I not tell you, Edward, that this would be the consequence?"

Mr. Bauer.—"Who could have thought it?"

Mrs. Bauer (smiling).—"Thought it! Why, every body but yourself: the lad is not made of stone or marble: you have cast him in the midst of temptation, and now you are thunderstruck with astonishment: but Ferdinand has sense enough, I know, to give up all further thoughts of such an acquaintance. There is abundance of time, my dear Ferdinand, to form attachments; and when you do form one, it will not, I hope, be on a box-keeper's daughter that you will throw yourself away. Your heart, your talents, and—I will say it—your person, are worthy of much higher views. So let this have been a youthful frolic, and think no more of it."

I endeavoured to follow the well-meant coun-

sel, but it was up-hill work; our meetings were less frequent, but not discontinued.

CHAP. XXXV.

Five of Diamonds.

On returning one evening from the drawing lesson, Bärbel, who had become a great friend of mine, announced the arrival of a letter. "Mistress has got it, and a good weight it is; twenty-four kreutzers for the postage!" I eagerly tore the the cover, and recognised the hand-writing of my patron:—

My dear Ferdinand,

The landlord of the Three Kings at Walbach has been here to buy hay, and in selling him two loads, I accidentally heard of your encounter with the students at his house. Well done, my boy! your taking the Jew's part was honourable and manly in you: you could not know that the rascal, not two years ago, cheated me wofully with the pie-bald mare that now goes in the team. If he dares again set foot on my estate, may my name not be Wolditz, if he don't receive baptism in my horsepond! But no matter; you distinguished yourself nobly in a bad cause; you pommelled the book-worms lustily, I hear; and this display of your courage has given you new claims on my friendship. As a proof of my satisfaction, I send herewith one of my best swords, to serve you in case of need, as it served me in cutting my way through the enemy on the unfortunate day at Colin, where it received the notch it still retains. The enclosed trifle is for your pocket, to drink my health with. I have no doubt you are making great progress in music, and hope ere long to witness your improvement.

Baron Fritz sends his love. The rascal is as wild as ever, plays sad pranks, and quarrels with every body; but he will soon have need for his mettle. In a few days I shall lose the dear boy, perhaps for ever. I have at last got him a cornetcy in the Red Hussars, now in winter-quarters on the Maine; and next Saturday he sets out to join the depôt at K——. He takes my Rosbach sabre; so, please God, the French may, before long, feel its tickle from the nephew, somewhat in the uncle's style.

I would say more, but my heart is heavy at the idea of losing the rebel. I wish you could supply his place for a while; but it must not be: so God's will be done. Old Wolditz will have courage enough to fight a host of blue devils single-handed.

Your uncle and aunt are both well, and desire their love to you.

Yours affectionately,

WOLDITZ.

P. S. Spitz, that faithful beast, died suddenly last Friday. The cold is making sad havoc among my kennel.

The enclosure was simply a *Five of Diamonds*, with a cross-cut in every pip large enough to hold between the slits a gold louis-d'or. Five louis-d'ors!! The thing looked vastly ornamental, pleasing, and consoling. I at once felt a Crœsus in riches, but was lost in a sea of conflicting doubts as to the most fit appropriation of at least part of this treasure.

Mrs. Bauer in a moment put an end to all uncertainty. "Ferdinand," said she, "this will just do to metamorphose a Feldberg nondescript into the smartest and best-looking *beau* of the whole capital. You are miserably off for

clothes—the very dogs in the street are annoyed at your appearance. Leave the thing to me, and in two days you shall not know your own self again — a very Narcissus, an Adonis, an Antinous, an Apollo, aye, and better than all of them together, a good face, a good heart, and good sense. Come along this instant."

There was no resisting—indeed, no inclination to resist. In less than ten minutes' time we stood at the counter of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, and saw him wield, with infinite glee, yard and scissars over his very best piece of superfine blue Verviers. "Ten per cent discount for ready money, ten per cent more for my young friend, and five per cent by way of compliment to this dear and good lady! I lose by it — no matter! I should be sorry to get a kreutzer by the hero of Walbach; but mum's the word; if you mention your bargain to a soul, I'm ruined."

CHAP. XXXVI.

Out of Tune.

Under the zealous and tasteful management of Mrs. Bauer, this total regeneration was the work of two days. Mr. Bauer himself was delighted with the transformation; and to afford me, as he said, an opportunity of exhibiting my

person forthwith, sent me out a-tuning. "There is the hump-backed assessor Metzler's harpsichord, an excellent instrument, for it wants tuning every month: Parson Hammer's will also want it by this time: and here is a note from Baron Dohm, who is just come to town with his niece for the season; her grand piano must be tuned immediately — do your best, for she is one of my pupils, and a charming musician."

Vanity of my trappings, no doubt, and a curiosity to see, perhaps, this charming musician, his niece, induced me to give aristocratic preference to the baron's commands. I strutted consequentially through the most frequented streets; when, lo! on turning a corner, whom should I pop on but little Victorine? She stood, she spoke, she sighed; she thought I must be offended at something. The wound, nearly cicatrized, reopened at once a wide portal to a host of exiled infant Cupids, who took repossession, without chance of ejectment. New promises and protestations — every thing on the old footing — appointment for to-morrow — pressure of hands — affectionate separation — all the good Mrs. Bauer's work torn up by the root!

My further course to the grand piano was not quite so sprightly and confident as its beginning had been. I reached the house in thought,

with any thing but a tuneful ear; the baron out on his morning ride — his niece engaged with a friend — I might begin until she could speak to me. Sad work I made of it — not a pure unison — not a decent fifth — the stubborn wires vibrated in jarring beats. At last I heard the approach of female steps — the door opened.

Heavens! it was Amelia Waldheim! Crash flew the wire, and my nerves were ready to follow the example.

Here I beg to be allowed to take leave of my readers for the present. As the limits to which it is necessary to confine this second portion of my biographical Sketches, do not admit of its reaching the point which ought to serve for the final termination of my labour, I am induced to conclude at the period of the unexpected meeting with Miss Waldheim — an occurrence which led to decisive consequences in my subsequent destinies, and with which I hope, at a future period, to be able to resume the thread of my narrative. Should the tale, as far as it extends, have created sufficient interest with some of my readers to cause a regret at its incomplete state, I once more beg to observe, that it is rather the varied views of men and manners which presented themselves in the course of my career, that induced me to take up the pen,

than the vanity of writing my own memoirs. The former *may*, *perhaps*, excite occasional interest, and if so, afford more or less entertainment at any stage of my progress; while the latter, without the observations to which they gave rise, would scarcely be worth the reader's attention; and were it otherwise, must certainly remain incomplete.

TO

THE ROSE.

From the Spanish of Don Francisco de Rioja.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

1.

WARM rival of the flame that dyes
  The heavens, where morning takes its birth,
Pure, glowing Rose! how canst thou rise
  So fresh with joy, so full of mirth —
Whilst conscious that thy gifted charms
  Pass swift as summer's transient gale,
That neither can thy prickly arms,
  Nor purple beauty aught avail,
An hour — an instant to delay
The killing stroke of quick decay?

2.

The full-blown heart, the smiling cheek,
  That looks so happy, breathes so sweet,
I fear, already, whilst I speak,
  Will wither in the ardent heat.
For all the perfumed leaves that glad
  Thy heart, LOVE paid a purple pinion
From his rich wings; how sweet, yet sad
  An image of his dear dominion!
The passions blossom, charm, and bow
To death, almost as soon as thou.

3.

He bathed thee in his own rich hue,
The blood divine of BEAUTY, she
Who, naked, pure, and rosy, drew
Her being from the frothy sea;
But this, oh this, voluptuous flower!
Can ne'er abate the searching ray;
That flame licentious, in an hour,
Thy bloom of beauty steals away,
Rifling thy bosom to its core,
Which, once expanded, shuts no more!

4.

Fast pale thy burning wings, fast curl
Thy leaves,—the blithe bee, murmuring round,
Strikes them, and, one by one, they whirl,
Decayed and scentless, to the ground.
So closely joined thy life appears
With thy decay, that scarce I know
If sad Aurora, in the tears
She weeps for thee, would wish to show
Grief for thy birth or for thy death,
Sweet creature of celestial breath!

THE SHAWL.

As a diligence, containing several passengers, was lately approaching the French frontier, the search of the *douaniers* became the topic of conversation. A talkative female, conceiving that she might rely on the silence of her fellow-travellers, admitted that she had a new cachemir shawl wrapped round her underneath her clothes, and that she hoped by this stratagem to escape the scrutiny of the officers. The other passengers praised her ingenuity, and chuckled at the idea of the trick about to be played upon the *douaniers;* but one of them alone took no share in the conversation, and when the diligence stopped at the custom-house, he alighted and went in, instead of waiting for the summons of the officers. The latter immediately came forward and commenced the search with the lady, whom they desired to go into the house, for the purpose of being examined by persons of her own sex. In vain she insisted that it was obvious she could not have any contraband goods about her; she was obliged to comply;

and the shawl was soon discovered and confiscated. The trunks of the travellers were then inspected successively; but when the officers came to that of the silent passenger, they made a polite bow, and left it untouched. The travellers then resumed their places. The lady was extremely peevish, and manifested her displeasure with her silent companion, who continued mute as before. At length, when they had proceeded two stages beyond the custom-house, he began to speak: "Madam," said he, courteously, "you suspect that it was I who informed of you at the custom-house, and consequently occasioned the loss of your shawl; you are perfectly right." The passengers were about to assail him. "Softly! softly!" cried he, motioning with his hand; "hear me out first. I had myself ten shawls which I wished to smuggle into France, and I could devise no better method of accomplishing this purpose than laying an information against you." His fellow-travellers could not suppress their indignation. "Gently, gently!" repeated he, with the utmost *sang froid*, "let me only finish. As then, madam, I have been the cause of your loss, I am determined to make you compensation for it, and request you to select for yourself the best shawl out of my ten." It is scarcely necessary to describe the instant change which

took place in the sentiments of his companions. The whole party continued their journey in the greatest good-humour, and the silent gentleman contributed his full share to their entertainment.

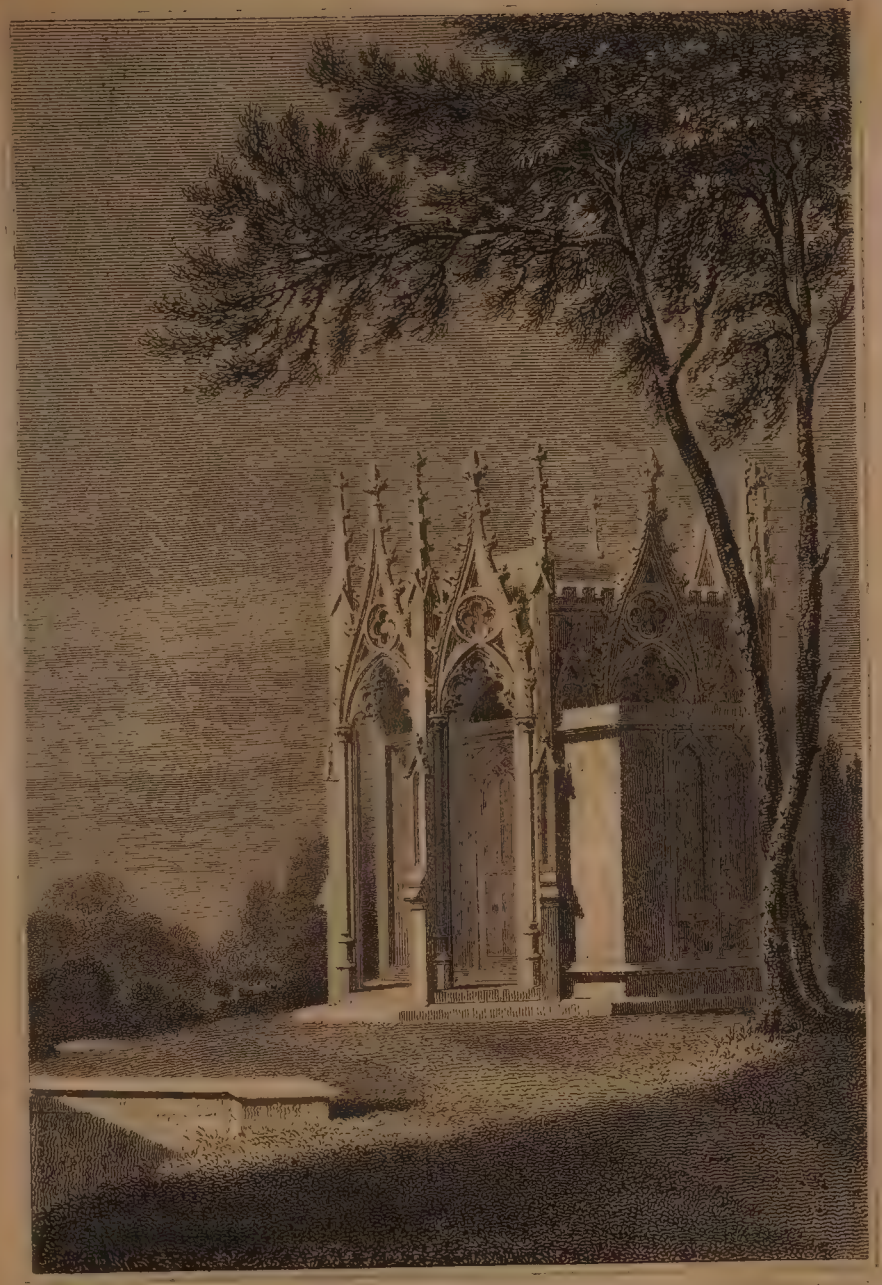
THE

GOTHIC TEMPLE

AT CLAREMONT.

This little building, usually called the Mausoleum of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, has acquired considerable reputation as a work of art; and particularly as it proves the fact, that our workmen are as capable now of executing the elaborate detail of Gothic tracery and ornament as their predecessors were at any former period. It is, however, incomparably more interesting from the circumstances that attended its origin the object for which it was erected—and, above all, on account of the mournful purpose to which it has been dedicated.

The ornamental plantations of Claremont are luxuriant and admirably diversified by bold undulations of surface. Upon one of the most elevated sites, called the amphitheatre from the fine view which it commands, formerly stood an ancient garden-seat, on which the Princess Charlotte contemplated the surrounding scenery,



on her first visit to her adopted residence. The Evergreen Mount, as she then called it, soon became a favourite and favoured spot — she visited it often, and was daily more and more enamoured of its charms. Her Royal Highness, therefore, resolved to erect on this spot a small building that should supply an agreeable retreat at all seasons, during her retirement with the prince her husband from the busy scenes of public life.

The resolution was made with the ardour of youth, gaily anticipating the delights of social intercourse, of friendly confidence and affectionate seclusion, to be enjoyed there, and perhaps already picturing the "mother's holidays," when the anxious promise should be realized, and she should there watch the daily development of her infant's mind, and instruct its genius to fulfil the important objects of its destiny.

The building was immediately begun, and in the Gothic style — this being admirably suited to the surrounding accompaniments; and as the Princess observed, "because it was the architecture of her country."* The plan of the building is an irregular octagon with wing-recesses on its two longest sides, so that it forms an octagonal centre, the pinnacles of which

* Custom has given a foreign name to this architecture— but it is truly our national property and a British art.

produce externally the resemblance of a coronet — the interior was proceeding towards its finishings, which were to be gaily elegant — the painted glass windows opening to the ground — the ceiling decorated with gilded coronets and armorial bearings, supported by youthful warriors — and the whole furnished with corresponding cheerfulness and splendour, all co-operating to perfect its pleasurable character.

But just when the work was on the eve of completion, the awful moment arrived, in which, with breathless anxiety, the whole nation listened in expectant delight — when, in an instant, the dearly cherished hope was destroyed by that astounding intelligence, that heart-sickening disappointment, which filled the empire with one sorrow — the genuineness and intensity of which had no parallel but in the universal admiration of those excellencies, now — if possible — the more valued by their loss.

November had, at this moment, paralyzed the scenery of Claremont — the leaves had fallen abundantly from the trees, and the ground was gloomy with them — the place lately so cheerful and inviting, and every object by which it was adorned, seemed at once to participate in the dreadful stroke — it was as if death had at one blow laid prostrate all its charms; mocking from thence the public hope, and rioting in desolation.

The progress of the works at " her house upon the hill," as the late Princess always called it, was resumed in the following year — it was designed to be a house of joy, but proved to be a house of mourning — and the very marks which distinguish the original intention of the building, by their contrast with its now closed and enshrouded aspect, deepen the interest with which it is viewed, and augment the affliction of the beholder; for it is not possible to contemplate the spot without its awakening the bitterest recollections of the heart, and few visitors of sentiment leave it but in tears.

With the deepest feelings His Royal Highness, Prince Leopold, commanded that the character should now be changed, and the building be exclusively devoted to the memory of the Princess. The casements are, therefore, walled up, and light is admitted above them merely — but through painted glass, in which the British and Saxon arms, and the initials of the Prince and Princess, are united amidst the national emblems of the country.

The tracery of the interior is beautifully elegant, and was greatly admired by Her Royal Highness; and nothing is there altered but the ornaments by which it is embellished: the armorial bearings are now supported by angels, and the temporal coronets are changed for celestial crowns. Immediately in front of the door

and beneath the canopy, which is formed by a portion of the octagon, a Gothic altar is erected, on which is placed an exquisite bust of the Princess in statuary marble.

The print of the interior of the building, which accompanies the pathetic poetical lines at page 36 of this volume, exhibits its appearance as viewed from the door-way — the external view is taken near the Temple, as it is approached by a path from the mansion.

PERNICIOUS EFFECTS

OF

FORTUNE-TELLING.

The late Dr. Adam Nietzky, who, towards the conclusion of the last century, was professor at the University of Halle, had the vanity to wish to be thought not only an able physician and naturalist, but also an infallible fortune-teller. He, therefore, seized every opportunity of displaying his faculty, and foretelling future events; and also studiously propagated among his acquaintance the reputation of that power. Every prediction that was fulfilled, the admiration of his friends, and his own mysterious behaviour, caused it to be whispered that Nietzky certainly possessed the key to futurity.

By these means, but more especially by his high character as a physician, and by his universal reputation for piety and integrity, he not only acquired the confidence of many venerable matrons, but became the oracle of his pupils to as great a degree as it is possible for any academical teacher to be. Hence, at the

conclusion of his lectures, his regular auditors seldom failed to assemble in groups before his house to discuss the dark enigmas which he had pronounced, and on which they made comments still darker and more absurd.

The impression produced by these effusions of his prophetic talent, however, was not equally strong on all his disciples. Some laughed at and ridiculed his silly vanity; others, from a spirit of orthodoxy, doomed him, as a necromancer, to the flames; while the majority were disposed and resolved to follow implicitly the supernatural light of their instructor.

Among the former was a student, whom we shall designate by his initial T., a native of Hanover, who was accidentally brought into company with some of the enthusiastic party. At first he launched forth sarcastic observations against his weak opponents, or pitied them on account of the derangement of their intellects; but though he could neither comprehend nor confute their senseless assertions, still the contagion of fanaticism began gradually to operate on his mind also. He was now frequently absorbed in serious meditation. The infatuation of his acquaintance appeared to him most insensate and ridiculous; but still there seemed to be some truth in the thing itself. At length he even contrived to compose from all these absurdities a serious whole.

There is, even in persons of sound understanding, a curiosity which is generated by a propensity to satire, and kept up by a love of the marvellous, and which is ultimately identified with the interest of truth itself. Impelled by this curiosity, and with a view either to discover and ascertain the truth of chiromancy, or to expose its uncertainty and absurdity, young T. resolved to have his own fortune predicted by Nietzky. Accordingly, he once followed him from the lecture-room to his study, and acquainted him with his wish. Nietzky was accustomed to inquire minutely into the character and circumstances of each of his auditors, and a retentive memory treasured up these particulars, to be employed as occasion might serve. On the other hand, our inquisitive student had attended the lectures of several other professors as well as Nietzky's, but he had never had a private interview with any of them. The novelty of this *tête-a-tête*, the solemn look of the professor, and still more, the feeling that he was so near the accomplishment of his object, threw him into a sort of partly painful, partly pleasing anxiety, from which he could not immediately recover himself.

Nietzky had already asked and obtained correct answers to several obscure questions, and thus drawn from the youth many a circumstance

connected with his family before his confusion subsided, and he regained his self-possession.

The professor at length took his hand; and, after the first glance at it, he thus addressed him:—"Young man, you will, in a twelvemonth, be recalled by your father from the university; six weeks afterwards you will lose your aunt; you will have the expectancy of an office, but an unforeseen circumstance will frustrate your hopes. Now, prepare to hear the worst—you will survive the disappointment only six months."

The prophet ceased; a servant summoned him away, and the thunder-struck student was dismissed for the present.

Our hero, as it may easily be conceived, was not a little confounded at what he had heard. At first, he could not help thinking of it for hours and days together, nay, it occupied his mind in many a sleepless night. But he was of a rather volatile disposition. Professor Nietzky's lectures were finished; he had himself attained the object of his wishes; his longing was satisfied; other occupations and amusements had by degrees weakened, or entirely erased, the impression made by the prediction; and it was not long before he felt convinced of his own folly, and of the fallacy of fortune-telling. He, therefore, amused every circle of his acquaintance and every party of his fellow-

students with the prediction levelled against him by Nietzky, and thought to make amends for his weakness by giving full scope to his satirical humour. In short, he regarded the affair with perfect indifference; and if he still sometimes called it to mind, it was only for the purpose of bestowing a smile of compassion on it and Nietzky.

He had now been three years at the university, when he received orders from his father to leave Halle. His aunt, who was not young, had lingered sixteen years in a consumption. It was evident, from the rapid decline of her strength, that her dissolution was fast approaching; and scarcely could joy for the return of her beloved nephew prolong her life for a few days. She died shortly after T.'s return home. When he strove to get rid of the thoughts and conclusions which naturally resulted from these events, the efforts which he made only served to increase his anxiety.

Nietzky's prediction began to be fulfilled, and the mind of the young man became more and more convinced of its probability, though he always deduced these occurrences from natural causes. The inactive life which he led at home began to be irksome to him. Several of his townsmen and fellow-students successively obtained appointments; and the ambition natural to his age stirred more and more powerfully

within his bosom. He applied first for one, and then for another vacant place; but his plans, being formed without due regard to the natural course of things, invariably proved abortive.

At length the post of town-clerk of his native city became vacant. He was not in want of patrons. His father was one of the oldest senators, and many of the other members of the magistracy were related to him by blood: these exerted all their influence to secure the office for him. He was actually elected, and nothing more was requisite but his confirmation by the court. One of the ministers, however, to whose department this district belonged, and who had, of course, paramount influence in the town, proposed his secretary for the office, and the magistrates durst not oppose this nomination.

Thus was T. once more disappointed. So far, therefore, almost all that Nietzky had predicted was most precisely fulfilled; and hence he inferred the danger that threatened his very life. He was, therefore, in continual apprehension of a near and inevitable death.

His understanding had abundance of arguments to oppose to this silly anxiety; but they were only individual and distinct representations, which had to combat obscure feelings and ideas. Every victory gained by the former was at the same time a triumph for the latter; because they became more and more deeply impressed

upon his soul, and more familiar to his imagination. The once cheerful countenance of the pitiable young man became by degrees overspread with gloom. The colour forsook his cheeks; and his perturbation and unhappiness were manifest, in spite of the air of unconcern which he strove to assume. The thought of death, which haunted him incessantly, daily aggravated his melancholy and misery; and his free opinions in regard to religion were transformed into the excess of piety and devotion.

The nearer he approached to the last period of his life, the greater became his uneasiness. His ever busy imagination acted most prejudicially upon his body; every feeling of indigestion, or obstruction of the blood; every change in his pulse, to which he paid incessant attention; every cold arising from checked perspiration, was thereby rendered much worse; and these most pernicious effects of the fancy soon converted what had previously been imaginary into real disease. Just about this time, a sudden change of weather laid up a great number of the inhabitants of T.'s native town with catarrh and rheumatism. He, too, was attacked by this complaint — a circumstance not at all surprising: nor will the reader, on considering all the facts that have been related, be at all astonished to learn that out of hundreds of patients, he was the only one who, in

spite of all the care and attention of experienced physicians, was carried off by this slight complaint.

It may not be amiss to subjoin to this melancholy story one of a different character, in honour of the professors of astrology.

Louis XI. of France, conformably with the spirit of his age, kept several astrologers at his court. It was probably in his excessive fear of death that this part of his establishment originated. This fear went so far, that no person durst pronounce the word *death* in his presence. If, nevertheless, any thing occurred to remind him of it, he would bury himself, out of anxiety and alarm, over head and ears in the bedclothes.

One day, intending to take the diversion of the chase, he asked an astrologer if the weather would continue fine? The astrologer confidently assured him that the day would be fair and serene. The king had not proceeded far towards the forest, when he met a charcoal-burner, driving his ass laden with coal before him. This man was bold enough to tell the king that he would do well to turn back, because in a few hours there would be a storm, accompanied with torrents of rain. The event justified his prediction.

Next day Louis sent for his humble monitor, and inquired where he had learned astrology,

and how he was able to foretel the weather with such accuracy. "Sire," replied the man, "I never went to school in my life, and can neither write nor read; but I keep in my service an excellent astrologer, who never deceives me."

"Who is he? what is his name?" asked the monarch, in astonishment.

"Please your majesty," answered the peasant, "it is my ass. Whenever a storm is at hand, he droops his ears forward and hangs down his head, goes more slowly than usual, and rubs himself against the walls. He did so yesterday, and from these signs I was enabled to warn your majesty of the approaching storm."

This adventure tended somewhat to enlighten the understanding of the king in regard to astrologers. He saw that even an ass knew more than they, and began to be ashamed of them. He bestowed a royal largess on the ass-driver for his unsolicited prediction, and dismissed from his service those whose duty it was to forewarn him of accidents.

One of these persons only contrived to preserve the good graces of the sovereign. He prophesied that a favourite mistress of the king's would die within a week. She did actually expire within the specified time. From a love of the marvellous, the narrators have not deemed

it worth while to acquaint posterity with any of the circumstances attending her decease. It is possible, that a week before her dissolution she might have been dangerously ill; or even have carried within her, in the form of poison, the seeds of approaching death; or perhaps some accident, or the same course of things which caused the fulfilment of Nietzky's prediction, might in this case have favoured the prophet of misfortune.

That this astrologer at least was not deficient in the sagacity to profit by time and circumstances, is partly evident from the presence of mind with which he contrived to avoid his own impending destiny. The king, deeply chagrined at the loss of his mistress, summoned the same astrologer into his presence, after he had given strict orders to his attendants to seize the poor fellow when he should give a certain sign, and to throw him out of a window on the second floor.

When he appeared, the king thus addressed him: — "As thou pretendest to be so clever, and to foresee the fate of other persons, tell me what thine own will be, and how long thou hast yet to live."

The sly astrologer, well knowing the weak side of the king, replied, without the least embarrassment: "I shall die just three days before your majesty." Louis was too superstitious to

persevere in his design, and to cause him to be actually thrown out of the window. On the contrary, he did all that lay in his power to defer to as late a period as possible a death which was to be so speedily followed by his own.

REGENT STREET.

(View of the Quadrant.)

Among the improvements in progress in the British metropolis, there is none so conspicuous as that of the New Street; and perhaps, for many centuries, there may not occur in London a union of circumstances necessary to be combined for the execution of so vast a project; and should this even be the case, still, the great advantages of novelty and contrasting character with former practices, which are eminently possessed by Regent Street and the streets connected with it, will probably be absent.

In England, as elsewhere, the taste of the reigning sovereign, and his disposition to encourage the arts of his country, are requisite for creating in the public a feeling and impulse adequate to great architectural undertakings; and perhaps the effects of the patronage of princes, or the want of it, is more evident and lasting in architecture than in any other of the sister arts. Towards the improvements embraced by the present subject, the patronage of the monarch coincided with the circumstances of the soil on which the street was to be formed.

It was chiefly the property of the Crown, which possessed over it an immediate control — the old leases having expired, or nearly passed away. But in a metropolis, the inhabitants of which are so devoted to trade and the calculations needful to its transactions, the contingency of great prosperity is requisite to give force to this spirit of trade before a sufficient number of individuals can be found to join in so great a speculation, as the building of palaces for shops, and enriching them with wares of corresponding splendour.

All these circumstances have happily combined for the accomplishment of the New Street; but it required the union of other advantages for producing some of those distinctive differences from other streets, which are obvious upon the first view of the buildings themselves: much of this depended upon the architect, who arranged the whole.* It has evidently been one of his objects to avoid the common appearances of street-building, which consists of mere perforated walls — where one house is rarely distinguished from another but by the water-pipe line of partition. On the contrary, he has cultivated varieties of style, abrupt separations and varied altitudes of masses, bold contrasts of light and shadow, and all those properties

* John Nash, Esq.

of design, best understood by the term "the picturesque of architecture."

The expensiveness of stone for building in London, and the preference given to stone-like buildings over those of brick, added to other considerations of a more technical character—increased the reputation which stucco had acquired, and brought it into general use. This circumstance in itself has created a new feature in street-building; not that it was never so used, but that it was heretofore used so sparingly, and in such detached parts, that it rather gave a piebald appearance to our old streets than assisted in producing a broad and harmonious general effect.

The amazing advancement of our manufactures in cast-iron has also assisted in forming some distinguishing features in these improvements. Columns are now cast as cannons are, and one pattern will produce some thousands of them. Hence they abound in some parts of the street, in which they would not have been introduced, were it not that a great architectural embellishment was thus obtained, and at a comparatively moderate expense.

The Quadrant, as it is called, which forms a portion of the view in the accompanying plate, is entirely a new feature in the metropolis, and has afforded the opportunity of employing columns in the formation of circular colonnades

intended to protect the foot-pavements from wet at all seasons, and to produce an architectural whole that should at once be novel and capable of producing a great variety of light and shade. The varied effects consequent on this arrangement are not generally noticed; but the artist, or those persons who can enjoy the continual and rapid changes which occur on a sunny day amidst this "intricacy of stems," will not view them without pleasure.

The County Fire-office, represented on the left of the engraving, is after the model of the Strand front of old Somerset House, as erected by Inigo Jones: there are variations in it from that example, but not sufficient to interest any but connoisseurs or professional observers.

The New Street — for by that general term the whole line from Charing Cross to the Regent's Park may be designated — has greatly interested foreigners; and we can best judge of the effect produced upon their minds, after taking into consideration the circumstances of other countries and our own, and then deliberately passing through London from the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, by Parliament Street, Charing Cross, Pall Mall, Regent Street, and Portland Place, and finishing our excursion with the villas on the western side of the Regent's Park.

J. B. Papworth.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE;

A FABLE.

BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

An old Mouse, who studied philosophy in an empty granary, and during a severe famine had meditated a great deal on the nature of the gods, concluded at length to acknowledge the Sun as the supreme being, because it dispenses light and heat, draws forth the blossom, and brings the fruit to maturity, enlivens the healthy, and refreshes the sick.

The Sun heard the prayer of the Mouse, and mildly replied: "Poor little animal, I am but a creature like thyself. A fog, a cloud, spreading themselves before me, have the power to obscure my light and to deprive the earth of my heat."

The Sun is right, thought the Mouse. I suffered myself to be dazzled by his splendour. It is the Cloud that by right deserves my adoration.

"I?" said the Cloud: "thou art egregiously mistaken. I am but a being composed of vapours that ascend from your earth into the

atmosphere. The Wind plays with me, gives me this or that form at pleasure, and the Tempest completely disperses me."

"In this case," cried the Mouse, "I must acknowledge the Tempest as the mightiest of beings, because it governs the clouds which obscure the Sun."

"Me?" roared the Tempest; "it is true that I hold sovereign sway over fogs and clouds, but in vain do I assail this Wall, which bids defiance to my power."

The Mouse was astounded at this information. "What!" thought he, "is this Wall, that is so near me — this Wall that protects my habitation — so strong and so mighty? Well, then, it shall be in future the object of my adoration."

"Ah!" sighed the Wall, "knowest thou not that thou and thy kindred have for upwards of a century been undermining my foundation? Seest thou not that I cannot stand much longer?"

Scarcely had it uttered these words, when it fell with a tremendous crash. Filled with astonishment, the Mouse crept about among the ruins; and, as he was too short-sighted to discover the connexion of all created beings, he was frequently tempted to adore either himself or nothing at all.

THE TRIUMPH

OF

MAGNANIMITY.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, there lived at Geneva a respectable citizen, named Nathan, who possessed great wealth, and whose chief delight consisted in doing good to his fellow-creatures. Instead of waiting till those whose distresses were known to him should be reduced to the last extremity, he anticipated their necessities; and in all his benefactions, he manifested a delicacy which spared the unfortunate the shame of receiving favours from others.

After the death of his wife and his only son, he conceived the generous idea of extending his beneficence to needy travellers; and for this purpose, he erected on the roads leading to France and Italy several spacious and handsome houses, where all the requisite accommodations for travellers were to be found. Other strangers were also most courteously received by him,

and he always took pleasure in attending personally on his guests. This philanthropic career he had pursued upwards of forty years, during which his reputation had extended over all Europe, and his name was pronounced with reverence in distant regions.

At this time there was at Naples a certain Marchese, who, after leading a very retired life in his palace, was incited by the fame of Nathan's disinterested hospitality to follow his example. With this view, he sent trusty persons to Geneva to collect information relative to his plans and arrangements for the benefit of the necessitous and of strangers, and took them for his model in all his proceedings: but, in spite of his utmost efforts, he had the mortification to learn that he was far surpassed by the benevolent Genevese. Alas! but one step from the path of virtue is liable to plunge us into the abyss of vice! Thus, too, it was in the present instance.

The emulation of the Marchese soon degenerated into secret jealousy. All his thoughts were now directed to the means by which he might acquire greater fame and honour than the citizen of Geneva, whom he regarded as a rival. He had recourse, therefore, to every possible expedient, in order to accomplish this object; but in vain. Accounts were continually brought him of something new and extraordinary per-

formed by Nathan, and he was incessantly encountering fresh obstacles to the execution of his purpose. He became a prey to chagrin and mortification; and as he some time afterwards sustained a considerable diminution of his property, he found himself at length utterly incapable of equalling Nathan, and much less of eclipsing him.

The same Marchese, who had hitherto led an irreproachable life, was now inspired by envy with the most diabolical design that even one brought up in vice and familiar with guilt could possibly devise. Nathan's preponderating virtues caused him to hate their possessor as his mortal enemy, and he conceived the horrible idea of taking away his life. Not daring, however, to confide this plan to any person, he quitted Naples with some attendants for the purpose of dispatching the man, who alone could give him any uneasiness.

After a journey of fourteen days, the Marchese arrived within ten miles of Geneva. He was, without knowing it, on the estates of Nathan; and it so happened that the latter, a venerable old man of seventy, very plainly dressed, was walking to and fro not far from one of his houses. Perceiving the approach of travellers on horseback, he went to meet them. The Marchese rode up to him, and asked if they had far to go to Nathan's house? "You are

close to it," was the reply; "and this whole district belongs to him."—"You know him then, I presume?" rejoined the Marchese.—"Oh yes," replied Nathan, "I have known him a great many years."—The Marchese alighted, and thus proceeded: "As you are so well acquainted with this man, tell me if he is really so virtuous as public rumour represents him, and if his beneficence deserves all the encomiums that are bestowed on it?"—"Men," replied Nathan, "judge only by outward appearances, but God alone knows whether we are really virtuous. For my own part, I, who have known him long and intimately, can assure you that I have perceived faults in him which have escaped the observation of others; and I know from experience, that he does not deserve all the praises which the world lavishes upon him."

At these words the Marchese gave his attendants a sign to retire to a little distance; and as he continued to question Nathan, whom he mistook for a servant, he concluded from his answers that Fortune had thrown this man in his way to facilitate the execution of his atrocious design. He, therefore, requested him to contrive matters so that he might not be seen by Nathan, and to come to him in the evening in the village, where he would remain, at the same time promising that he should have no reason to repent his compliance. Nathan told him that he had

nothing to fear; that he might take up his quarters in one of the nearest houses; and though they belonged to Nathan, he would make such arrangements, that he alone should have the honour of waiting upon him, as his master left to him the duty of receiving all strangers who came to that place.

The Marchese agreed to follow his recommendation; and when his attendants had come up, Nathan held the bridles of their horses, and desired the servant who was with him to conduct the gentlemen into the house; at the same time privately enjoining him on no account to let them know who he was. His orders were punctually obeyed. The Marchese was ushered into a very handsome apartment, where Nathan waited upon him at supper, and afterwards remained alone with him. The traveller then proceeded to explain the object of his visit; he told Nathan who he was, declaring that his master had put a grievous affront upon his family, for which he was determined to call him to account. He presented him with a purse containing a hundred ducats, and begged him to procure him an opportunity of gratifying his revenge, promising to take him back with him to Naples, and to make ample recompense for the important service he should render him.

No sooner was Nathan apprised of the name of the Marchese, than he was aware of the

cause of his animosity against himself. He knew, namely, how the Marchese had endeavoured to imitate him at Naples; he had heard also of the loss which he had sustained; and he was convinced that his design was the result of envy and despair. He took the money, and pointing to a little wood about half a mile distant from the spot where they were, he told the Marchese, that nothing could be more easy than the execution of his design, as his enemy took a walk every morning to the entrance of that wood; he had, therefore, nothing to do but to be there early with his people, and conceal himself in it; he would not fail to come to him and to show him a way, by which, when they had killed Nathan, they might escape without fear of detection. The Marchese could not suppress his joy at this welcome intelligence, and made the necessary preparations.

While the Marchese, disturbed by his horrid purpose, passed the night in the torments of fear and remorse which generally accompany guilt, Nathan humbled himself before God, the wise Ruler of all human concerns, on whose aid he relied with child-like confidence, and whom he besought in fervent prayer to change the heart of his enemy. He might have frustrated the plan of the Marchese by causing him to be apprehended, and even punished, for his premeditated crime; but the generous old man,

whose bosom harboured only sentiments of the purest philanthropy, desired nothing more than the conversion of his foe. He was stirring by day-break, and saw the Marchese riding towards the wood which he had pointed out to him. Confiding in the divine protection, he put on a different dress, and taking with him the hundred ducats which had been given him, and four hundred more, which in those days made a very large sum, he repaired alone to the spot where his intended murderer was waiting for him.

No sooner did the Marchese perceive the good old man, who purposely concealed his face, than he rushed upon him with his drawn sword, exclaiming: "Traitor! thou must die!" — "Marchese!" replied Nathan, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon him, "how have I deserved this?" — "What!" cried the Neapolitan, "is not this Nathan?" — "It is he himself, my son," answered Nathan: "it was I who promised to serve thee against myself. This is the way by which thou mayst escape by flight. Take this purse; thou wilt find in it, besides the hundred ducats which thou gavest me yesterday, four hundred more, which I have added, because I have heard of thy losses. If, then, thou adherest to thy purpose, take my life. But I cannot suppose, that after all the favours which God hath bestowed on thee from thy youth up, thou wilt now so entirely renounce him."

The Marchese was confounded at this address. His heart was overwhelmed with shame and contrition. Moved to the bottom of his soul by the magnanimity of the old man, and unable to utter a word, he fell at his feet and embraced his knees. Nathan raised and clasped him in his arms, saying: "Be not ashamed, my son, that thou art conquered. It is not I, but the grace of God, that triumphs over thee. The Almighty hath humbled thee, that he might exalt thee to the higher honour. Thou wilt, in future, be far more steady in the practice of virtue."

He then conducted him back to his house, where he kept him upwards of a month, consoling him like an affectionate father, and loved and revered by him as a dutiful son. The Marchese at length departed for his own country, and Nathan constrained him to accept the sum which he had carried with him to the wood.

THE SEASHORE.

Ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.—VIRG.

Hark! 'tis a knell!
It comes in the swell
  Of the rising ocean wave.
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a sigh profound,
  From the deep sea cave!

Though no prayer was said,
For the sleep of the dead,
  That under the salt sea lie;
Tho' no cannon peal
Gave the last farewell,
  To that gallant company!

When the sun is set,
And the clouds are met,
  And the sea-birds fly screaming
    home,

When the surges roar
On the mountainous shore,
We hear the sea-knell come!

There under the billow,
The wild rock their pillow,
A thousand warriors lie low;
And this is the dirge,
That is sung by the surge,
When the stormy night-winds
blow: —

"Sleep, warriors sleep,
In the caves of the deep,
All calm; — for no human care,
No art can deceive,
No sorrow can heave
The heart that slumbers there."

PHILO.

DORCASINE ZINNOPEL MARIONEITE FATIMA,

SULTANA OF THE GRAND SIGNOR,

ACHMET THE FOURTH.

A YOUNG graduate in the medical profession arrived in Virginia, in May, 1806, to enter into partnership with his maternal uncle. Doctor Samuel Braithwayte died three weeks before his British relative landed on the Atlantic shores, and his fortune was bequeathed to Mrs. Wilson, mother to our adventurer. An executor of the will was confined by illness; his signature to several documents was indispensable, and Doctor Thomas Wilson took a journey to Brass-Town on that account. Being so near the Enchanted Mountains, he hired a guide; and ascending two miles from Brass-Town, contemplated, with wonder, impressions resembling the tracks of turkeys, bears, horses, and human feet, distinct as they generally remain in sand or snow. It is a singular fact, that the human footsteps have on each six toes, except one, which seems to have been the tread of a negro. Doctor W. measured the largest track; it was sixteen inches in

length, and the distance between the extremities of the outer toes thirteen inches. One of the horse-tracks exhibited a magnitude which fitted the animal as a charger for the warrior of great dimensions, whose footstep exceeded all the rest. The texture of the rocks is soft like pipe-stone, and even where most hardened by the sun might be cut with a knife. From these circumstances Doctor Wilson inferred that the bas-reliefs were not a work of art, but the tracks of living passengers: this opinion is supported by several appearances, where horses had slipped some inches and recovered again; and the figures have all one direction, like the trail of a company moving together. Near these remarkable rocks there are several piles of stones, supposed to be the tombs of aborigines slain in battle. The Cherokees believe that rain always falls when strangers visit the Enchanted Mountains, as if sympathetic nature wept over the lamentable catastrophe which those figures are intended to commemorate.

Doctor Wilson gained the most commanding point of the rocks, and stood gazing, delighted by the luxuriant fertility spread before him. The crops were yet immature, but their promise was abundant; and the cotton-trees were in rich flourish. The fruit, in beautiful variety, had not ripened, yet all were inviting to the eye; and a fine diversity of form and verdure gratified the

lover of nature, in woods of hiccory, poplar, black and white walnut, beech, sassafras, all kinds of oaks, sycamore, ash, and hornbeam, honey-locust, elm, mulberry, cherry, peach, pawpaw, cucumber-tree, and dogwood, in many places clasped by wild vines. The sugar-maple, and canes twenty feet high, shading flowery pastures, evinced the fecundity of the soil, and the genial climate of this salubrious region. The traveller, wrapped in his own meditations, slowly descended the southern side of the mountain, when the wail of negro phraseology and voices pierced his ear. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "can ungrateful man render a theatre such as this the scene of agony to his fellow-creatures? Can so many wretches at once suffer beneath the accursed scourge?"

Doctor Wilson spoke in soliloquy, but he was not unheard by the sable guide. The doctor started when he came closer, saying, "Na, massa, na! no whip never tear flesh off poor negar in dis grounds. French colonel lady too much for dat—friend to poor negar. Some have fall, or some be sick: I go ask."—"Do, pray, do quickly," responded the physician; "and if it be a case wanting speedy help, say an English doctor is at hand."

The negro messenger shot across the fields, leaping the fences with the celerity of a bird cleaving the air. He soon returned, shouting

that the lady was very ill, and the working gangs were mourning, because two expresses had returned without finding a doctor. "Lead the way," said the doctor,—and not one thought of a fee expedited his rapid pace. Near a low but neat mansion, he was accosted by a man very plainly clothed; but the graces of his martial air, though subdued by grief, claimed for him an elevated station in polished society. In correct English, tinctured by a foreign accent, he said, "This is not my first acquaintance with British humanity. God has sent you, sir, in aid of the best of her sex."

Doctor Wilson made a suitable reply, and they hastened to the chamber, where a lady suffered all the tortures of difficult parturition, until next day, when a male infant, with hardly a sign of life, inhaled the terrestrial atmosphere. By great care and skill of the physician he revived; but Doctor Wilson soon perceived that the mother's strength was irrecoverably exhausted.

Madame Homfroy survived the birth of her son a few hours. The priest came in time to administer the last comforts of religion, and took charge of the funeral and other concerns. Doctor Wilson gave all his attention to the child and the disconsolate widower, remaining until a letter from his father recalled him to England, as an eligible opportunity for settling in his profession had occurred, and Doctor Braithwayte's

affairs were all adjusted. Colonel Homfroy said to him, the day previous to their final separation, "My dear friend, how shall I support your absence? When your late uncle's business took you from me, even for a day, I sunk into the most profound melancholy; but I can offer no advantages to compensate for the ties and happy prospects that reclaim you to your native land. My child still lives, and I must exert myself for his sake. Before we part, I have an act of justice to perform—I owe it to your kindness and attention to confide to you the extraordinary events which brought us to this place.

"My dear wife was the only offspring of a Hungarian nobleman, the Baron Nordenharz. He had talents, learning, and unbounded benevolence; yet, without judgment to regulate his good intentions, he often exposed himself to derision, and ultimately occasioned terrible misfortunes to his daughter. My Dorcasine always endeavoured to extenuate his faults, and to veil his errors with duteous forbearance, even at the expense of her own reputation. From her I learned only what would excuse him; I shall finish his picture with colours I received from others.

"It must be allowed that the example and converse of his grandfather and father had direct tendencies to distort his ideas. His grandfather, addicted to alchemy, encumbered his fortune by

incessant experiments on ores from his mines, without approaching the grand desideratum of transmuting any of their combinations into more precious metals. The baron's father, of a weakly constitution in body and mind, gave himself up to superstitious terrors in the most hideous form, yet persisted in the study of demonology. He and his father died within a few days of each other, and my father-in-law was transferred to the guardianship of an uncle. This gentleman was a linguist, a botanist, a chemist, and well versed in mineralogy. The young baron's education had been neglected; his uncle had a tutor to direct his classical studies; but severity could not do more than initiate him in the languages of Athens and Rome; and even the elements had never been acquired, unless through the gentle aid of his cousin Toinette. She was the most learned lady in all Hungary, and she spared no pains for the instruction of Baron Nordenharz. Her father was intendant of the royal mines, with a large salary and valuable perquisites: she was the sole heiress of his wealth. I am, however, convinced the baron was perfectly disinterested in his passion for her; and true it is, he was violently enamoured of a lady seventeen years his senior, pitted with the small-pox, and squint-eyed. But Descartes had a strong predilection for obliquity of vision in the fair, and no man

need be ashamed of adopting the taste of a far-famed philosopher.

"The wisest act of the baron's life was his marriage with the unlovely Toinette. Her father's death made her mistress of a vast fortune, and it was the least of her substantial merits. She had clear discernment, prudence, integrity, tenderness, and the most blessed temper. The ruinous change in his affairs, and the exposure of his foibles after her demise, showed with what energy and caution she had counteracted and concealed the absurdities of her husband. He had the highest esteem for her judgment and her worth, and often declared that the domestic sceptre should be wielded by woman with undivided sway; because, with equal sense, she has more consideration for the feelings of all around.

"Baron Nordenharz was continually speculating upon the possibilities of benefiting his species, and he hoped to discover an elixir to confer immortality upon individuals whose intellect and beneficence made their life of great importance to mankind. The vivifying influence of water upon all the products of vegetation convinced the baron, that by frequently undergoing processes in the alembic, this element might be sublimated into a potent antidote to the decays of nature in her noblest work.

"'It is likely,' said the Baron Nordenharz,

'that this liquor of immortality should be administered in the very first stages of infancy; and I shall address the most celebrated naturalists and metaphysicians in the known world, to ascertain the signs of exalted and amiable dispositions in new-born babes.'—'My dear lord and husband,' replied the baroness, 'it will be more to your honour, and not less to the advantage of our species, that you delay this correspondence till you have completely discovered the liquor of immortality. You cannot divide your precious thoughts and time without injuring your great object of pursuit.' In this manner the baroness dissuaded her lord from proclaiming his whimsical labours.

"Unfortunately for him, and fatally for Dorcasine, this excellent lady died in less than thirteen years after she became Baroness Nordenharz; and the baron launched out in expenses that tended only to excite the laughter of the inconsiderate and pity from the generous. Every needy adventurer contrived a scheme which drew a subsidy from his coffers. One adept proposed to prepare from the native gums and flowers of Hungary a specific, efficacious as the balsam of Mecca, reputed to possess the virtue of prolonging, or even perpetuating, the externals of juvenility; and therefore it must be of real service to corroborate the liquor of immortality. The balsam of Mecca is an extract

from the *amyris opo-balsamum*, now extant only in the plantation of *Beeder Housier*, the ancient *Petra*, in Arabia. The kings of Judea cultivated the *amyris opo-balsamum* in two gardens; but after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Jews, in despair, extirpated all those invaluable plants. A tribute of the balsam of Mecca is yearly paid to the Grand Signor. He receives only three pounds; one-third he bestows on the Pacha of Cairo, and one-third is given to the Emir Hadgi, or the conductor of the caravan to Mecca.

"The Baron advanced a large sum of money, with which the adept undertook to purchase a sample of the genuine balsam of Mecca, and the Hungarian balsam must be concocted accordingly. It was easy to impose on him with a farrago of odours—in short, the liquor of immortality and the balsam of Mecca proved as abortive as the alchemical experiments of the Baron's grandsire.

"He was not, however, cured of enterprise. He commenced a correspondence with all the professors of universities, and all the pedagogues who took the trouble of replying to his letters, animadverting upon errors in education. He argued that the corporeal and mental vigour of adolescents is impaired by the mania for dead languages. The memory is exercised at the expense of the understanding; and children

suffer castigation, which is due to their teachers, for injuring them by a waste of time in the acquisition of words, when the intellect should be expanded by a practical knowledge of facts.

"This speculation failed, and was renounced only to enter upon others equally expensive and chimerical. They all had that resemblance to wise and good projects which caricature portraits may retain to the original; and no person questioned the upright and humane intentions of Baron Nordenharz; but it is not enough to mean well, if we indulge our own peculiarities at the hazard of our dearest connexions. Sooner or later, they that diverge very far from the established practice of a rational public, will find they have hurt themselves and others.

"The most fatal empiricism of Baron Nordenharz affected his daughter. She had only distant relations, and they were disgusted and estranged by meeting at his table the low and doubtful characters who suggested his experiments. Dorcasine was, therefore, the victim of all his fancies. An ordinary girl would have become an oddity, or worse, under such mismanagement. She was not quite twelve years old when bereft of her mother; but that exemplary parent had instilled into her mind the purest principles of religion and morality, and strengthened her understanding by judicious cultivation. She was not a full hour an in-

habitant of the visible world when her father wished to treat her according to his singular notions; but her mother kept her constantly in sight. At the baptism he displayed his peculiarity. He desired the child to be named Dorcasine, for his recently defunct mother-in-law, and Zinnopel, for the metal seldom found, except in Hungary, and on which his house had the claim of discoverers. In respect to her lord and to the noble personages witnessing the ceremony, the Baroness acquiesced in silence to have her child called by a name which reminded every one of the father's credulity in taking the word of a sycophant, who ascribed to one of his ancestors the discovery of the metal called Zinnopel. By how many avenues may the artful find access to the unmerited favour of an honest, but weak mind!

"After her mother's decease, my Dorcasine was made to swallow numberless compounds, to improve her mental and corporeal powers. Before she attained the age of fifteen, this regimen greatly injured her health. One of her father's projectors, who assumed the medical character, convinced him that the young lady was far advanced in pulmonary consumption, and her life depended upon the climate of Croatia, and living by day and night in a cowhouse. Dorcasine implored her father not to banish her wholly from his protection. The physician interfered.

He had sent for his wife and daughter to take her in charge, and her recovery depended on following his prescription. Her father extorted from her a vow to give implicit obedience to her conductress, and she parted from him to meet no more.

"Her ailments were caused by pernicious drugs; simple fare and exercise restored her to health, and she waited only the Baron's permission to return home. What a glad deliverance from the cowhouse and rustic associates! The only tolerable companion she had was a daughter of the physician, about her own age, who slept with her in the cowhouse. All the family attended a great fair about two miles off, except Dorcasine and her bed-fellow. Dorcasine obeyed the command of her conductress to go to bed at the usual early hour. Her companion was to join her when the cows were milked; but, instead of attending to this duty, the giddy damsel followed her mother to the fair.

"I have not told you," resumed Colonel Homfroy, after a short pause, "that I am the younger son of a noble, but not opulent French family. I had six elder brothers in the army. I was destined for the church, but preferred the life of a soldier; my fond mother allowed me to follow my inclinations, if a commission could be procured; and as several

months elapsed without obtaining it, I took the advice of a young Russian, and entered the service of that country. In 1786 I had been more than two years in Russia, and obtained leave of absence to accompany some friends to spend a few weeks with a brother officer, whose parents lived in Western Croatia. We were within less than a day's journey of the place of our destination; the fair detained us. My companions were not averse to wine and brandy, but I retained our national dislike to inebriety. The Russians sat over the bottle till carried to bed. I was forced, in some measure, to comply with the good fellowship they urged upon me. I suffered in consequence; and to relieve the headach and nausea, wandered into the open air. As I found benefit from the walk, I proceeded, until I reached a cowhouse, where the cattle were lowing, probably complaining that their surcharged udders were in want of the milk-maid. I entered the half-open door, expecting a frolic with the girls. There I saw only a very lovely creature fast asleep. I was intoxicated with liquor, and transported by a sudden passion for the beauty, who appeared more enchanting in the nearly dim twilight — and I know not to what extremities I should have been hurried, but for the sudden return of the physician's wife and daughter. I made a precipitate retreat, carrying with me an im-

pression of the features of the lovely sleeper, never to be effaced from my soul.

"It was but a few days after this adventure that Dorcasine, having walked out into a wood, about half a mile distant from her habitation, was surprised by some of those banditti who make a trade of waylaying Croatian girls, and carrying them off for the Turkish seraglios. The dignified manners of their captive inspired them with respect. They behaved to her with great civility, took her to their dwelling in Servia, and committed her to the care of their women.

"They then carried her to Constantinople. Achmet the Fourth saw and adored her. She was but sixteen years old; but the strange associates of her father had, in conversation, imparted to her more political information than all the Divan possessed. Achmet found in her a wise counsellor; he was naturally humane, and he prized her benevolent disposition. He died in 1789, at the age of sixty-four. His ungrateful nephew and successor, Selim, soon distinguished himself by proceedings inimical to the successful policy of Achmet, and the Turkish Empire fell from a height of prosperity. Immediately on the demise of Achmet in April, Dorcasine, or as she was called in the seraglio, Marionette Fatima, was ordered into honourable exile at

Belgrade. She was pregnant, and had a premature birth in her passage up the Danube. She was indeed thankful that her son was with the merciful Creator, and did not survive to be in the power of Selim.

"The Sultana was but some days at Belgrade, when the place was invested by the Russian and Austrian forces. It surrendered in October. I rescued from dishonour a lady nobly defending herself against a young Russian officer. I had then the rank of colonel. The youth, at my order, unhanded her. I soon recognised the features engraven on my heart. Explanations ensued. Dorcasine became my wife. I took her to England, the land of justice and safety. France was in commotion. I inquired for her father, by her earnest desire. He was dead. The heir-male had his estates; and a small reversion from his personal property, once so immense, had been saved by a faithful agent, who gave me the sketch of Baron Nordenharz which I have communicated to you. Our means of subsistence were too small for a residence in England. We crossed the Atlantic, settled here, and I was blessed beyond compare in conjugal felicity, which had but one alloy — none of our children survived the eighth day from their birth, except that whose life your skill and attentions preserved. But if no offspring con-

soled the amiable Dorcasine, dare I hope that infant shall live? Ah, no! He will be summoned to join his sainted mother."

Colonel Homfroy experienced the truth of his forebodings. The priest wrote to Dr. Wilson, that early in spring the child died of the croup. The following autumn Colonel Homfroy himself was no more.

B. G.

STANZAS

To * * * * *

Oh! pale is that cheek
  Where the rose flourished brightly;
And cold is that heart
  Which beat warmly and lightly;
And that lip I have clung to
  The loathsome newt presses,
And the cold earth-worm strays
  Midst those dark flowing tresses.

Yes, the earth-worm's the lover
  That twines round thee now;
The rank grass waves over
  That heaven-beaming brow;
The night-wind is sighing
  Its dirge o'er thy head,
And the screech-owl replying
  In shrieks for the dead.

Yet thy soft image never
  My bosom forsakes;
For thee my heart ever
  Shall beat till it breaks.
This wreath I am braiding
  To deck thy grave-stone;
Oh! would it were shedding
  Its leaves o'er my own!

HENRY NEELE.

ELIZABETH.

" Oh! pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on;
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss,
To the keen burning, harrowing pain,
That's felt through all the breast and brain;
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless agonized suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking." — MOORE.

THE north of England, and particularly that part of it which borders upon Scotland, still retains a degree of simplicity in the manners of its inhabitants, of which few vestiges can now be traced among the more polished peasantry of the south. The luxuries of the great have spread their baneful influence to the cottages of their dependents; and wherever their enervating power has been felt, it has never failed to weaken, or wholly to destroy, that native inborn spirit, alike the pride and distinction of our islanders. In the midland counties, in Lancashire, and most parts of Yorkshire, trade has produced an equally pernicious effect: that immense mass of condense population which our manufactories pour forth is but too frequently

composed of a set of men "without even savage virtue blest," without one desire save the daily supply of their animal wants. In the remote and secluded valleys of Northumberland and Cumberland the stranger must look for the last lingering remains of rural life, and amid the thinly peopled tracts of barren country which abound among their mountains he may discover virtues which would adorn the highest stations.

It was in a lovely glen, through which the Eden pours its fertilizing waters, that the heroine of this memoir first saw the light. Her father had passed the best and happiest of his days in this solitude, and while, with a paternal eye, he watched over the interests of the little flock committed to his charge, every wish became by degrees bounded by the narrow sphere in which he found it was his lot to dwell. In a country village the nearest squire is the object to which the peasantry look up with feelings of the highest admiration, and next to him the clergyman is the object of their regard; perhaps, too, as they behold him with less awe, the union which subsists between them partakes more of the nature of affection: be this as it may, it is certain no village pastor was ever more beloved than the Rev. Mr. Wilmot — Those virtues which he inculcated from the pulpit he was the first to practise; he enforced no duties but what he himself fulfilled.

Mr. Wilmot had married early in life, and for many years connubial happiness had crowned his union; but at last the mandate went forth which was to blast the fair promise of his spring — the chill northern blast passed over the flower which blossomed at his side — his wife slept with her fathers; and ere another summer returned, five of his children reposed by the side of their mother. Of his once smiling family two only remained; Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, about sixteen, and his youngest, a child two years old.

As far as it was possible, Elizabeth was a consolation to Mr. Wilmot for all that he had lost; several years older than the rest of the family, she had been the companion, while the others had been the playthings of their father. Under his fostering hand her mind unfolded all its powers, and her character became more distinctly marked than is common in woman at so early an age.

At times the most lively, the most sportive of beings, she would suddenly sink into a kind of voluptuous melancholy, which gave a pensiveness to her whole demeanour, and which the late afflictions of her family tended not a little to increase. Time flew by, and her griefs were imperceptibly forgotten: it is the happy privilege of youth that they should pass away like the dark cloud which for a moment obscures the

morning of a summer's day — let but the heart remain untouched and sorrow will seldom be deadly.

Thus passed away the first years of the life of Elizabeth Wilmot: amid her own wild mountains she bloomed not the less fairly because she bloomed unseen. Though strictly speaking she could hardly be called beautiful, she possessed what to the eye of sentiment is a thousand times more endearing than mere personal loveliness; what her features wanted in regularity was fully compensated by the sensibility which shone forth in every look — by the soul which extended its magic influence to every action. The education she had received had given a polish to her manners, which raised her far above the village maidens by whom she was surrounded; yet she would at times mingle among them, and then, like a bright visitant from other worlds, return to the abodes which it seemed to have forsaken to sojourn with the sons of men. Still she lost nothing by her condescension; there was a slight dash of pride in her manner, which, while it told that she felt it to be such, prevented all familiarity. She was *liked* by all who knew her; that she was not *loved* was because she seemed as though she would bestow no affection in return. In fact, there was a void in the heart of Elizabeth, and that it had remained so long unoccupied was owing to

her having found none worthy to hold the place. At last it found a tenant, for she loved, and loved with all the devotion of a girl of nineteen, whose life, hitherto passed amid the beautiful but inanimate forms of nature, beholds for the first time a resemblance of the ideal being which has long glided before her imagination.

In fact, Henry Irving possessed all those graces which are said to captivate the heart of woman: he was brave, he was handsome, he was a soldier; his life had been spent in the most refined society; and added to all this, he wore the fair semblance of many virtues. Nearly related to the late Mrs. Wilmot, he had, on returning to his native country, passed a few days at the parsonage, and it did not require much pressing to induce him to prolong his visit. He had served two campaigns in Spain, when, having been severely wounded in one of those engagements in which our brave troops so nobly distinguished themselves, he had obtained permission to return to England.

Day after day flew by, yet still Irving lingered amid the wilds of Cumberland; for they possessed a charm for him beyond the crowded city and shining drawing-room. He had seen woman in her most degraded state; he was accustomed to behold her the cold frigid being of polished life: as such she was harmless; he loathed or he despised her. But Elizabeth was nature itself;

equally devoid of art or affectation, there was a novelty, a freshness, about her, which at first excited his admiration, and finally commanded his love.

It was not until Irving requested from him the hand of his daughter, that Mr. Wilmot first dreamed of their affection, and then — but it was too late — could he withstand the silent pleadings of his child? could he bear to see her unhappy? Yet, on the other hand, could he bestow this cherished darling on a man, the rectitude of whose principles he doubted? could he send her forth into the world to follow the fortunes of a soldier, who had no dependence but his sword? But the tenderness of the father prevailed over the judgment of the man, and she became the wife of Irving. Happy in that name, it was still a bitter hour for Elizabeth when she had to quit her home—her quie , peaceful home, and that venerable old man, and playful child, whom she had loved as a mother and a sister. But the hour of parting was over, the kiss was given, the blessing was pronounced, the last farewell was spoken; unbroken silence reigned in the room which Elizabeth had so lately occupied.

For some time her father heard constantly from her, and her letters spoke of joy and gladness; the intervals between them became longer, and then they came no more. Peace had now

revisited our shores; from the agent of Irving's regiment Mr. Wilmot made every inquiry, but in vain; he had sold his commission, and gone none knew whither.

Year after year passed away, and Elizabeth was mourned as the dead; yet still she lived, and lived only to wish for that hour which was to end her weary stay on earth. Irving had not been what she had believed him, but her love had outlived unkindness, indifference, and neglect; she had returned with him to Spain; she had followed him through hardships, the very mention of which would once have made her tremble; on their return to England, she had seen him plunge into every kind of folly and extravagance, until the last faint spark of hope was extinguished. And then she wrote no more to her father; she had long striven to conceal from him a breaking heart, but the struggle was too painful to be continued, and since she could only wound his peace, she determined that he should hear of her no more.

The wandering life she was now leading favoured her plan; after selling his commission, Irving roamed from place to place without any settled object, until poverty, which had long stared him in the face, obliged him to seek employment; this he fortunately found in the counting-house of a mercantile gentleman, and for some time all went on well.

But, in an evil hour, strong temptation prevailed; he forged the name of his employer; he was detected — and ere Elizabeth heard the tale, he was condemned to die. She flew to his prison; she was to him as a ministering angel, nor did she leave him for an hour. Oh! how did she watch to behold the slightest symptom of repentance! he cursed his doom, but he deplored not his crime. And now she was compelled to leave him; for on the morrow, he, who had been nursed in the lap of luxury — whose every want had been anticipated by a fond mother and still fonder wife, was to die the felon's death.

To those who know nothing of the reality of wo, it may appear strange that the slumber of Elizabeth through that long night was unbroken; but there is a degree of endurance beyond which the human heart cannot go: we live, we breathe — but a stupor has fallen over us, which renders us for a time unconscious of existence. Blessed forgetfulness, why art thou so fleeting?

It was the busy hum of voices under her window which first recalled Elizabeth to herself and the world; she arose, and hastily dressing herself, mingled with the crowd; she knew not what she did; but there was desperation in her heart, which forced her forward to behold the consummation of her wretchedness. She wished

to fly — she could not — she would have turned away her eyes from the fatal spot, but it seemed as if some supernatural power had condemned them to gaze there for ever. There was on a sudden, among the vast multitude, a silence as profound as that which reigns among the dead; a deep groan burst from Elizabeth; she had afterwards some indistinct recollection of a figure suspended in the air — she knew no more.

"I will arise and go unto my father," said Elizabeth, when she had recovered from the trance into which she had fallen, and from which those around her began to think that she never would awake. And she did arise, and many a weary mile she travelled, until one bright summer's morning she saw the distant spire of the village church; it was the Sabbath, that day of holy rest; but there was no rest in her heart. The bells were ringing the same joyful summons which in her youth she had delighted to obey; the sun above her head poured forth his beams of glory; the river at her feet pursued its dimpled noiseless course; the flowers around her were blooming; the trees decked in the same rich livery of green as when, on her bridal morn, she last beheld them. Had not all the past been a frightful dream? No, there was a fearful weight at her heart which forbade her to doubt its reality.

When the last loiterer had entered the vener-

able pile, she glided in unperceived through the well-known porch. The service had commenced — she looked not up, until the well-known accents in which it was read fell upon her ear, and then she knew that her father lived — but the few grey hairs had turned to silver whiteness, and the lines of sorrow on his face were more deeply traced. She looked to the seat she had been accustomed to occupy; it was filled by a young and lovely woman — her sister; then she felt truly the long—long time which had passed since last she had been there. Her eye turned towards the window near which she stood, and it fell upon the grave of her mother — there had been no alteration there — for the last sad change had taken place with her who slept below; she had passed to the land where all things are forgotten. And Elizabeth longed to lay her burning head by her cold ashes; for he, whom she had loved far above all these cherished objects, reposed not in holy earth — no solemn blessing had closed his tomb — no requiem had been sung for his departed spirit.

But the service of the day was over; and ere Mr. Wilmot passed to his dwelling, he had clasped to his heart all that remained of his once beautiful child, and that child had laid her head on the bosom where now alone it could find peace.

FLORA.

ON THE

INSTITUTION OF POSTS IN GENERAL,

AND OF THE

POST-OFFICE OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARTICULAR.

Among the various institutions of the present age, civil or political, there are few that mark with more prominent character the grand march of civilization and refinement than that of modern post communication — an institution no longer confined within its ancient national bounds, but extending its advantages in various degrees to the most distant regions, establishing and perpetuating those ties of interest or affection with which epistolary correspondence may be said to unite the remotest extremities of the earth.

For perfection of system, arrangement of intricate and minute detail—for extended and useful operation, the General Post-office of Great Britain stands pre-eminent. Her packets, on the one side, traverse the Atlantic—on the other penetrate the frozen regions of the North; her agents are to be found in many of the principal

parts of the world; and independent of the uninterrupted and excellent communication maintained with the British colonies abroad, the influence of her example and activity is felt and acknowledged far beyond the limits of her actual power and administration: but our object is description and not panegyric; we will only therefore claim our readers' indulgence before we proceed to a sketch of this important establishment, while we take a hasty review of the progress of post communication from the earliest periods, so far as our limits and the scanty materials afforded by history will permit. And we may here pause to express regret that this interesting subject has not yet furnished more inducement to that spirit of antiquarian research which, although often directed to frivolous objects, has in so many matters of real importance achieved the most valuable discoveries.

That the invention of posts originated in military necessity rather than civil policy seems to be a matter of little doubt. The opening page of history at once introduces us to rapine and bloodshed; and military enterprise appears to have been the early result of the extension and division of society into territorial distinctions. The first mention of a regular system of posts is to be found in Xenophon's account of Cyrus, to whom the Greek historian attributes the institution; describing it as an establishment applied

by that wise and warlike prince to the purpose of maintaining a regular and frequent intercourse with the commanders of his armies and the governors of provinces: and for this purpose he built sumptuous post-houses, and appointed post-masters, with supplies of horses and couriers, who, travelling from stage to stage with extraordinary speed by night and day, secured an uninterrupted communication between the capital and the remotest dependencies of the Persian empire. Herodotus informs us, that between the shores of the Egean Sea and Susa one hundred and eleven of these stages, each a day's journey apart, were erected. The superintendence of these posts then became, as it is now considered, a trust of high consequence; nor will it derogate from the dignity of the noblemen who hold these appointments in the several countries of Europe, to remind them that the same office in the East was usually filled by individuals of the first rank, and, according to Plutarch, in one instance at least, namely, that of Darius, exercised by a mighty monarch before his accession to the throne. With the Persian empire the establishment of posts seems, however, to have declined; nor does the history of its successors in Europe or Asia afford any distinct account of their revival, at least in so systematic or perfect a form.

With respect to the correspondence of Greece,

Homer, whose divine works so minutely portray the various manners and occupations of his age and country, occasionally mentions messengers or letter-carriers (the Greek term is commonly rendered either), but without affording any description which may enable us to come to a distinct conclusion as to their office or qualifications. When we reflect, however, upon the extensive commerce of Greece, the connexion and frequent communication between the several states, and more especially the frequent necessity of conveying military intelligence, we can scarcely doubt the existence of some establishment for those purposes, although the exact mode does not appear in any author extant.

The progress of post communication in the Roman empire does not appear to have kept pace with other institutions which distinguished, in her territorial and moral growth, the advancement of the mighty mistress of the world to that splendid height from which she was doomed to fall. In the History of the Republic, we find the *statores* employed under special regulations, and *stationes* established, forming a sort of military post applicable to the service of the state, and affording occasional means of correspondence to the patrician class at least—a further instance in favour of our position as to the origin of posts in general. From Suetonius we learn that the Emperor Augustus gave to this

establishment a more regular form, extending it throughout the empire, at first by the agency of couriers on foot, and afterwards by horse and chariot conveyance.

The *lex de cursu publico* in the Theodosian Code regulates and fixes the respective stages, the rate of post-horses, &c.; but this regulation appears to have had reference chiefly to the travelling of the government couriers, who, until that period, were accustomed to seize the horses of any individuals they met with, on the plea of the public service.

After all, from the state of society in general, the deficiency of materials, and the partial extent of the essential qualification of writing, not then quite so universal as in modern times, we may safely conclude that the epistolary correspondence of antiquity was at no period very considerable, but confined to the higher and learned classes.

The sagacity of Charlemagne quickly suggested to him the advantages arising from a regular and prompt communication throughout his extensive empire; and scarcely had he completed the subjugation of Italy, Germany, and part of Spain, when he established public posts to each of those countries, which largely contributed to secure the conquests his valour had achieved. After his death, amidst the convulsions that soon ensued and desolated the whole of Europe,

the establishment of posts fell into decay, and appears to have wholly merged with other social institutions in the gloom of those darker ages.

We cannot discover any mention of posts as a regular or public system in the chronicles of modern history before 1464, when we find them regenerating in France under the direction of that crafty and restless monarch, Louis XI. whose anxiety to possess himself of the sentiments as well as the proceedings of his subjects induced him to establish about two hundred and thirty couriers, who traversed the kingdom, delivering their letters and dispatches at appointed stations. This was still merely an institution for the purposes of government, only partially open to the nobility of France. Posts in which the public participated are said to have first emanated from the University of Paris, to which students flocked from all parts of Europe in such numbers as to render the establishment of messengers for the conveyance of clothes, books, papers, and letters, almost necessary; and these carriers very soon became so regular as to afford great convenience to the public, who were allowed, upon easy terms, to avail themselves of their services. From their great speed, as Rollin tells us, they were termed in the university registers "*nuntii volantes.*" The university, encouraged by the protection of the government

and the support of the public, for some time enjoyed the profits of the post-office thus established under her auspices, and with various success long maintained her ground against the competition of the farmers of posts, who took their rise soon after the year 1576, when Henry III. established royal messengers upon principles similar to those of the university.

Lewis Hornigk informs us that in Germany posts were established by the Count de Taxis at his own expense; in consideration of which service the Emperor Matthias granted to him and his heirs the office of postmaster-general to be held in fief under himself and his successors.

Our present limits scarcely allow us, in concluding this branch of our subject, to glance at the celerity with which the Eastern couriers, especially those of the Tartar dynasty, continued to carry on the correspondence of extended empires. To Marco Polo, son and nephew of the enterprising Venetian brothers, Nicolo and Mattheo Polo, we are indebted for the following curious account of the Tartar post of the thirteenth century: — Marco, who on his arrival at Cumbalu (the modern Pekin), became a great favourite with the emperor or khan, tells us, that "throughout the whole empire there are inns established at proper distances, where the khan's ambassadors or messengers are sure to find fresh horses, provisions, and lodgings; and

ferry-boats are also stationed at the rivers and lakes. By these means letters are conveyed at the rate of two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles in a day!"

After this, how shall we presume to boast of European "post-haste?" But a yet more expeditious post conveyance has occasionally been resorted to, which should not here be passed over. We allude to the pigeon letter-carriers — a practice of Eastern and very ancient origin, and referred, with much probability, to the scriptural tradition of the mission of the dove, or (according to the Hebrew) the pigeon, from the ark, to ascertain the state of the face of Nature after the universal deluge. Without attempting to repeat the numerous fables connected with these winged messengers, we will only refer to the instance afforded by the correspondence said to have been maintained by this means between Hirtius and Brutus at the siege of Modena, and that of Taurosthenes, who chose the same conveyance to apprise his father at Ægina of his success in the Olympic games. Modern travellers in the East have confirmed these accounts. Among others, Lithgow assures us that a pigeon will convey a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, a journey of thirty days, in forty-eight hours.

We now proceed to offer a brief account of the rise and progress of the establishment

which forms the principal subject of our present essay — the General Post-office of Great Britain.

As early as the reign of Edward III. some notice appears in the statutes of posts, but so vague that the nature of them cannot be ascertained; nor is there the least reason to believe that they then existed in the form of a public establishment. By Edward IV. post-houses were erected at stages of twenty miles each, and a military post was established northward, for the purpose of facilitating the communication with the army, and obtaining the earliest intelligence of affairs during the Scotch war. This establishment, although authorized by the reigning monarch, has been attributed with much probability to his politic brother Richard, who at that time commanded in the expedition in question. At what precise period the public began to participate in the benefit of this conveyance, and upon what terms, does not plainly appear. That these posts, however, were long very limited and partial, may be fairly inferred from the well-known fact, that until a short time before the reign of Charles I. gentlemen, merchants, and traders, throughout the kingdom in general, were obliged to employ less certain carriers, or compelled to incur the greater expense of special messengers for their correspondence; while the universities and many

large towns had recourse to posts of their own; the same horse or foot messenger going through a long journey, and returning with other letters —a practice which prevailed in Scotland to a much later period.

A post existed in 1543, by which letters written in London arrived at Edinburgh in four days; but this rate of speed, so extraordinary for the age, lasted only a short time.

According to Camden, in the year 1581, Thomas Randolph, so much employed by Elizabeth in her Scotch affairs, enjoyed the office of chief postmaster of England.

By James I. an office, under the direction of Matthew de Quester, was established for the reception and dispatch of letters to foreign parts, which until then were only conveyed by private undertakers. The privilege of appointing to this office of foreign postmaster was long after claimed and enjoyed by the foreign merchants settled in London.

In 1632, Charles I. among various enactments on the subject of posts, by proclamation prohibited the conveyance of letters to foreign parts otherwise than through the post-office. In 1635, he established a post-office for England and Scotland under new and important regulations; all private inland posts were abolished, and the monopoly of post conveyance secured to the government. This establishment

was placed under the direction of Thomas Witherings; but on the discovery of great abuses he was superseded in 1640, and Philip Burlamachy appointed under the special control and superintendence of the secretary of state.

In 1636, Charles, in conjunction with Louis XIII. of France, established the post between London and Paris by the following route: Dover to Calais; thence to Paris, by Boulogne, Abbeville, and Amiens; the private post between the two countries, until then carried on by Rye to Dieppe, being now prohibited by proclamation.

These various Acts of post regulation were greatly interrupted, and almost entirely suspended during the civil war. The Commonwealth, however, had no sooner established its own security, than the important subject of post communication received its early attention. A committee of the House was appointed, and under the direction and management of Edmond Prideaux, the attorney-general, a system of posts was framed, so profitable in its operation, that, instead of a charge of £7000 per annum for the maintenance of the posts, hitherto borne by the public, they were now farmed for £10,000 a year; and that with such advantage to the contractor as to excite the cupidity of the Common Council of London, who sought to establish an

opposition, which, however, was checked by the interference of the parliament.

Upon the Restoration these proceedings of the Commonwealth were, with a few slight alterations, confirmed, and the whole settled by the act 12th Charles II.

In the reign of William III. the first act of parliament regulating the internal posts of Scotland was passed; and by the 9th Queen Anne the post-office of Great Britain, as it now exists, was established.

The General Post-office of Great Britain, that of Ireland forming a distinct establishment, extends its jurisdiction to all matters connected with the posts over England and Scotland, the American and West Indian colonies and islands, and all the British dependencies, except the East Indies and southern possessions.

Deputy and sub-deputy postmasters are established in all the towns and most of the large villages throughout the kingdom; their duty is to receive and dispatch the mails, to distribute the letters in their several deliveries, to collect the postage thereon, and to remit the same at stated periods to the chief office in London. To give efficacy to the numerous regulations for the performance of this service, and to enforce the execution of the various contracts for the conveyance of the mail, by carriage, horse, or

foot, there are seven riding surveyors appointed for England, and two for Scotland, who preside each over a particular district, and superintend in person its post arrangements; constantly communicating with the office in London, from which, for their fitness and experience in post-office business, they are usually selected. The number of deputy postmasters in England who keep account with the chief office exceeds 600, and in Scotland 200.

Without some technical acquaintance with the extent or detail of the British posts, it is not possible to form any adequate idea of their present perfection; but it is satisfactory to know that the system is duly appreciated by all ranks of society who participate in its benefits. The secure, expeditious, and economical conveyance of a great portion of the correspondence by mail-coaches, for the establishment of which the public is indebted to the late ingenious Mr. Palmer, has greatly contributed to this perfection; nor are the auxiliary arrangements, in the shape of horse and foot-posts, which combine to form the complicated machine, less worthy of admiration.

Deputy postmasters are also established in British North America, and in the several West India islands and colonies, to all of which packets regularly sail monthly, or twice a month,

from Falmouth, as will be seen in the subjoined tables.

Agents are likewise appointed at the various ports on the Continent, in the Mediterranean, and South America, to which the British packets proceed; a list of whom will be found at the conclusion of this article.

The establishment in London consists of the General and Twopenny Post: in the former the principal offices are those of the secretary, the foreign, inland, the accountant-general's, the receiver-general's, and various subordinate departments. Besides the chief offices, there are upwards of sixty receiving-houses open in different parts of the town for General Post letters.

The number of Officers is 175; Messengers and Porters 35; Letter-carriers 203; Mail Guards 270. The mail-coaches travel about 13,000 miles a day, for which the contractors receive upon an average 1½d. per mile. The number of mail-coaches out of London is 22; and those which are engaged in the cross-road communication 45. The first mail-coach started for Bristol on the 2d of August, 1784, and in 1786 coaches of this kind were in general use.

In the district of the Twopenny Post, which extends above ten miles round London, there are 140 Receiving Houses: the number of Officers is 48, and of Letter-carriers 359.

FOREIGN MAILS.

Destination.	Mails made up in London.	By Packet from	Postage of a Single Letter from London.
			To France ..... s. d. 1 2 United Netherlands .. 1 4 Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia ..... 1 8 Italy ..... 1 11 Spain..... 2 2
Calais.	Tu. Wed. Th. and Friday.	Dover.	
Ostend.	Tu. & Friday.		
Holland.	Tuesday and Friday.	Harwich.	
Cuxhaven.			
Sweden.	Friday.		
Lisbon.	Every Tues.	Falmouth.	2s. 6d.
Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu.	1st Tuesday in each month.		2 10 Gibraltar. 3 2 Malta & Corfu.
Madeira and Brazils.	Ditto.		2 7 Madeira. 3 6 Brazils.

The Postage upon all Letters for the above Places, and also for the United States of America, must be paid before they can be forwarded.

COLONIAL MAILS.

Destination.	Mails made up in London.	By Packet from	Postage of a Single Letter from London.
America.	1st Wed. in each month.	Falmouth.	2s. 2d.
Jamaica, Leeward Islands, and Demerara.	Ditto.		
Leeward Islands, and Demerara.	3d Wed. in ditto.		

BRITISH COLONIAL POSTMASTERS

AND

FOREIGN PACKET AGENTS.

POSTMASTERS.

Quebec	D. Sutherland.
Halifax (Nova Scotia)	John Howe.
Bermuda	J. Taylor.
Jamaica	W. J. Anstey.
Barbadoes	James Pairman.
St. Vincent	D. M'Dowall.
Antigua	Mrs. M'Connell.
Tobago	J. Buchanan.
Trinidad	Mrs. Galway.
Montserrat	M. J. Semper.
Demerara	B. Harpur.
Berbice	W. Scott.
St. Kitts	J. Berridge.
Tortola	M. D. French.
Dominica	T. Dawbeney
Nevis	J. W. Stanley.
St. Lucia	R. Gordon.
Grenada	R. Slinger.
Bahamas	P. Delavaux.

AGENTS.

New York	T. W. Moore.
Malta	J. Wilkinson.
Gibraltar	R. Creswell.
Lisbon	J. Baillie.
Cuxhaven	F. Dutton.
Helvoetsluys	J. Hodson.
Ostend	N. Cass.
Gothenburgh	T. R. Wise.

We have already stated that our object has been rather a brief sketch than a detailed account of this interesting establishment: for the description and names of the several officers, and many other particulars not contained in the subjoined tables, we may refer to the official publications dedicated to this purpose, in common with other public departments.

Gross and Net Revenue of the Post-Office for the Year ending January 5, 1823.

General Post-Office of London	£1,605,227
Twopenny Post ditto	100,739
Scotland	184,143
Ireland	52,791
.....	1,942,900
Expenses	607,686
Leaving a Net Revenue of	1,335,214

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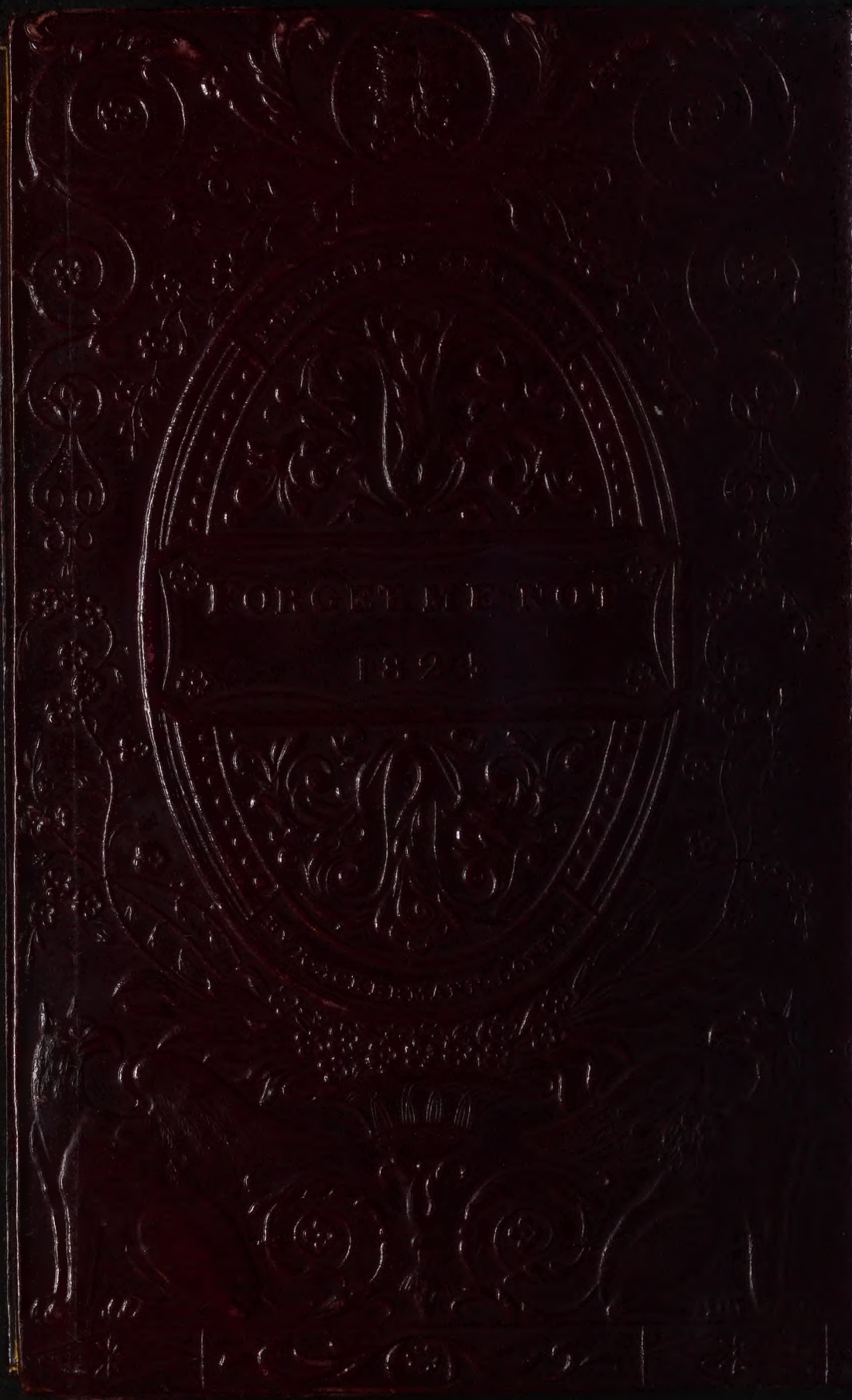
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